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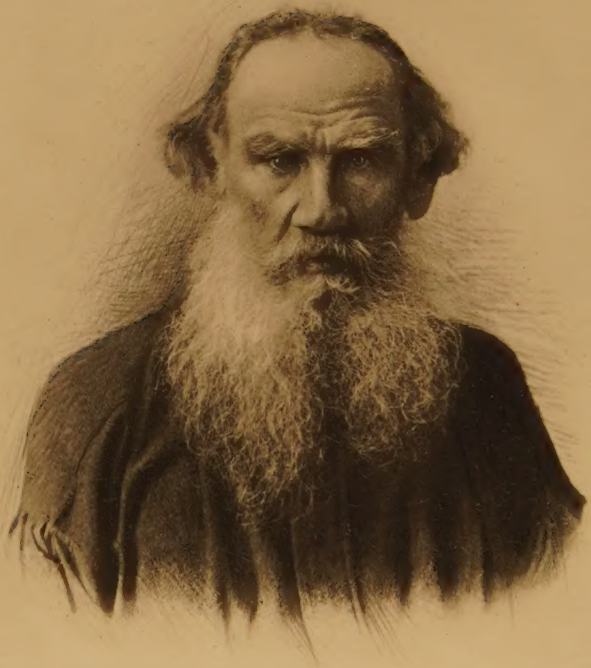
LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ

I

WAR AND PEACE

VOLUME I



THE NOVELS AND OTHER WORKS OF

LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ

WAR AND PEACE

VOLUME I

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1899

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

Men occasionally appear who by the force of their personality challenge the attention of mankind. Their message may not be altogether welcome, but we listen to it perforce. We may not accept it, but we become conscious that it is affecting the thought of our time, and unconsciously, perhaps, is changing our own lives.

Such a man is Count Lyof Nikolayevitch Tolstoï. Few have seen more widely contrasting phases of life, have experienced a more inclusive experience of the whole gamut of human life and passion. Born into the higher circle of the Russian aristocracy, serving in the army of the Caucasus and during the Crimean war, received into the intimacy of the best writers of his day, he has gradually worked his way up to the loftiest plane of ethical Christianity, and now, repudiating the form of his former literary activity, he preaches a doctrine of equal labor for all men, of non-resistance no matter what the provocation may be, and of a literal acceptation of the words of Christ regarding most of the points of Christian profession and practice.

Striking out from the highway of Fame and Success, he seems to be the personification of Russia's traditional peasant-hermit who lives in the forest and turns the leaves of the golden book, and with infallible instinct answers even the most difficult questions that are propounded to him.

Count Tolstoï himself in "What is Art" very distinctly states his own judgment of his works. Those that he has written for his peasant readers he regards as his best. Those that he wrote for Art's sake he places in a lower category. But a man cannot put his life-work out of sight, and the world has with wonderful unanimity accepted his earlier stories as masterpieces, which no one doubts will retain their place among the masterpieces of universal literature. It is an interesting and instructive task to trace the development of Count Tolstoï's "Doctrine" from its first germs in his earliest sketches through "War and Peace" even to his purely religious works. It will be found that the fundamental tendencies of his writings have ever been the same. The dazzling and multifarious episodes of his romances, drawn from every phase of life, have been like the débris piled on the bottom granite of the religious theory.

From either point of view it is remarkable; in the books written for Art's sake, simply as novels, the ethical background is noticeable; in the later stories, written for the sake of the doctrine, the supreme art of the story-teller is no less manifest. He can rid himself of neither. In either case he holds his unique place as one of the greatest writers of all time.

A new and uniform edition of Count Tolstoï's works has been long a desideratum, and the present series of volumes aims to present practically everything that has proceeded from his pen. Not only have they been translated from the original with the approval of the author, but especial pains have been taken to give them full and complete revision. Thus "My Religion," which has hitherto existed only in a version made from the

French, is now here translated directly from the original. The editor has seized the opportunity of making a new translation of "Anna Karenina." Miss Hapgood has also carefully revised her versions of "Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth," "Sevastopol," and "Life."

A number of Count Tolstoï's later works, stories, and critical articles have been added, and it is believed that these volumes in which this remarkable body of literature appears will find a warm welcome from the thousands of Count Tolstoï's admirers in this country.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

NOVEMBER 1, 1898.

INTRODUCTION

COUNT TOLSTOÏ in the early sixties began to write a novel, the characters of which were intended to portray some of the surviving members of the famous December conspiracy of 1825, returning to the emancipated Russia of 1856. He wrote one chapter of this novel, which was entitled the "Dekabrists," but his mind was irresistibly drawn back to the conspiracy itself, and finally to the first causes of the conspiracy, which lay in the fateful epoch of the first quarter of this century. Thus originated "War and Peace."

This panoramic novel was published between 1864 and 1869. In the original it has upwards of 2000 pages, and contains not far from 650,000 words. Yet in spite of its multiplicity of characters there is no confusion in the delineation of types. Count Tolstoï's brother-in-law, Professor C. A. Behrs, says: "There is no doubt that in 'War and Peace' Prince Nikolaï Andreyevitch Bolkonsky and Count Ilya Andreyevitch Rostof are intended to represent the Count's grandfathers, Prince Volkonsky and Count Tolstoï." He also thinks that his mother, the Princess Mariya Volkonskaya is the prototype of Prince Andreï's saintly sister; his father, Count Nikolaï Ilyitch, that of young Lieutenant Rostof, though the story of his capture by the French is transferred to Pierre's experiences. G. H. Perris says: "One feels that the writer must have split his own soul in twain to make those two chief figures of Prince Andreï Bolkonsky and Count Pierre Bezukhoï — the proud and elegant gentleman, cold, skeptical, even as to the power of reason, yet visited with spasms of spiritual anxiety especially after the death of his wife, whom he has de-

spised; and then the more typical Slav — gentle, emotional, weak of will, but full of humane desires." And he adds, "Every character is, indeed, in a sense which can hardly be used of any other modern artist, the overflowing of some side of his own opulent and varied character."

In this novel, which is an implicit protest against war, we have a kaleidoscopic succession of life-views. One follows the other without confusion, naturally, with entrancing interest. "The court and camp, town and country, nobles and peasants, — all are sketched in with the same broad and sure outline. We pass at a leap from a *soirée* to a battle-field, from a mud hovel to a palace, from an idyl to a saturnalia. As we summon our recollections of the prodigal outpouring of a careless genius, a troop of characters as lifelike as any in Scott or in Shakespeare defile before our mental eye. Tolstoï finds endless opportunities of inculcating his favorite themes: the mastery of circumstance over will and desire, the weakness of man in the front of things, and the necessity for resignation."

But, not alone as a novel is "War and Peace" remarkable. It is the basis and illustration of a theory of Fate. Count Tolstoï shows that the great man is as much a puppet as the merest soldier; Napoleon or Kutuzof or Bagration, seeming to direct great movements, were, in reality, no more the efficient cause of them than the striking of the clock is the cause of a sunset.

In support of this theory, Count Tolstoï introduces the great men of those famous Napoleonic days, and shows how they, as well as men unknown, were led, often with eyes wide open, into courses where destruction infallibly awaited them. His arguments on this subject, scattered here and there through the book, were extracted without change and published in France in a separate volume entitled "Napoleon and the Russian Campaign." The epilogue has also been published by itself under the title "Power and Liberty."

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PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN "WAR AND PEACE"

Count Kirill Vladimirovitch Bezukhoï [*Graf Kir*-íl *Vlah*-dee-*meer-o-vitch Be*-zoo-*ho-ee*]. A wealthy old grandee of the Empress Catherine's time. At his death his illegitimate son Pierre inherits his title and estates.

Monsieur Pierre, afterwards Count Piotr Kirillovitch Bezukhoï [*Pee-ó-tr Ki*-rĭl-*o-vitch*, shortened into *Kirlitch*]. The old count's illegitimate son, educated abroad, and easily led both into dissipation and into idealistic theories of life, "gentle, emotional, weak of will, but full of human desires." He marries first the Princess Ellen, and afterwards the Countess Natasha Rostova.

Prince Nikolaï Andreyevitch Bolkonsky [*Kniaz* (K-nee-áz) *Nee-ko*-láh-*ee An*-dré-*ye-vitch* (or *An*-dré-*yitch*) *Bol*-kon-*skee*]. A harsh martinet, full of old-time prejudices, living a bitter, lonely life at his estate of Luisiya Gorui (Lwee-*see-ya* Gór-*ee*), or Bald Hills: father of Prince Andreï and the Princess Mariya.

Prince Andreï Nikolayevitch (Nikolaïtch) Bolkonsky [*Kniaz An*-dré-*ee Nee-ko*-láh-*ye-vitch; (Ni-ko*-láh-*itch*). Also called André and Andreyusha (*An-dre*-yoo-*sha*)]. Adjutant or aide to General Kutuzof; wounded at Austerlitz; proprietor of Bogucharovo [*Bo-goo*-tcháh-*ra-va*]; engaged to Countess Natasha Rostova.

Prince Nikolaï Andreyevitch (Andreyitch) Bolkonsky [*Kniaz Nee-ko*-láh-*ee An*-dré-*ye-vitch* (or *An*-dré-*itch*)]. Called by the pet names Nikolusha, Nikolenka [*Nee-ko*-loó-sha, *Nee*-kó-*len-ka*], Prince Andreï's baby son.

Princess Yelizavieta Karlovna Bolkonskaya (*née* Meinen) [*K-nee-a*-ghee-*nya Yel-ee-zahv*-yét-*a* Kárl-*ov-na Bol*-kón-*ska-ya*]. Known as Liza or Lise; Prince Andreï Nikolayevitch's wife, who dies in giving birth to the little Nikolusha.

Princess Mariya Nikolayevna Bolkonskaya [*K-nee-azh*-ná *Mah*-ree-*ya Nee-ko*-láh-*yev-na*]. Known as Marie, Masha, Mashenka [Má-*shen-ka*]; afterwards the Countess Rostova [*Gra*-feen-*ya* Rós-*to-va*].

Prince Vasili Sergeyevitch (or Sergeyitch) Kuragin [*Kniaz Va*-see-*lee Sier-ge-é-ye-vitch* (or *Sier-gee-é-itch*) *Koo*-ráh-*gheen*]. Vasili is Basil.

Prince Ippolit Vasilyevitch Kuragin [*Kniaz Ip-o*-leet *Va*-seel-*ye-vitch*]. In the diplomatic service, but dissipated and foolish. "Le Charmant Hippolyte."

Prince Anatol Vasilyevitch Kuragin [*Kniaz An-a*-tól *Va*-seel-*ye-vitch*]. A spendthrift who aspires to the Princess Mariya Nikolayevna's hand, but proves himself unworthy.

Princess Yelena Vasilyevna Kuragina [*Kniazhna Yel*-é-*na Va*-seel-*yev-na Koo*-ráh-*gee-na*]. Also known as Ellen, Hélène, Elena, Lyolya [*L*-yó-*l-ya*], afterwards the unfaithful wife of Pierre Bezukhoï.

Count Ilya Andreyevitch (or Andreyitch) Rostof [*Graf Il*-yá *An*-dré-*ye-vitch* Rós-*tof*]. A wealthy but extravagant proprietor or pomyeshchik [*pom*-yés-*tchik*], whose affairs go from bad to worse.

Count Nikolaï Ilyitch Rostof [*Graf Nee-ko-*láh-*ee Il-*yítch]. Known as Nikolenka [*Nik-*ó-*len-ka*], Nikolúshka, Kólya, Kokó. Open-hearted, gallant, generous; serving in the cavalry; at first engaged to his cousin Sonya, afterwards married to the Princess Mariya Bolkonskaya.

Count Piotr Ilyitch Rostof [*Graf Pee-*ó-*tr Il-*yítch]. Known as Petya [Pét-*ya*], Petrúshka, Pétenka.

Countess Natalya Rostova (*née* Shinshina) [*Grafínya Na-*tál-*ya* Rós-*tov-a; Shin-shin-*á].

Countess Viera Ilyitchna Rostova [*Grafínya Vee-*é-*ra Il-*yitch-*na* Rós-*to-va*]. Known also as Vierushka [*Vee-*é-*roosh-ka*], Vierotchka [*Vee-*é-*rotch-ka*]. Afterwards married to Alphonse Karlitch Berg.

Countess Natalya Ilyitchna Rostova [*Grafínya Na-*tál-*ya Il-*yítch-*na* Rós-*to-va*]. Also known as Natalí, Natasha [*Na-*tá-*sha*]. Engaged to Prince Andreï Bolkonsky, but after his death married to Count Pierre Bezukhoï.

Sofya Aleksandrovna Shinshina (?) [Sóf-*ya Al-ex-*án-*drov-na*]. Known as Sophie, Sonya [Só-n-ya], Sonyushka [Só-*n-yoosh-ka*]. The niece of the Rostofs; engaged at first to Count Nikolaï Rostof; "a sterile flower."

Alphonse Karlovitch (or Karluitch) Berg. A conceited young officer, who "gets on," and marries the Countess Viera Rostova.

Prince Boris Drubetskoï [*Kniaz Ba-*rís *Droo-bet-*skó-*ee*]. A relation of the Rostofs; he is cold, calculating, and selfish, and through influence is rapidly advanced. Known also as Borenka [Bó-*ren-ka*].

Princess Anna Mikhaïlovna Drubetskaya [*Kniagina* Anna *Mi-*háh-*ee-lov-na Droo-bet-*ská-*ya*]. Poor but intriguing; the mother of Boris.

Julie Karagina [*Ka-*rá-*ghee-na*]. Afterwards marries Boris.

Princess Yekaterina Semyonovna Mamontova [*Kniazhna Ye-kat-er-*ee-*na Sem-*yón-*ov-na* Máh-*mon-to-va*]. Known as Catherine, Katish [*Ka-*teesh], Catiche.
Princess Sófya Semyónovna Mámontova.
Princess Olga Semyónovna Mámontova.
} Pierre's three cousins.

Vasili Feodorovitch Denisof [*Va-*see-*lee Fee-*ó-*do-ro-vitch De-*nee-*sof*]. Gallant soldier and poet, in love with Natasha. Known as Váska.

Feodor Ivanovitch Dolokhof [*Fee-*ód-*or Ee-*ván-*o-vitch* Dól-*o-hof*]. A gambler and *roué*, who offers himself to Sónya, but is rejected; brave but bad.

Marya Ivanovna Dolokhova [Már-*ya Ee-*ván-*ov-na* Dól-*o-ho-va*]. The fond mother of Feodor.

Marya Dmitrievna Akhrasimova [Már-*ya* Dmee-*tree-ev-na Ah-khra-*sím-*o-va*].

Piotr Nikolayevitch Shinshín [*Shin-*sheen].

Prokhor Ignatyevitch Timokhin [Pro-hór *Ig-*nát-*ye-vitch Tim-*ó-*hin*].

Osip (or Iosiph) Alekseyevitch Bazdeyef [O-*sip A-lex-*é-ye-*vitch Baz-*dé-*yef*]. The Freemason, Pierre's "Benefactor."

Marya Ignatyevna Peronskaya [Már-*ya Ig-*nát-*yev-na Pe-*rón-*ska-ya*].

Platon Karatayef [Pla-tón *Ka-ra-*táh-*yef*]. The philosophical peasant; also known as Platósha and Platoche.

Pelageya Danilovna Milyukova [*Pel-a-*gé-*ya Dan-*ee-*lov-na Mil-yoo-*kó-*va*].

Anna Pavlovna Scherer [Páv-*lov-na*]. Lady-in-waiting to the empress.

Mikhaïl Nikanorovitch [*Mee-*há-*il Nee-ka-*nór-*o-vitch*]. The little uncle.

Mlle. Amélie Bourienne, sometimes called Burienka.

Semyón Chekmár, Danílo (Daníla) Teréntyitch, Éduard Karluitch Dimmler, Zakhár, Luíza Ivánovna Schoss, Tíkhon, Máksimka, Márya Bogdánovna the midwife, Feoktíst the cook, Praskóvya Sávishna the old nurse, Ivánushka the old pilgrim, Fedósyushka, Father Amfilókhi [*Am-fee*-ló-*hi*], Mavrúshka the maid, Gerásim the servant, Ilyúshka the gipsy, Yákof Alpátuitch, Lavrúshka, etc.

The Emperor Alexander Pávlovitch (Románof).

The Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte.

Mikháïl Iliáronovitch Kutúzof [*Mee*-há-*il Il-ya*-rón-*o-vitch Koo*-too-*zof*].

Pável Ivánovitch Kutúzof.

Feódor Vasílyevitch Rostopchín [*Ras-tap*-tcheen].

Prince Adam Czartoruísky [*Char-to*-rís-*ky*].

Count Ostermann-Tolstóï [*Tol*-stó-*ee*].

General Prschebiszewsky [*Presh-ebi*-shev-*sky*].

Mikháïl Mikháïlovitch Speránsky.

Alekséï Andréyevitch Arakchéyef.

General Milorádovitch.

Yúri Vladimírovitch Dolgorúkof or Dolgorúki.

Count Viázemsky.

Prince Aleksandr Naruíshkin [*Nar*-ýsh-*keen*].

Feódor Petróvitch Uvárof [*Oo*-vá-*rof*].

General Benigsen (or Benningsen).

Countess Potocka [*Po*-tót-*ska*].

Count Máïkof.

Prince Soltuikóf [*Sal-ty*-kóf].

Generals Winzengeróde, Karl Bogdánovitch Schubert, Barclay de Tolly, Yermólof, Count Orlóf-Denísof, Poniatówski [*Pon-ya*-tóv-*skee*], Novosíltsof, Weirother, Balashóf, Murat, Davoust, Pfuhl (Pfühl), Rumyántsof, Stoluípin, Grand Duke Kónstantin Pávlovitch, Potémkin [*Pat*-yóm-*kin*], Suvórof [*Soo*-vór-*of*, known in history as Suvarof, Suwarrow], etc.

In the foregoing list of names an attempt is made to represent the pronunciation. The stress comes on the syllable left unitalicized. The transliteration and pronunciation of Russian names offer some difficulty. The accent is even more capricious than in English. Only an approximation to accuracy is possible. An unaccented *o* sounds like *a*; an accented *e* sometimes sounds like the *e* in yelk, that is, like *yo*. Thus, Potemkin is Pat-yóm-keen, Orel like Ar-yól. Masculine proper names are made feminine by a change in the ending, generally by the addition of the syllable *a* or *aya*, but though the word may be lengthened the accent remains on the same syllable. Thus, Mámontof's wife is Mámontova, but Shinshín's wife is Shinshiná. The accent on the town Rostof is on the ultimate, but the family name is Róstof, Róstova. The patronymic endings *evitch*, *evna*, (*vitch*, *itch*, *vna*) are used with the Christian name of the father, somewhat as *O'*, *Mac*, and *Ap* show the family origin of Celtic names. Russian has an abundance of diminutives and augmentatives used in familiar discourse. These are for the most part noted in the list of characters.

WAR AND PEACE

PART FIRST

CHAPTER I

"WELL, prince, Genoa and Lucca are now nothing more than the apanages of the Bonaparte family. I warn you that if you do not tell me we are going to have war, if you still allow yourself to condone all the infamies, all the atrocities, of this Antichrist, — on my word I believe he is Antichrist, — I will not recognize you; that is the end of our friendship; you shall no longer be my faithful slave, as you call yourself. There now, cheer up, cheer up, I see I frighten you. Come, sit down and tell me all about it."

Thus on a July evening in 1805 the well-known Anna Pavlovna Scherer, maid of honor and confidential friend of the Empress Maria Feodorovna, greeted the influential statesman, Prince Vasíli, who was the first to arrive at her reception.

Anna Pavlovna had been coughing for several days; she had the *grippe*, as she called it — *grippe* being then a new word used only by a few.

Her notes of invitation, distributed that morning by a footman in red, had been written alike to all: —

"Count (or Prince), if you have nothing better to do, and if the prospect of an evening with a poor invalid is not too frightful, I shall be very glad to see you to-night at my house between seven and ten.

"ANNA SCHERER."

"Oh! what a cruel attack!" exclaimed the prince, as he came forward in his embroidered court uniform, stockings, and diamond-buckled shoes, and with an expression of serenity on his fleshy face: he was not in the least disturbed by this reception.

He spoke that elegant French in which Russians formerly not only talked but also thought, and his voice was low and patronizing, as becomes a distinguished man who has spent a long life in society and at court.

He went up to Anna Pavlovna, kissed her hand, bending down to it his perfumed and polished bald head, and then he seated himself comfortably on the divan.

"First tell me how you are feeling; calm your friend's anxiety," said he, not altering the tone of his voice, which, in spite of the gallant and sympathetic nature of his remark, still betrayed indifference and even raillery.

"How can one be well — when one's moral sensibilities are so tormented? How in these days can any one with feelings remain calm?" exclaimed Anna Pavlovna. "You will spend the evening with me, I hope?"

"But the English ambassador's reception? To-day is Wednesday. I must show myself there," said the prince. "My daughter is coming for me, to take me there."

"I thought that reception had been postponed. I confess all these *fêtes* and fireworks are beginning to grow tiresome!"

"If they had known that you had wished it, they would have postponed the reception," said the prince, from habit, like a watch wound up, saying things which he did not expect to be believed.

"Don't tease me! Well, what has been decided in regard to Novosiltsof's despatch? You know everything."

"How can I tell you," said the prince, in a cold tone of annoyance, "what has been decided? It has been decided that Bonaparte has burnt his ships, and I believe that we are ready to burn ours."

Prince Vasíli always spoke indolently, like an actor rehearsing an old part. Anna Pavlovna, on the contrary, in spite of her forty years, was full of vivacity and impulses.

Her character of an enthusiast had given her a peculiar position, and sometimes, even when it was contrary to her inclinations, she worked herself up to enthusiasm, so as not to disappoint the expectations of her acquaintances. The suppressed smile constantly playing over her face, although incongruous with her faded features, expressed, just as in the case of spoiled children, the ever present consciousness of her amiable weakness, which she could not and would not correct, and which she did not think it necessary to correct.

In the midst of their conversation about political matters Anna Pavlovna grew heated, —

"Oh! don't speak to me about Austria. Perhaps I do not know anything about it, but Austria has never wished for war, and she does not now. She is betraying us. Russia alone must be the savior of Europe. Our benefactor realizes his lofty mission, and will be faithful to it. That is one thing in which I have a firm belief. The grandest part in the world lies before our kind and splendid sovereign, and he is so benevolent and good that God will not abandon him, and he will fulfil his mission of crushing the hydra of revolution, which is now more monstrous than ever, in the face of this murderer and scoundrel. We alone must redeem the blood of the just..... On whom can we rely, I ask you?.... England with her commercial spirit does not understand and cannot at all conceive the Emperor Alexander's loftiness of soul. She has refused to evacuate Malta. She is anxious to find, she is seeking for, some secret motive in our actions. What did they say to Novosiltsof? Nothing! They do not and they cannot understand the self-denial of our emperor, who wishes nothing for his own gain, but everything for the good of the world. And what have they promised? Nothing! Even what they have promised will not be performed. Prussia has

already declared that Bonaparte is invincible, and that all Europe is powerless before him. .... And I have not the slightest faith in Hardenberg or in Haugwitz. This famous Prussian neutrality is only a snare. I believe in God alone, and in the high destiny of our beloved emperor. He will save Europe!" ....

She suddenly paused, with a smile of amusement at her own impetuosity.

"I think," said the prince, smiling, "that if you had been sent instead of our dear Wintzengerode, you would have taken the king of Prussia's consent by storm. You are so eloquent! Will you give me some tea?"

"Directly. *À propos*," she added, becoming calm once more, "this evening two very interesting men will be here: the Vicomte de Montemart, connected with the Montmorencys through the Rohans, one of the best names in France. He is one of the decent emigrants of the genuine sort. And then the Abbé Morio; do you know that profound mind? He has been received by the sovereign. Do you know him?"

"Ah! I shall be most happy," said the prince. "But tell me," he went on to say, as if something just at that moment for the first time occurred to him, whereas in reality the matter regarding which he was asking this question was the chief object of his visit, "is it true that the empress dowager wishes Baron Funke to be named as first secretary at Vienna? It seems to me that this baron is a wretched creature."

Prince Vasíli was anxious for his son to get the appointment to this place, which a party was trying to secure for the baron through the influence of the Empress Maria Feodorovna.

Anna Pavlovna almost closed her eyes, to signify that neither she nor any one else could tell what would satisfy or please the empress.

"Baron Funke was recommended to the empress dowager by her sister," said she in a dry, melancholy tone. Whenever Anna Pavlovna spoke of the empress, her face suddenly assumed a deep and genuine expression of devotion and deference tinged with melancholy,

and this was characteristic of her at all times when she was reminded of her august patroness. She said that her majesty had been pleased to show Baron Funke her good-will, and again her face became melancholy.

The prince said nothing and looked indifferent. Anna Pavlovna, with feminine quickness and a courtly dexterity characteristic of her, was desirous of giving the prince a rap because he had dared to speak in dispraise of a person recommended to the empress, and at the same time she wished to console him. "But speaking of your family," she added, "do you know that your daughter, since she came out, has roused the enthusiasm of our best society. She is considered to be as lovely as the day."

The prince bowed in token of his respect and gratitude.

"I often think," pursued Anna Pavlovna, after a moment's silence, drawing a little closer to the prince and giving him a flattering smile, as if to imply that nothing more was to be said about politics and society, but that now they might have a confidential chat: "I often think how unfairly good things of life are distributed. Why should fate have given you two such splendid children (I don't count Anatol, your youngest, I don't like him," she said decisively, in way of parenthesis, and raising her brows), two such lovely children? And really you do not prize them as much as others do, and therefore you do not deserve them."

And she smiled her enthusiastic smile.

"*Que voulez-vous?* Lavater would have said that I lack the bump of philoprogenitiveness," said the prince.

"Now stop joking. I wanted to have a serious talk with you. You must know, I am out of patience with your youngest son. Between you and me (here her face assumed its melancholy expression), they have been talking about him at her majesty's, and they feel sorry for you."

The prince made no reply, but she paused and looked at him significantly while waiting for his answer. Prince Vasíli frowned.

"What do you wish me to do!" he exclaimed at last. "You know I have done everything for their education that a father can do, and both have turned out imbeciles. Ippolit is at least only an inoffensive idiot, but Anatol is a nuisance. There is that difference between them," said he, with a smile more natural and animated than usual, and at the same time very distinctly displaying an unexpectedly coarse and disagreeable expression in the wrinkles around his mouth.

"And why is it that such men as you have children? If you were not a father, I should not be able to find fault with you about anything," said Anna Pavlovna, lifting her eyes pensively.

"I am your faithful slave, and I can confess it to you alone. My children are the stumbling-blocks of my existence. This is my cross. That is the way that I explain it to myself. *Que voulez-vous?*" —

He paused, expressing with a gesture his submission to his cruel fate. Anna Pavlovna was lost in thought.

"Has it never occurred to you to find a wife for your prodigal son? They say old maids have a mania for match-making; I am not as yet conscious of this weakness, but I know a young girl who is very unhappy with her father: she is a relative of ours, Princess Bolkonskaya."

Prince Vasíli made no reply, but the motion of his head showed that, with the swiftness of calculation and memory characteristic of men of the world, he was taking her suggestion into consideration.

"Did you know that this Anatol costs me forty thousand a year?" said he, evidently unable to restrain the painful current of his thoughts. He hesitated: "What will it be five years hence, if it goes at this rate? That is the advantage of being a father. Is she rich, this princess of yours?"

"Her father is very rich and stingy. He lives in the country. You know, he is that famous Prince Bolkonsky, who retired during the lifetime of the late emperor. He was nicknamed 'The King of Prussia.' He is a man of genius, but full of whims, and a trial.

The poor little girl is as unhappy as she can be. She has a brother who recently married Lise Meinen. He is on Kutuzof's staff. He will be here this evening."

"Listen, my dear Annette," said the prince, suddenly taking his companion's hand and bending it down for some reason. "Arrange this business for me, and I will be your faithfullest slave forever and ever. She is of good family and rich — that is all I require."

And with that easy and natural grace for which he was distinguished, he raised her hand, kissed it, and having kissed it, still retained it in his, while he settled back in his arm-chair and looked to one side.

"Just wait!" said Anna Pavlovna, after a moment of consideration. "I will speak about it this evening to Lise (young Bolkonsky's wife), and perhaps it can be arranged. I shall begin my old maid's apprenticeship in your family."

CHAPTER II

Anna Pavlovna's drawing-room gradually began to be filled. The highest aristocracy of Petersburg came; people most widely differing in age and in character, but alike in that they all belonged to the same class of society. Prince Vasíli's daughter, the beautiful Ellen, came, in order to go with her father to the ambassador's reception. She was in ball toilet and wore the imperial decoration. There came also the little, young Princess Bolkonskaya, known as the most fascinating woman in Petersburg. She had been married during the winter before, and now, owing to her expectations, had ceased to appear at large entertainments, but still went to small receptions. Prince Ippolit, Prince Vasíli's son, came with Montemart, whom he was introducing to society. The Abbé Morio and many others also came.

"Have you seen my aunt yet?" or "Do you know my aunt?" asked Anna Pavlovna of her guests, as they came in, and with perfect seriousness she would lead them up to a little old lady wearing tremendous bows,

who had sailed out from the next room the moment the guests began to arrive, and she presented them by name, deliberately looking from guest to aunt, and then going back to her place again.

All the guests had to go through the formality of an introduction to this superfluous and uninteresting aunt, whom no one knew or cared to know. Anna Pavlovna, with a melancholy, solemn expression of sympathetic approval, silently listened to their exchange of formalities.

"*Ma tante*" spoke to all newcomers in precisely the same terms about their health, her own health, and the health of her majesty, "which was better to-day, thank God." All those who fell into her clutches, though from politeness they showed no undue haste, made their escape with the consciousness of relief at having accomplished a disagreeable duty, and took pains not to stay near the old lady or to come into her vicinity again during the evening.

The young Princess Bolkonskaya came, bringing some work in a gold-embroidered velvet bag. Her pretty little upper lip, just shaded by an almost imperceptible down, was rather short, but all the more fascinating when it displayed her teeth, and more fascinating still when she drew it down a little and closed it against the under lip. As is always the case with perfectly charming women, her defect of a short lip and a half-open mouth seemed like a distinction, her peculiar beauty.

It was a delight for all to look at this beautiful young woman so full of health and life, and so gracious with the promise of coming motherhood. Old men and surly young men, soured before their time, as they looked at her seemed to become like her, after being in her presence and talking with her for a little time. Whoever spoke with her and saw her bright smile, and her shining white teeth displayed at every word, was sure to go away with the impression that he had been unusually agreeable that day. And every one felt the same.

The young princess, with her workbag in her hand, waddling along with short quick steps, passed around the table, and joyously disposing her dress, sat down on the divan near the silver samovár, as if all that she did was a delight for herself and all around her.

"I have brought my work," she said, opening her reticule, and addressing the whole company. "Now see here, Annette, don't play a naughty trick on me," she went on to say, turning to the hostess. "You wrote me that it was to be a little informal *soirée;* see how unsuitably I am dressed!"

And she spread out her arms so as to display her elegant gray gown trimmed with lace and belted high with a wide ribbon.

"Do not be disturbed, Lise," replied Anna Pavlovna, "you will always be the most beautiful of all."

"You know my husband is deserting me," continued the young princess, still in French, and addressing a general, "He is going to meet his death. — Tell me, why this wretched war?" she added, this time speaking to Prince Vasíli; and without waiting for his rejoinder, she had some remark to make to Prince Vasíli's daughter, the handsome Ellen.

"What a charming creature that little princess is!" whispered Prince Vasíli to Anna Pavlovna.

Shortly after the young princess's arrival, a huge, stout young man came in. His head was close cropped, he had on eyeglasses, and wore stylish light trousers, an immense frill, and a cinnamon-colored coat. This stout young man was the illegitimate son of Count Bezukhoï, a famous grandee of Catherine's time, and now lying at the point of death in Moscow. He had not as yet entered any branch of the service, having just returned from abroad, where he had been educated, and this was his first appearance in society.

Anna Pavlovna welcomed him with a nod reserved for men of the very least importance in the hierarchy of her salon. But notwithstanding this greeting, almost contemptuous in its way, Anna Pavlovna's face, as Pierre came toward her, expressed anxiety and dismay such as

one experiences at the sight of anything too huge and out of place.

Pierre was indeed rather taller than any one else in the room, but the princess's dismay may have been caused only by the young man's intelligent, and at the same time diffident, glance, so honest and keen that it distinguished him from every one else in the room.

"It is very kind of you, Monsieur Pierre, to come and see a poor invalid," said Anna Pavlovna, looking up in alarm from her aunt, to whom she was conducting him.

Pierre blurted out some incoherent reply, and continued to let his eyes wander around the assembly. He smiled with pleasure as he bowed to the little princess as if she were an intimate friend, and went on toward the aunt.

Anna Pavlovna's alarm was justified, for Pierre, without waiting for the old lady to finish her discourse about her majesty's health, left her abruptly. Anna Pavlovna in dismay detained him with the words, —

"Don't you know the Abbé Morio?" she asked, "he is a very interesting man."

"Yes, I have heard of his plan for a perpetual peace, and it is very interesting, but hardly feasible."

"Do you think so?" said Anna Pavlovna, for the sake of saying something, and once more returning to her duties as hostess; but Pierre was now guilty of an incivility of an opposite nature. Before, he had left a lady without allowing her to finish speaking; now he insisted on detaining his companion to hear what he had to say, though she wished to leave him.

Bending his head down, and standing with his long legs spread apart, he began to show Anna Pavlovna why he conceived that the abbé's plan was chimerical.

"We will talk about that by and by," said Anna Pavlovna, with a smile.

And having turned away from this young man who had such bad manners, she once more devoted herself to her duties as hostess, and continued to listen and look on, ready to lend her aid wherever conversation was beginning to flag. Just as the proprietor of a

cotton mill, who has stationed his workmen at their places, walks up and down on his tour of inspection, and when he notices any spindle that has stopped, or that makes an unusually loud or creaking noise, hastens to it, and checks it or sets it going in its proper rote, even so Anna Pavlovna, as she walked up and down her drawing-room, came to some group that was silent, or that was talking too excitedly, and by a single word or a slight transposition, set the talking machine in regular decorous running order again.

But while she was occupied with these labors, it could be seen that she was in especial dread of Pierre. She watched him anxiously while he went to listen to what was said in the circle around Montemart, and then joined another group, where the abbé was discoursing.

Pierre had been educated abroad, and this reception at Anna Pavlovna's was his first introduction to society in Russia. He knew that all the intellect of Petersburg was gathered here, and like a child in a toy-show, he kept his eyes open. He was all the time afraid of missing some clever conversation that might interest him. As he saw the assured and refined expressions on the faces of those gathered here, he was ever on the lookout for something especially intellectual.

He had finally come to where Morio was. The conversation seemed to him interesting, and he stood there waiting a chance to air his opinions, as young men are fond of doing.

CHAPTER III

Anna Pavlovna's reception was in full swing. The spindles on all sides were buzzing smoothly and without halt. Not counting *Ma Tante*, near whom sat only one elderly lady with a thin tear-worn face, a poor soul rather out of place in this brilliant society, the guests were divided into three circles. The Abbé Morio formed the center of one, for the most part composed of men; in the second, mainly young folks, were that beauty, the

Princess Ellen, Prince Vasíli's daughter, and the pretty little Princess Bolkonskaya, fair and rosy, but too stout for her age.

In the third were Montemart and Anna Pavlovna.

The viscount was an attractive-looking young man, with delicate features and refined manners. He evidently regarded himself as a celebrity, but through his good breeding modestly allowed the company with which he mingled to profit by his presence. Anna Pavlovna was evidently serving him up as a treat for her guests, just as a good *maître d'hôtel* offers as a supernaturally delicious dish some piece of meat which no one would feel like eating were it seen in the unsavory kitchen; so this evening Anna Pavlovna served up to her guests first the viscount, then the abbé, as some sort of supernatural delicacy.

In Montemart's circle they had immediately begun to discuss the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. The viscount maintained that the duke had fallen a victim to his own magnanimity, and that there had been personal reasons for Bonaparte's ill-will.

"Ah! there now, tell us about it, viscount," said Anna Pavlovna, eagerly, with a consciousness that this phrase —"*tell us about it, viscount*," sounded *à la* Louis XV.

The viscount bowed in token of submission, and smiled urbanely. Anna Pavlovna made her circle close in around the viscount, and invited all to hear his account.

"The viscount knew the duke personally," whispered Anna Pavlovna to one of her guests. "The viscount is a wonderfully clever story-teller," she said to another; "How easy it is to tell a man used to good society," she exclaimed to a third; and the viscount was offered to the company in a halo most exquisite and flattering to himself, like roast beef garnished with parsley on a hot platter.

The viscount was anxious to begin his narration, and smiled faintly.

"Come over here, *chère Hélène*," said Anna Pavlovna,

to the lovely young princess, who was seated at some little distance, the centre of the second group.

The Princess Ellen smiled; she stood up with that unchanging smile with which she first came into the room — the smile of a perfectly beautiful woman. With the rustle of her white ball dress, ornamented with smilax and moss, with shoulders gleaming white, with glossy hair and flashing gems, she made her way through the ranks of men who stood aside to let her pass, and not looking at any one in particular, but smiling on all, and as it were, amiably granting each one the privilege of admiring the beauty of her form, of her plump shoulders, of her beautiful bosom and back, exposed by the low cut of dresses then in vogue, seeming to personify the radiance of festivity, she crossed straight over to Anna Pavlovna.

Ellen was so lovely that not only there was not a shade of coquetry to be perceived in her, but on the contrary, she was, as it were, conscience-stricken at her indubitable and all-conquering maidenly beauty. She seemed to have the will but not the power to diminish the effect of her loveliness.

"What a beautiful girl!" was remarked by all who saw her.

The viscount, as if overwhelmed by something extraordinary, shrugged his shoulders and dropped his eyes as she took her seat in front of him and turned upon him the radiance of that perpetual smile.

"Madame, I fear that my ability is not on a par with such an audience," said he, inclining his head with a smile.

The young princess rested her bare round arm on the table, and did not think she needed to say anything in reply. She smiled and waited. All the time that he was telling his story she sat upright, glancing occasionally now at her beautiful plump arm, which by its pressure on the table altered its shape, now at her still more beautiful bosom, on which she adjusted her diamond necklace; once or twice she smoothed out the folds of her dress; and when the story was particularly impress-

ive, she would look at Anna Pavlovna and for an instant assume the very same expression of face as her hostess, and then again resume her calm, radiant smile.

The little Princess Bolkonskaya had also left the tea-table and followed Ellen.

"Wait a moment, I am going to bring my work!" she had exclaimed. "Why are you in a brown study?" she added, addressing Prince Ippolit — "bring me my workbag!"

The princess, smiling, and having a word for every one, had quickly effected her transmigration, and as she took her seat, merrily arranged herself.

"Now I am comfortable," she had exclaimed, and begging the viscount to begin, had devoted herself to her work again. Prince Ippolit had brought her the bag and, placing his chair near her, sat down.

The charming Hippolyte struck one by his extraordinary likeness to his sister, the beautiful Ellen, and still more by the fact that in spite of this likeness he was astonishingly ugly. His features were the same as his sister's, but in her case all was illumined by her radiantly joyous, self-contented, unfailing smile of life and youth, and the remarkable classic beauty of her form. In the case of the brother, on the contrary, the same face was befogged with an idiotic look, and invariably gave the impression of a self-conceited and peevish disposition, and his body was lean and feeble. Eyes, nose, mouth, all were fixed, as it were, in a vague and querulous grimace, while his arms and legs always assumed some unnatural attitude.

"It is not a ghost story, is it?" he had asked, as he sat down near the princess and hastily put on his eyeglass, as if without this instrument it were impossible for him to say a word.

"Why no, my dear," replied the astonished narrator, shrugging his shoulders.

"Because I detest ghost stories," he added, and it was plain from his tone that only after he had spoken these words he realized what they meant.

The self-assurance with which he spoke made it diffi-

cult for any one to tell whether his remark was very witty or very stupid. He wore a dark green coat, pantaloons of a shade which he called *cuisse de nymphe effrayée*, and stockings and pumps.

The viscount gave a very clever rendering of an anecdote at that time going the rounds, to the effect that the Duc d'Enghien had gone secretly to Paris to see Mlle. George, and there met Bonaparte, who also enjoyed the favors of the famous actress; and that Napoleon on meeting the duke there happened to fall into one of the epileptic fits to which he was subject, and thus came into the duke's power, but the duke refrained from taking advantage of it, while Bonaparte revenged himself for such magnanimity by compassing the duke's death.

The story was very nice and interesting, especially at the place where the rivals suddenly recognize each other, and the ladies, it appeared, were moved.

"Charming!" exclaimed Anna Pavlovna, looking interrogatively at the little princess.

"Charming," whispered the little princess, looking for her needle in her work, as if to signify that the interest and fascination of the story had prevented her from going on with her sewing.

The viscount was flattered by this mute tribute of praise, and with a gratified smile was about to continue; but at this instant Anna Pavlovna, who had kept her eye constantly on the young man who seemed to her so dangerous, noticed that he and the abbé were talking altogether too loud and energetically, and she hastened to carry aid to the imperilled place.

In reality Pierre had succeeded in leading the abbé into a conversation on political equipoise; and the abbé, evidently interested by the young man's frank impetuosity, was giving him the full benefit of his pet idea. Both were talking and listening with too much natural ardor, and this was displeasing to Anna Pavlovna.

"How can it be done? — the balance of Europe and the right of nations," the abbé was saying. "It is possible for one powerful empire like Russia, having the

repute of being barbarous, to take her stand disinterestedly at the head of an alliance which should have for its aim the balance of Europe — and she would save the world!"

"How would you bring about such a balance of power?" Pierre was beginning to ask; but just at this instant Anna Pavlovna joined them, and, giving Pierre a stern glance, asked the Italian how he bore the climate of Petersburg.

The Italian's face instantly changed and took on an offensively, affectedly soft expression, which was evidently habitual with him when he engaged in conversation with women.

"I am so enchanted by the charms of the wit and culture, especially among the women of the society into which I have the honor of being received, that I have not as yet had time to think of the climate," said he.

Anna Pavlovna, not allowing Pierre and the abbé to escape from her, brought them into the general circle, so that she might keep them under her observation.

At this moment, a new personage appeared in the drawing-room. This new personage was the young Prince Andreï Bolkonsky, the husband of the little princess. Prince Bolkonsky was a very handsome young man of medium height, with strongly marked and stern features. Everything about him, from the dull and weary expression of his eyes to the measured deliberation of his step, presented a striking contrast with his little lively wife. He was not only acquainted, it seemed, with every one in the room, but found them so tedious that even to look at them and hear their voices was a great bore to him. Of all the faces there which he found so tiresome, the face of his lovely little wife was apparently the one that bored him the most. With a grimace which disfigured his handsome face, he turned away from her. He kissed Anna Pavlovna's hand, and with half-closed eyes looked round at the assembly.

"So you are getting ready for war, prince?" asked Anna Pavlovna.

"General Kutuzóf has been kind enough to desire me as his aide-de-camp."

He spoke in French and like a Frenchman accented the last syllable of Kutúzof's name.

"And Liza, your wife?"

"She will go into the country."

"Isn't it a sin for you to deprive us of your charming wife?"

"André," exclaimed the little princess, addressing her husband in the same coquettish tone that she employed toward strangers, "such a fascinating story the viscount has been telling us about Mlle. George and Bonaparte!"

Prince Andreï frowned and turned away. Pierre, who from the moment when Prince Andreï entered the room had not taken his merry kindly eyes from him, now came up and took him by the arm. Prince Andreï, without looking round, again contracted his face into a grimace expressing his annoyance that any one should touch his arm, but when he saw Pierre's smiling face, he smiled with an unexpectedly kind and pleasant smile.

"What is this! — you also in gay society?" said he to Pierre.

"I knew that you would be here," replied Pierre. "I will go home to supper with you," he added in a whisper, so as not to disturb the viscount, who was proceeding with his story; "may I?"

"No, it's impossible!" said Prince Andreï, laughing, and by a pressure of the hand giving Pierre to understand that he had no need of asking such a question.

He had something more on his tongue's end, but at this moment, Prince Vasíli and his daughter arose and the two young men stood aside to give them room to pass.

"You will excuse me, my dear viscount," said Prince Vasíli to the Frenchman, courteously pulling him down by the sleeve to make him keep his seat; "this unfortunate reception at the embassy deprives me of a pleasure, and compels us to interrupt you — I am very

sorry to leave your delightful reception," said he to Anna Pavlovna.

His daughter, the Princess Ellen, gracefully holding the folds of her dress, made her way among the chairs, and the smile on her lovely face was more radiant than ever. Pierre looked with almost startled, enthusiastic eyes at the beauty as she passed by him.

"Very handsome," said Prince Andreï.

"Very," said Pierre.

As he went by, Prince Vasíli seized Pierre by the hand and turned to Anna Pavlovna.

"Train this bear for me," said he. "Here he has been living a month at my house, and this is the first time that I have seen him in society. Nothing is so advantageous for a young man as the society of clever women."

CHAPTER IV

Anna Pavlovna smiled and promised to look out for Pierre, who was, as she knew, on his father's side related to Prince Vasíli.

The elderly lady who had been sitting near *Ma Tante* jumped up hastily and followed Prince Vasíli into the entry. Her face lost all its former pretence of interest. Her kind, tear-worn face expressed only anxiety and alarm.

"What can you tell me, prince, about my Bóris," she said, as she followed him (she pronounced the name Boris with the accent on the first syllable); "I cannot stay any longer in Petersburg. Tell me what tidings I can take to my poor boy."

Although Prince Vasíli's manner in listening to the old lady was reluctant and almost uncivil, and even showed impatience, still she gave him a flattering and affectionate smile and took his arm to keep him from going.

"What would it cost you to say a word to the emperor and then he would be at once admitted to the Guards!" she added.

"Be assured that I will do all I can, princess," replied Prince Vasíli; "but it is hard for me to ask his majesty; I should advise you to appeal to Rumyantsof through Prince Galitsuin. That would be wiser."

The elderly lady was the Princess Drubetskaya, and belonged to one of the best families in Russia, but she was poor, had long been out of society, and had lost her former connections. She had now come to town in order to secure the admittance of her only son into the Imperial Guards. Merely for the sake of meeting Prince Vasíli, she had accepted Anna Pavlovna's invitation and come to the reception; merely for this she had listened to the viscount's story. She was dismayed at Prince Vasíli's words; her once handsome face expressed vexation, but this lasted only an instant. She smiled once more and clasped Prince Vasíli's arm more firmly.

"Listen, prince," said she, "I have never asked anything of you, and I never shall ask anything of you again and I have never reminded you of the friendship that my father had for you. But now I beg of you, in God's name, do this for my son and I will look upon you as our benefactor," she added hastily. "No, don't be angry, but promise me this. I have asked Galitsuin, he refused. Be kind as you used to be!" she said, trying to smile, though the tears were in her eyes.

"Papa, we shall be late," said the Princess Ellen, turning her lovely head on her classic shoulders as she stood waiting at the door.

Now influence in society is a capital which has to be economized lest it be exhausted. Prince Vasíli understood this, and having once come to the conclusion that if he asked favors for everybody that applied to him, it would soon be idle to ask anything for himself, he rarely exerted his influence. The Princess Drubetskaya's last appeal, however, caused him to feel something like a pang of conscience. She reminded him of the fact that he owed to her father his first advancement in his career. Moreover he saw by her manner that she was one of those women, notably mothers, who

having once got a notion into their heads do not desist until their desires are gratified, and in case they fail are ready every day, every moment, with fresh urgencies, and even scenes. This last consideration turned the scale with him.

"*Chère* Anna Mikhaïlovna," said he, with his usual familiarity and with ill humor in his voice; "it is almost impossible for me to do what you wish; but in order to show you how fond I am of you, and how much I honor your father's memory, I will do the impossible; your son shall be admitted to the Guards, here is my hand on it. Are you satisfied?"

"My dear, you are our benefactor. I expected nothing less from you — I knew how kind you were." — He started to go. — "Wait, two words more — when once he is admitted," — she hesitated. "You and Mikhaïl Ilarionovitch Kutuzof are good friends, do recommend Bóris to him as aide-de-camp. Then I should be content, and then — "

Prince Vasíli smiled.

"That I will not promise. You have no idea how Kutuzof has been besieged since he was appointed commander-in-chief. He himself told me that all the ladies of Moscow had offered him all their sons as adjutants."

"No, promise me; I will not let you go, my dear friend, my benefactor, — "

"Papa," again insisted the beautiful Ellen, in the same tone, "we shall be late."

"Well, *au revoir*, good-by. Do you see?"

"Then to-morrow you will speak to the Emperor?"

"Without fail, but I cannot promise about Kutuzof."

"No, but promise, promise, Basile," insisted Anna Mikhaïlovna, with a coquettish smile, which perhaps in days long gone by might have been becoming to her, but now ill suited her haggard face. She evidently forgot her age, and through habit put her confidence in her former feminine resources. But as soon as he was gone, her face again assumed the same expression as before, of pretended cool complacency. She returned to the group where the viscount was still telling stories,

and again she made believe listen, though she was anxiously waiting for the time to go, now that her purpose was accomplished.

"But what do you think of all this last comedy *du sacre de Milan?*" asked Anna Pavlovna, "and the new comedy of the people of Genoa and Lucca coming to offer their homage to Monsieur Bonaparte sitting on a throne and accepting the homage of nations. Oh, this is delicious! No, it is enough to make one beside one's self. You would think the whole world had gone mad."

Prince Andreï looked straight into her face and smiled.

"'God has given me this crown; beware of touching it,'" he said, quoting Bonaparte's words at his coronation. "They say he was very handsome as he pronounced these words," he added, and he repeated them in Italian: "*Dio mi la dona, guai a chi la tocca.*"

"I hope," pursued Anna Pavlovna, "that this will at last be the drop too much. The sovereigns cannot longer endure this man who imperils everything."

"The sovereigns? I do not mean Russia," said the viscount, politely, but in a tone of despair: "The sovereigns, madame? What have they done for Louis XVIII., for the Queen, for Madame Elizabeth? Nothing!" he added, becoming animated. "And, believe me, they are suffering their punishment for having betrayed the cause of the Bourbons. The sovereigns? They are sending ambassadors to compliment the usurper!"

And with an exclamation of contempt, he again changed his position.

Prince Ippolit, who had been long contemplating the viscount through his lorgnette, suddenly at these words turned completely round to the little princess, and asking her for a needle proceeded to show her what the escutcheon of Condé was, scratching it with the needle on the table. He explained this coat-of-arms for her benefit, with a consequential air, as if the princess had asked him to do it for her.

"*Bâton de gueules engrêlé de gueules d'azur* — the house of Condé," he said.

The princess listened with a smile.

"If Bonaparte remains a year longer on the throne of France, things will have gone quite too far," said the viscount, still pursuing the same line of conversation, like a man who, without listening to others, and considering himself the best informed on any subject, insists on following the lead of his own thoughts. By intrigue, violence, proscriptions and capital punishment, society, I mean good society, French society, will be utterly destroyed, and then — "

He shrugged his shoulders and spread open his hands. Pierre was about to put in a word, the conversation interested him, but Anna Pavlovna, who was watching him, broke in : —

"The Emperor Alexander," said she, with the melancholy which always accompanied any reference of hers to the imperial family, "has declared that he will leave it to the French themselves to choose their own form of government. And I think that there is no doubt that the whole nation, when once freed from the usurper, will throw itself into the arms of its rightful king," said Anna Pavlovna, striving to be gracious to the *émigré* and Royalist.

"That is doubtful," said Prince Andreï. "The viscount is perfectly right when he remarks that things have already gone too far. I think it will be difficult to return to the old."

"I have recently heard," remarked Pierre, with a flushed face, again venturing to take part in the conversation, "that almost all the nobility have gone over to Bonaparte."

"That is what the Bonapartists say," replied the viscount, not looking at Pierre. "It is hard nowadays to know what the public opinion of France really is."

"Bonaparte said so," said Prince Andreï, with a sneer.

It was evident that the viscount did not please him, and also that the viscount, without especially addressing him, directed all his remarks at him.

"'I have showed them the path of glory,'" he went on, after a moment's silence, again quoting Napoleon's words, "'and they would not enter it; I opened my antechambers to them, and they rushed in in throngs,' I know not how far he was justified in saying that."

"Not at all," said the viscount; "after the murder of the duke, even the most partial ceased to look on him as a hero. Even if he was a hero for certain people," continued the viscount, addressing Anna Pavlovna, "since the assassination of the duke there is one martyr more in heaven, one hero less on earth."

Anna Pavlovna and the others had not time to reward the viscount with a smile of approval for his words, before Pierre again rushed into the conversation, and Anna Pavlovna, though she had a presentiment that he would say something indecorous, was unable this time to restrain him.

"The punishment of the Duc d'Enghien," said Monsieur Pierre, "was an imperial necessity, and I for one regard it as magnanimous of Napoleon not to hesitate to assume the sole responsibility of this act."

"*Dieu! mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Anna Pavlovna, in a whisper of dismay.

"What, Monsieur Pierre! you see magnanimity in assassination?" exclaimed the little princess, smiling and moving her work nearer to her.

"Ah!.... Oh!" said different voices.

"Capital," said Prince Ippolit, in English, and he began to slap his knee with his hand.

The viscount merely shrugged his shoulders.

Pierre looked triumphantly at the company over his spectacles.

"I say this," he went on to explain, in a sort of desperation, "because the Bourbons fled from the Revolution, leaving their people a prey to anarchy. And Napoleon was the only man able to understand the Revolution, to conquer it, and consequently, for the sake of the general good he could not hesitate, before the life of an individual."

"Don't you want to come over to this table?" suggested Anna Pavlovna.

But Pierre, without heeding her, went on with his discourse.

"No," said he, growing more and more excited, "Napoleon is great because he stands superior to the Revolution, because he has crushed out its abuses, preserving all that was good — the equality of citizens, and freedom of speech and of the press, and only thus he gained power."

"Yes, if, when he gained the power, instead of using it for assassination, he had restored it to the legitimate king," said the viscount, "then I should have called him a great man."

"But he could not do that. The power was granted him by the people, solely that he might deliver them from the Bourbons, and because they saw that he was a great man. The Revolution was a mighty fact," continued Monseiur Pierre, betraying by this desperate and forced proposition, his extreme youth, and his propensity to speak out whatever was in his mind.

"Revolution and regicide mighty facts!.... After this .... but will you not come over to this table?" insisted Anna Pavlovna.

"*Contrat social*," suggested the viscount, with a benignant smile.

"I am not talking about regicide, I am talking about ideas."

"Yes, ideas of pillage, murder, and regicide," suggested an ironical voice.

"Those are the extremes, of course, and the real significance is not in such things, but in the rights of man, in emancipation from prejudices, in equality of the citizens, and all these principles Napoleon has preserved in all their integrity."

"Liberty and equality!" exclaimed the viscount, scornfully, as if he had at last made up his mind seriously to prove to this young man all the foolishness of his arguments. "All high-sounding words, which long ago were shown to be dangerous. Who does

not love liberty and equality? Our Saviour himself preached liberty and equality. But after the Revolution were men any happier? On the contrary! We wanted freedom, and Bonaparte has destroyed it."

Prince Andreï with a smile looked now at Pierre, now at the viscount, and now at the hostess. During the first instant of Pierre's outbreak, Anna Pavlovna was appalled, notwithstanding her experience in society; but when she saw that Pierre's sacrilegious utterances did not make the viscount lose his temper, and when she became convinced that it was impossible to check them, she collected her forces, and taking the viscount's side, she attacked the young orator.

"*Mais, mon cher* Monsieur Pierre," said Anna Pavlovna, "how can you call a man great who can put to death a duke, simply a man, when you come to analyze it, without trial and without cause?"

"I should like to ask," said the viscount, "how monsieur explains the Eighteenth Brumaire. Was it not a fraud? It was a piece of trickery wholly unlike what a great man could have done."

"And the prisoners in Africa, whom he killed?" suggested the little princess. "That was horrible!" and she shrugged her shoulders.

"He is a low fellow, whatever you may say."

Monsieur Pierre did not know which one to answer; he looked at them all and smiled. His smile was unlike other men's, falsely compounded of seriousness. Whenever a smile came on his face, then suddenly, like a flash, all the serious and even stern expression vanished, and in its place came another, genial, frank, and like that of a child asking forgiveness.

The viscount, who had never seen this young Jacobin before, recognized clearly that he was not nearly as terrible as his words.

All were silent.

"How can you expect him to answer all of you at once?" said Prince Andreï. "Besides, in the actions of a statesman, one must distinguish those of a private individual, a general, or an emperor. So it seems to me."

"Yes, yes, of course," put in Pierre, delighted at this ratification of his ideas.

"It is impossible not to acknowledge," pursued Prince Andreï, "that Napoleon was great as a man on the bridge at Arcola, or in the hospital at Jaffa, when he shook hands with the plague-stricken soldiers, but — but there are other actions of his which are hard to justify."

Prince Andreï, who had evidently been desirous of smoothing over the clumsiness of Pierre's remark, got up, with the intention of leaving, and giving his wife the hint.

Suddenly, Prince Ippolit arose, and with a gesture of his hand detaining the company, and begging them to be seated, he went on to say: —

"Oh, I was told to-day such a charming Russian story. I must give you the benefit of it. You will excuse me, viscount, I must tell it in Russian. Otherwise, the flavor of the story will be lost."

And Prince Ippolit began to speak in Russian, with much the same fluency as Frenchmen who have spent a year in Russia usually attain. All stopped to listen, because Prince Ippolit had been so strenuously urgent in attracting their attention to his story.

"In Moscow there is a lady, *une dame*, and she is very miserly. She has to have two footmen behind her carriage. And very tall ones. That was her hobby. And she had a chambermaid, who was also very tall. She said — "

Here Prince Ippolit paused to think, evidently at a loss to collect his wits.

"She said, — yes, she said, 'Girl (*à la femme de chambre*), put on a livery and go with me, behind the carriage, and make some calls.'"

Here Prince Ippolit snickered and laughed long before his hearers and their silence produced a very disheartening effect upon the narrator. However, a few, including the elderly lady and Anna Pavlovna, smiled.

"She drove off. Suddenly a strong wind blew up. The girl lost her hat and her long hair came down."

Here he could not hold in any longer, but through his bursts of broken laughter he managed to say these words, —

"And every one knew about it."

That was the end of the anecdote. Although it was incomprehensible why he told it, and why he felt called on to tell it in Russian rather than French, still Anna Pavlovna and the others appreciated Prince Ippolit's cleverness in so agreeably putting an end to Monsieur Pierre's disagreeable and stupid freak.

The company, after the anecdote, broke up into little groups, busily engaged in insignificant small talk about some ball that had been or some ball that was to be, or the theatre, or when and where they should meet again.

CHAPTER V

Congratulating Anna Pavlovna on what they called her charming *soirée*, the guests began to take their departure.

Pierre, as we have already said, was awkward. Stout, of more than the average height, broad-shouldered, with huge red hands, he had no idea of the proper way to enter a drawing-room, and still less the proper way of making his exit; in other words he did not know how to make some especially agreeable remark to his hostess before taking his leave. Moreover, he was absent-minded. He got up, and instead of taking his own hat he seized the plumed three-cornered hat of some general, and held it, pulling at the feathers until the general came and asked him to surrender it. But all his absent-mindedness and clumsiness about entering a drawing-room, and about suitable subjects of conversation, were redeemed by his expression of genuine goodness, simplicity, and modesty.

Anna Pavlovna turned to him, and with Christian

sweetness expressing her forgiveness for his behavior, nodded to him, and said, —

"I hope I shall see you again, but I hope also that you will change your opinions, my dear Monsieur Pierre," said she.

He could find no words to answer her; he only bowed, and let every one again see his smile, which really said nothing, except this: "Opinions are opinions, and you can see what a good and noble young man I am." And all, Anna Pavlovna included, could not help feeling this.

Prince Andreï went into the anteroom, allowed the lackey to throw his mantle over his shoulders, and with cool indifference listened to the chatter of his wife and Prince Ippolit, who had also come into the anteroom.

Prince Ippolit stood near the pretty little princess, and stared straight at her through his lorgnette.

"Go back, Annette, you will take cold," said the little princess, by way of farewell to Anna Pavlovna. "It is all understood," she added, in an undertone.

Anna Pavlovna had already had a chance to speak a word with Liza in regard to the suggested match between Anatol and the little princess's sister-in-law.

"I shall depend upon you, my dear," said Anna Pavlovna, also in an undertone. "You write to her and tell me how her father will look at it. *Au revoir.*" And she went back from the anteroom.

Prince Ippolit came to the little princess, and bending his face down close to her began to talk to her in a half-whisper.

Two lackeys, one the princess's, holding her shawl, the other Prince Ippolit's, with his overcoat, stood waiting until they should finish talking, and listened to their chatter, which being in French was incomprehensible; but their faces seemed to say, "We understand, but we do not care to show it."

The princess, as always, smiled as she spoke, and listened, laughing gayly.

"I am very glad that I did not go to the ambassador's," said Prince Ippolit, "a bore — we've had a lovely evening, haven't we, lovely."

"They say it will be a very fine ball," replied the princess, curling her downy lip. "All the pretty women in society will be there."

"Not all, because you are not there, certainly not all," said Prince Ippolit, gayly laughing; and taking the shawl from the servant he even pushed him away and began to wrap it round the princess. Either through awkwardness or intentionally (no one could tell which), it was a long time before he took his arms away from her even after the shawl was well wrapped round her, and he seemed to be embracing the young woman.

Gracefully, and still smiling, she drew back a little, turned around and glanced at her husband. Prince Andreï's eyes were closed; he seemed so tired and sleepy!

"Are you ready?" he asked, glancing at his wife.

Prince Ippolit hastily put on his overcoat, which being in the latest style came below his heels, and stumbling along in it rushed to the steps after the princess, whom the lackey was assisting into the carriage.

"Princess, *au revoir*," he cried, his tongue as badly entangled as his feet.

The princess, gathering up her dress, took her seat in the darkness of the carriage; her husband was arranging his sword; Prince Ippolit, in his efforts to be of assistance, was in everybody's way.

"Excuse me, sir," said Prince Andreï in Russian, in a cold, disagreeable tone, addressing Prince Ippolit, who stood in his way.

"I shall expect you, Pierre," said the same voice, but warmly and affectionately.

The postilion whipped up the horses and the carriage rolled noisily away.

Prince Ippolit laughed nervously, as he stood on the steps, waiting for the viscount, whom he had promised to take home.

"Well, my dear fellow, your little princess is charming, very charming," said the viscount, as he took his seat in the carriage with Ippolit, "yes indeed, she's charming." He kissed the tips of his fingers.

"And really quite Frenchy."

Ippolit roared with laughter.

"And do you know, you are terrible with your little innocent ways," continued the viscount. "I pity the poor husband, — that little officer who puts on the airs of a reigning prince."

Ippolit again went off into a burst of laughter, through which he managed to articulate: —

"And yet you said that the Russian ladies were not anywhere equal to the French ladies! One must know how to manage them."

Pierre, being the first to reach the house, went into Prince Andreï's own room, like one thoroughly at home, and immediately stretching himself out on the divan, as his habit was, took up the first book that he found on the shelf — it was Cæsar's Commentaries — and leaning on his elbow began to read in the middle of the volume.

"What have you been doing to Mlle. Scherer? She will be quite laid up now," said Prince Andreï, coming into the room and rubbing his small white hands together.

Pierre turned over with his whole body, making the divan creak, looked up at Prince Andreï with an eager face, smiled and waved his hand.

"No," said he, "that abbé is very interesting, only he does not understand the matter aright..... In my opinion, permanent peace is possible, but I cannot tell how.... certainly not through political equilibrium."

Prince Andreï was evidently not interested in these abstract questions.

"It is not good form, my dear fellow, always and everywhere to say what you think. But have you come to any final decision yet as to your career? Will you be a horse-guardsman or a diplomat?" asked Prince Andreï, after a moment's silence.

Pierre sat up on the divan, doubling his legs under him.

"You can imagine, I have not as yet the slightest idea. Neither the one nor the other pleases me."

"But see here, you must come to some decision. Your father is waiting."

Pierre at the age of ten had been sent abroad, with an abbé for a tutor, and had remained there till he was twenty. On his return to Moscow, his father dismissed the abbé and said to the young man: —

"Now go to Petersburg, look about, and take your choice. I give my consent to anything. Here is a letter to Prince Vasíli, and here is money for you. Write me about everything, and I will help you in any way."

Pierre had been trying for three months to choose a career, and had not succeeded. It was in regard to this choice that Prince Andreï spoke. Pierre rubbed his forehead.

"But he must be a Freemason," said he, referring to the abbé whom he had met that evening.

"That is all nonsense," said Prince Andreï, again stopping him short; "let us talk about your affairs. Have you been to the Horse Guards?"

"No, not yet, but here is an idea that occurred to me and I wanted to tell you; now there is war against Napoleon. If it had been a war for freedom, I should have taken part, I should have been the first to enter the military service; but to help England and Austria against the greatest man in the world, that is not good."

Prince Andreï merely shrugged his shoulders at Pierre's childish talk. He pretended that it was impossible to reply to such stupidities, but in reality it was difficult to settle this naïve question in any other way than as Prince Andreï did answer it.

"If all men made war only for their convictions, there would be no war," said he.

"That would be splendid," said Pierre.

Prince Andreï laughed.

"Very likely it would be splendid, but it will never be."

"Now, why are you going to war?" asked Pierre.

"Why? I don't know. It must be so. Besides, I'm going" — He paused. "I am going because the life which I lead here, my life, is not to my mind."

CHAPTER VI

The rustle of a woman's gown was heard in the adjoining room. As if caught napping, Prince Andreï shook himself, and his face assumed the same expression which it had worn in Anna Pavlovna's drawing-room.

Pierre set his feet down from the sofa.

The princess came in. She had already changed her gown for another, a house dress, but equally fresh and elegant.

Prince Andreï got up and courteously pushed forward an easy-chair.

"Why is it, I often wonder," she remarked, speaking as always in French, and at the same time briskly and spryly sitting down in the easy-chair, "why Annette never married. How stupid you all are, messieurs, that you never married her. You will excuse me for saying so, but you have not the slightest notion how to talk with women. What an arguer you are, Monsieur Pierre."

"Your husband and I were just this moment arguing. I cannot understand why he wants to go to war," said Pierre, addressing the princess without any of the embarrassment so commonly shown in the relations of a young man toward a young woman.

The princess gave a start. Evidently Pierre's words touched her to the quick.

"Ah, that is exactly what I say!" said she. "I do not understand, really I do not understand why men cannot live without war. Why is it that we women do not want it and do not need it at all? Now you be the judge. I will put the matter just as it is: here he is adjutant to uncle, a most brilliant position. Everybody knows him. Everybody esteems him. The other day at the Apraksins' I heard a lady asking: 'Is that the famous Prince Andreï?' On my word of honor!"

She laughed.

"He is received so everywhere. He might very

easily be even one of his majesty's aides. You know the Emperor spoke very cordially with him. Annette and I have talked it all over; it might be very easily arranged. What do you think?"

Pierre glanced at Prince Andreï, and seeing that this conversation did not please his friend, made no reply to her.

"When are you going?" he asked.

"Ah! don't speak of going, don't speak of it. I do not wish to hear a word of it!" exclaimed the princess, in the same capriciously vivacious tone in which she had spoken to Ippolit. It was obviously out of place in the family circle, in which Pierre was an adopted member.

"To-day when it came over me that I had to break off from all these pleasant relations — and then, you know, André" — She blinked her eyes significantly at her husband. "I dread it, I dread it," she whispered, making a shiver run down her back.

Her husband looked at her with a surprised expression, as if for the first time he had noticed that any one besides himself and Pierre had come into the room. Then with a cool politeness he addressed his wife, inquiringly: —

"What is it that you dread, Liza. I cannot understand," said he.

"Now how selfish all you men are, all, all selfish. Simply from his own whim, God knows why, he deserts me, shuts me up in the country alone."

"With my father and sister, don't forget that," said Prince Andreï, gently.

"All alone, just the same, away from *my* friends — and he expects me not to be afraid."

Her tone grew querulous; her lip was lifted, so that her face looked not mirthful, but repulsive and like a squirrel's. She paused, as if she regarded it as indecorous to speak of her condition before Pierre, though this was the real secret of her fear.

"And still I do not understand what you dread," said Prince Andreï, deliberately, not taking his eyes from his wife.

The princess blushed and spread open her hands with a gesture of despair.

"No, André, I insist upon it, you have changed so!"

"Your doctor bids you go to bed earlier," said Prince Andreï. "You had better retire."

The princess made no answer, and suddenly her short downy lip trembled; Prince Andreï, shrugging his shoulders, began to walk up and down the room.

Pierre gazed through his glasses with naïve curiosity, first at him, then at the princess, and made a motion as if he also would get up, but then changed his mind.

"What difference does it make to me if Monsieur Pierre is here!" suddenly exclaimed the little princess, and her pretty face at the same time was contracted into a tearful grimace. "I have been wanting for a long time to ask you, André, why you have changed toward me so? What have I done to you? You are going to the army, you do not pity me at all. Why is it?"

"Lise!" exclaimed Prince Andreï, but this one word carried an entreaty, a threat, and above all a conviction that she herself would regret what she had said; but she went on hurriedly:—

"You treat me as if I were ill or a child. I see it all. You were not so six months ago."

"Lise, I beg of you to stop," said Prince Andreï, still more earnestly.

Pierre, growing more and more agitated as this conversation proceeded, arose and went to the princess. He evidently could not endure the sight of tears, and he himself was ready to weep.

"Calm yourself, princess. This is only your fancy, because, I assure you, I myself have experienced.... and so.... because.... No, excuse me, a stranger is in the way.... No, calm yourself.... good-by."

Prince Andreï detained him, taking him by the arm:—

"No, stay, Pierre. The princess is so kind that she will not have the heart to deprive me of the pleasure of spending the rest of the evening with you."

"Yes, he only thinks about his own pleasure!" exclaimed the princess, not restraining her angry tears.

"Lise," said Prince Andreï, dryly, raising his voice sufficiently to show that his patience was exhausted.

Suddenly the angry, squirrel-like expression on the princess's pretty little face changed to one of alarm, both fascinating and provocative of sympathy; her beautiful eyes looked from under her long lashes at her husband, and there came into her face that timid look of subjection such as a dog has when it wags its drooping tail quickly but doubtfully.

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" muttered the princess, and gathering up the skirt of her dress with one hand, she went to her husband and kissed him on the forehead.

"Good-night, Lise," said Prince Andreï, getting up and courteously kissing her hand, as if she were a stranger.

CHAPTER VII

The friends were silent. Neither the one nor the other felt like being the first to speak. Pierre looked at Prince Andreï; Prince Andreï rubbed his forehead with his slender hand.

"Let us have some supper," said he, with a sigh, getting up and going to the door.

They went into the dining-room, elegantly, newly, and richly furnished in the latest style. Everything, from the napkins to the silver, the china, and the glassware, had that peculiar imprint of newness which is characteristic of the establishment of a young couple.

In the midst of supper, Prince Andreï leaned forward on his elbows, and, like a man who has for a long time had something on his heart and suddenly determines to confess it, he began to talk with an expression of nervous exasperation such as Pierre had never before beheld in his friend: —

"Never, never get married, my friend! This is my advice to you. Do not marry until you have come to

the conclusion that you have done all that is in your power to do and until you have ceased to love the woman whom you have chosen, until you have seen clearly what she is; otherwise you will make a sad and irreparable mistake. When you are old and good for nothing, then get married..... Otherwise, all that is good and noble in you will be thrown away. All will be wasted in trifles. Yes, yes, yes! Don't look at me in such amazement. If ever you have any hope of anything ahead of you, you will be made to feel at every step that, as far as you are concerned, all is at an end, all closed to you, except the drawing-room, where you will rank with court lackeys and idiots. — That's a fact!"

He waved his hand energetically.

Pierre took off his spectacles, and this made his face, as he gazed in amazement at his friend, even more expressive than usual of his goodness of heart.

"My wife," continued Prince Andreï, "is a lovely woman. She is one of those few women to whom a man can feel that his honor is safely intrusted; but, my God! what would I not give at this moment if I were not married! You are the first and only person to whom I have said this, and it is because I love you."

Prince Andreï, in saying this, was still less like the Bolkonsky who, that same evening, had been sitting in Anna Pávlovna's easy-chairs, murmuring French phrases as he blinked his eyes. Every muscle in his spare face was quivering with nervous animation; his eyes, in which before the fire of life seemed to be extinguished, now gleamed with a fierce and intense brilliancy. It was evident that, however lacking in life he might appear in ordinary circumstances, he more than made up for it by his energy at moments of almost morbid excitability.

"You cannot understand why I say this to you," he went on. "Why, it is the whole history of a life. You talk about Bonaparte and his career," said he, although Pierre had not said a word about Bonaparte. "You talk about Bonaparte, but Bonaparte, when he was toiling, went step by step straight for his goal; he was free;

he let nothing stand between him and his goal, and he reached it. But tie yourself to a woman and, like a prisoner in chains, your whole freedom is destroyed. And in proportion as you feel that you have hope and powers, the more you will be weighed down and tormented with regrets. Drawing-rooms, tittle-tattle, balls, vulgar show, meanness, — such is the charmed circle from which I cannot escape. I am now getting ready for the war, the greatest war that ever was, and yet I know nothing and am fit for nothing. I am very, very likable and very keen," continued Prince Andreï, "and at Anna Pavlovna's they like to hear me talk. And this stupid society, without which my wife cannot live, and these women .... If you could only know what all these distinguished women and women in general amount to! My father is right. Egotism, ostentation, stupidity, meanness in every respect — such are women when they show themselves as they are. You see them in society and think that they amount to something, but they are naught, naught, naught! No, don't marry, my dear heart, don't marry," said Prince Andreï in conclusion.

"It seems ridiculous to me," said Pierre, "that you should regard yourself as incapable and your life as spoiled. Everything is before you — everything. And you ...."

He did not finish his sentence, but his very tone made it evident how highly he prized his friend and how much he expected from him in the future.

"How can he speak so!" thought Pierre, who considered Prince Andreï the model of all accomplishments, for the very reason that Prince Andreï united in himself, to the highest degree, all those qualities that were lacking in Pierre, and that more nearly than anything else expresses the concept, — *will-power*.

Pierre always admired Prince Andreï's ability to meet with perfect ease all sorts of people, his extraordinary memory, his breadth of knowledge, — he had read everything, he knew about everything, he had ideas on every subject, — and, above all, his powers of work and study. And if Pierre was often struck by Andreï's lack

of aptitude for speculative philosophy — which was his own specialty — he at least regarded it not as a fault but as a sign of strength.

In all the best relations, however friendly and simple, flattery or praise is indispensable, just as grease is indispensable for making wheels move easily.

"I have reached the end of things," said Prince Andreï. "What is there to say about me! Let us talk about yourself," said he, after a short silence, and smiling at his consoling thoughts. This smile was instantly reflected on Pierre's face.

"But what is there to say about me," asked Pierre, his lips parting in a gay, careless smile. "What am I, anyway? I am a bastard!"

And suddenly his face grew red. It was evident that he had exerted great effort to say that. "Without name, without fortune!.... And yet it is true. ...."

He did not say what was true.

"I am free for the present, and I like it. Only I don't know what to take up. I should like to have a serious talk with you on the subject."

Prince Andreï looked at him with kindly eyes. But his glance, friendly and affectionate as it was, betrayed the consciousness of his superiority.

"I am fond of you for the special reason that you are the only live man in all our circle. It is well with you. Choose whatever you like, it is all the same. It will be well with you anywhere; but there's one thing. Stop going to those Kuragins' and leading their kind of life. That sort of thing does not become you: all those revels, that wild life, and all —"

"What do you care, my dear fellow," exclaimed Pierre, shrugging his shoulders, "women, my dear, women!"

"I don't understand it," replied Andreï. "Respectable women, that is another thing, but Kuragin's women, women and wine, I don't understand it."

Pierre had been living at Prince Vasíli Kuragin's, and had been taking part in the dissipated life of his son Anatol, the very same young man to whom it had been

proposed to marry Prince Andreï's sister in order to reform him.

"Do you know," said Pierre, as if a happy thought had come unexpectedly into his mind, — "seriously, I have been thinking about it for some time. Since I have been leading this sort of life, I have not been able to think or to come to any decision. My head aches; I have no money. This evening he invited me, but I am not going."

"Give me your word of honor that you will not go again."

"Here's my word on it!"

CHAPTER VIII

It was already two o'clock when Pierre left his friend. It was a luminous June night, characteristic of Petersburg. Pierre took his seat in the hired carriage, with the intention of going home, but the farther he rode the more impossible he found it to think of sleeping on such a night, which was more like twilight or early morning. He could see far down through the empty streets. On the way it occurred to him that the gambling club were to meet as usual that evening at Anatol Kuragin's, after which they were accustomed to have a drinking bout, topping off with one of Pierre's favorite entertainments.

"It would be good fun to go to Kuragin's," said he to himself, but instantly he remembered that he had given Prince Andreï his word of honor not to go there again.

But, as happens to men of no strength of character, he immediately felt such a violent desire to have one more last taste of this dissipated life, so well known to him, that he determined to go. And, in excuse for it, the thought entered his mind that his promise was not binding, because, before he had given it to Prince Andreï, he had also promised Anatol to be present at his house; moreover, he reasoned that all such pledges were merely conditional and had no definite meaning,

especially if it were taken into consideration that perhaps by the next day he might be dead, or something might happen to him so extraordinary that the distinctions of honorable and dishonorable would entirely vanish. Arguments of this nature often occurred to Pierre, entirely nullifying his plans and purposes.

He went to Kuragin's.

Driving up to the great house at the Horse-Guard barracks, where Anatol lived, he sprang upon the lighted porch, ran up the steps, and entered the open door. There was no one in the anteroom; empty bottles, cloaks, and overshoes were scattered about; there was an odor of wine; farther on he heard loud talking and shouts.

Play and supper were over, but the guests had not yet dispersed. Pierre threw off his cloak and went into the first room, where were the remains of the supper: a single waiter, thinking that no one could see him, was stealthily drinking up the wine in the half-empty glasses. In a third room were heard the sounds of scuffling, laughter, the shouts of well-known voices, and the growl of a bear. Eight young men were eagerly crowding around an open window. Three were having sport with the young bear which one of their number was dragging by a chain and trying to frighten the others with.

"I bet a hundred on Stevens," cried one.

"See, he can't hold him," cried a second.

"I bet on Dolokhof," cried a third. "Get those fellows away, Kuragin."

"There, let Mishka go! This is the wager."

"Without stopping to breathe, or he loses," cried a fourth.

"Yakof, bring the bottle, Yakof!" cried the host of the evening, a tall, handsome fellow, standing in the midst of the crowd, in a single thin shirt, thrown open at the chest. — "Hold on, gentlemen! Here he is, here is our dear friend, Petrushka," he cried, addressing Pierre.

A short man, with clear blue eyes, whose voice,

among all those drunken voices, was noticeable for its tone of sobriety, shouted from the window: —

"Come here and hear about the wagers."

This was Dolokhof, an officer of the Semyonovsky regiment, a well-known gambler and duelist, whose home was with Anatol. Pierre smiled, as he gayly looked around him.

"I don't understand at all. What's up?"

"Hold on! He's not drunk. Bring a bottle," cried Anatol, and taking a glass from the table, went up to Pierre, —

"First of all, drink."

Pierre proceeded to drain glass after glass, at the same time closely observing and listening to the drunken guests, who had again crowded around the window. Anatol kept his glass filled with wine, and told him how Dolokhof had laid a wager with Stevens, an English naval man who happened to be there, that he, Dolokhof, was to drink a bottle of rum, sitting in the third story window with his legs hanging out.

"There, now, drink it all," said Anatol, handing the last glass to Pierre, "I shan't let you off."

"No, I don't wish any more," replied Pierre, and pushing Anatol aside, he went to the window. Dolokhof was holding the Englishman by the arm, and was clearly and explicitly laying down the conditions of the wager, turning more particularly to Anatol and Pierre, as they approached.

Dolokhof was a man of medium height, with curly hair and bright blue eyes. He was twenty-five years old. Like all infantry officers, he wore no mustache, so that his mouth, which was the most striking feature of his face, was wholly revealed. The lines of the mouth were drawn with remarkable delicacy. The upper lip closed firmly over the strong lower one in a sharp curve at the center, and in the corners hovered constantly something in the nature of two smiles — one in each corner! and all taken together and especially in conjunction with a straightforward, bold, intelligent look, made it impossible not to take notice of his face.

Dolokhof was not a rich man, and he had no influential connections. But although Anatol spent ten thousand rubles a year and it was known that Dolokhof lived with him, nevertheless, he had succeeded in winning such a position that Anatol and all who were acquainted with the two men had a higher regard for him than for Anatol. Dolokhof played nearly every kind of a game and almost always won. However much he drank, he never was known to lose his head. Both Kurágin and Dolokhof were at this time notorious among the rakes and spendthrifts of Petersburg.

The bottle of rum was brought. Two lackeys, evidently made timid and nervous by the orders and shouts of the boon companions, tried to pull away the sash that hindered any one from sitting on the outer slope of the window-seat.

Anatol, with his swaggering way, came up to the window. He wanted to smash something. He pushed the lackeys away and tugged at the sash, but the sash would not yield. He broke the window-panes.

"Now you try it, you man of muscle," said he, calling Pierre.

Pierre seized hold of the cross-bar, gave a pull, and the oaken framework gave way with a crash.

"Take it all out, or they'll think I clung to it," said Dolokhof.

"The Englishman accepts it, does he? — All right?" asked Anatol.

"All right," said Pierre, glancing at Dolokhof, who took the bottle of rum and went to the window, through which could be seen the sky where the evening and morning light were beginning to mingle.

He leaped on the window-sill with the bottle in his hand.

"Listen!" he cried, as he stood there and looked back into the room.

All were silent.

"I wager," — he spoke French so that the Englishman might understand him, and spoke it none too well either, — "I wager fifty sovereigns; or perhaps you

prefer a hundred?" he added, addressing the Englishman.

"No, fifty," replied the Englishman.

"Very well, then, fifty it is, — that I will drink this whole bottle of rum without taking it once from my mouth; drink it sitting in this window, in that place there" — he bent over and pointed to the sloping projection of the wall outside the window, — "and not holding on to anything. Is that understood?"

"Very good," said the Englishman.

Anatol turned to the Englishman, and, holding him by the button of his coat and looking down on him, — for the Englishman was short, — began to repeat the terms of the wager in English.

"Hold!" cried Dolokhof, thumping on the window with the bottle, in order to attract attention, — hold, Kuragin, listen! If any one else does the same thing, then I will pay down a hundred sovereigns. Do you understand?"

The Englishman nodded his head, though he did not make it apparent whether or no he were prepared to accept this new wager. Anatol still held him by the button, and, in spite of the nods that he made to signify that he understood all that was said, Anatol insisted on translating Dolokhof's words for him into English.

A lean young Lifeguardsman, who had been playing a losing game all the evening, climbed on the window, leaned over, and gazed down, —

"Oo! Oo! Oo!" he exclaimed, as he looked down from the window to the flagstones below.

"Hush!" cried Dolokhof, and he pulled the officer back from the window, who, getting his feet entangled in his spurs, awkwardly leaped down into the room.

Placing the bottle on the window-sill so as to be within reach, Dolokhof warily and coolly climbed into the window. Letting down his legs and spreading out both hands, he measured the width of the window, sat down, let go his hands, moved to the right, then to the left, and took up the bottle. Anatol brought two candles and set them on the window-seat, although it was

now quite light. Dolokhof's back, in the white shirt, and his curly head were illuminated on both sides. All gathered around the window. The Englishman stood in the front row. Pierre smiled and said nothing. One of the older men present suddenly stepped forward, with a stern and frightened face, and attempted to seize Dolokhof by the shirt.

"Gentlemen, this is folly; he will kill himself," said this man, who was less foolhardy than the rest.

Anatol restrained him, —

"Don't touch him; you will startle him, and then he might fall. What if he should? Hey?"

Dolokhof turned around, straightening himself up, and again stretching out his hands.

"If any one touches me again," said he, hissing the words through his thin compressed lips, "I will send him flying down there! So now!"

Thus having spoken, he resumed his former position, dropped his hands, and seizing the bottle he put it to his lips, bent his head back, and raised his free arm as a balance. One of the lackeys, who had begun to clear away the broken glass, paused in his work, and, still bending down, fixed his eyes on the window and Dolokhof's back. Anatol stood straight with staring eyes. The Englishman, thrusting out his lips, looked askance. The man who had tried to stop the proceeding repaired to one corner of the room and threw himself on the divan, with his face to the wall. Pierre covered his eyes, and though the feeble smile still hovered over his lips, his face now expressed horror and apprehension.

All were silent. Pierre took his hand from his eyes. Dolokhof was still sitting in the same position, only his head was thrown farther back, so that the curly hair in the nape of his neck touched his shirt-collar, and the hand holding the bottle was lifted higher and higher, trembling under the effort. The bottle was evidently nearly empty and consequently had to be held almost perpendicularly over his head.

"Why should it take so long?" thought Pierre. It seemed to him as if more than a half-hour had elapsed.

Suddenly Dolokhof's body made a backward motion and his hand trembled nervously; this tremor was sufficient to make him slip as he sat on the sloping ledge. In fact, he slipped, and his arm and head wavered more violently as he struggled to regain his balance. He stretched out one hand to clutch the window-seat, but refrained from touching it.

Pierre again covered his eyes, and declared to himself that he would not open them again. Suddenly he was conscious that there was a commotion around him. He looked up. Dolokhof was standing on the window-seat; his face was pale but radiant.

"Empty!"

He flung the bottle at the Englishman, who cleverly caught it. Dolokhof sprang down from the window. He exhaled a powerful odor of rum.

"Capital!" — "Bravo!" — "That's a wager worth while!" — "The devil take you all," were the shouts that rang from all sides.

The Englishman, taking out his purse, was counting out his money. Dolokhof was scowling, and had nothing to say. Pierre started for the window.

"Gentlemen! Who wants to make the bet with me; I will do the same thing," he cried. "But there's no need of any wager. Give me a bottle. I will do it anyway. Bring a bottle."

"Let him! Let him!" said Dolokhof, smiling.

"What is the matter with you?"—"Are you beside yourself?" — "We won't let you!" — "It makes you dizzy even on a staircase," were shouted from various sides.

"I will drink it; give me a bottle of rum," cried Pierre, pounding on the table with a drunken and resolute gesture, and climbing into the window. He was seized by the arm, but his strength was so great that whoever approached him was sent flying across the room.

"No, you will never dissuade him that way," said Anatol. "Hold on; I will deceive him. Listen, I will make the wager with you, but to-morrow; but now we are all going to ——'s."

"Come on," cried Pierre, "come on! And we will take Mishka with us." And seizing the bear, he began to gallop round the room with him.

CHAPTER IX

Prince Vasíli fulfilled the promise which he had made to the Princess Drubetskaya, when she asked him on the evening of Anna Pavlovna's reception, to help her only son, Borís. The request had been preferred to the emperor, and contrary to the experience of many others, he was allowed to enter the Semyonovsky regiment of the Guard as ensign. But in spite of all Anna Mikhaïlovna's efforts and intrigues, Borís failed of his employment as aide or attaché to Kutuzof.

Shortly after Anna Pavlovna's reception, the princess returned to Moscow and went straight to her rich relatives, the Rostofs, at whose house she always stayed when visiting in Moscow, and where her idolized Borenka had been educated from early childhood and had lived some years, waiting to be transferred from the Line to his position as ensign of the Guard. The Guard had already left Petersburg on the twenty-second of August, and the young man, delayed in Moscow by his uniform and outfit, was to join his regiment at Radzivílof.

The Rostofs were celebrating the name-day of the mother and the youngest daughter, both of whom were named Natalia. Since morning there had been an unceasing stream of carriages coming and going with guests, who brought their congratulations to the countess's great mansion on the Povarskaya, so well known to all Moscow. The countess herself and her eldest daughter, a beautiful girl, were in the drawing-room receiving the guests, whose places were constantly filled by newcomers.

The Countess Rostova was a woman of forty-five, of a thin Oriental type of countenance, and evidently worn out by her cares as mother of a family of a dozen

children. Her deliberateness of motion and speech, arising from her lack of strength, gave her a certain appearance of dignity which commanded respect.

The Princess Anna Mikhaïlovna Drubetskaya, in her capacity of friend of the family, was also in the drawing-room, helping to receive the company and join in the conversation. The young people were in the rear rooms, not considering it incumbent upon them to take part in receiving the visitors. The count met the guests, and escorted them to the door again, urging them all to dine with him.

"Very, very much obliged to you, *ma chère* or *mon cher*" (*ma chère* or *mon cher* he said to all without exception, without the slightest shadow of difference whether his guests stood high or low in the social scale), "much obliged to you for myself and for my dear ones whose name-day we are celebrating. See here, come in to dinner. You will affront me, if you do not, *mon cher*. Cordially I invite you, and my whole family join with me, *ma chère*."

These words he repeated to all, without exception or variation, with an unchanging expression on his round, jolly, and clean-shaven countenance, and with a monotonously firm grip of the hand, and with repeated short bows. Having escorted a guest to his carriage, the count would return to this, that, or the other visitor still remaining in the drawing-room; dropping down on a chair, with the aspect of a man who understands and enjoys the secret of life, he would cross his legs in boyish fashion, lay his hands on his knees, and shaking his head significantly, would set forth his conjectures concerning the weather, or exchange confidences about health, sometimes speaking in Russian, sometimes in very execrable but self-confident French, and then again with the air of a weary man, who is nevertheless bound to fulfil all obligations, he would go to the door with still another departing guest, straightening the thin gray hairs on his bald head, and dutifully proffering the invitations to dinner.

Sometimes returning through the entry to the draw-

ing-room, he would pass through the conservatory and butler's room to the great marble hall where covers were laid for eighty guests, and, glancing at the butlers who were bringing the silver and china, setting the tables and unfolding the damask table-linen, he would call to him Dimítri Vasilyevitch, a man of noble family, who had charge of all his affairs, and would say: —

"Well, well, Mítenka, see that everything is all right. That's good, that's good," he would say, glancing with satisfaction on the huge extension table. "The principal thing is the service. Very good, very good."

And with a deep sigh of satisfaction, he would go back to the drawing-room once more.

"Marya Lvovna Karagina and her daughter," announced the countess's footman, in a thundering bass voice, coming to the door. The countess was thoughtful for a moment, and took a pinch of snuff from a gold snuff-box ornamented with a portrait of her husband.

"These callers have tired me out," said she. "Well, she is the last one I shall receive. She is very affected. — Ask her to come in," said she to the footman, in a mournful voice, as if her words had been: "Kill me and have done with it."

A tall, portly, haughty-looking lady, in a rustling gown, came into the drawing-room, followed by her round-faced, smiling young daughter.

"Dear Countess, it has been such a long time.... she has been ill in bed, poor girl."... "At the Razumovsky ball...." "*Et la Comtesse Apraksine*...." "I have had such an enjoyable time...." Such were the phrases, spoken by lively feminine voices interrupting one another, and mingling with the rustle of silks and the moving of chairs.

That sort of conversation had begun which is expressly contrived so that at the first pause the visitor is ready to get up and, with a rustling of garments, to murmur: "I am charmed.... mamma's health.... and the Countess Apraksina" — and again with rustling garments to beat a retreat into the anteroom, to throw on the shuba or the cloak, and to depart.

The conversation was turning on the chief item of city news at that time, namely, the illness of the well-known old Count Bezukhoï, one of the richest and handsomest men of Catherine's time, and also about his illegitimate son, Pierre, the same young man who had conducted himself in such an unseemly manner at Anna Pavlovna's reception.

"I am very sorry for the old count," said one of the ladies, "his health is so wretched, and now the mortification his son causes him — it will be the death of him."

"What is that?" asked the countess, as if she were not aware of what the visitor was talking about, although she had heard fifty times already the cause of Count Bezukhoï's mortification.

"It all comes from the present system of education. Sending them abroad!" pursued the lady. "This young man has been left to himself, and now they say that he has been carrying on so horribly in Petersburg that the police had to send him out of the city."

"Pray, tell us about it," urged the countess.

"He made a bad choice of friends," remarked the Princess Anna Mikhaïlovna. "Prince Vasíli's son, this Pierre, and a Dolokhof, they say, have been doing — heaven only knows what. But all of them have had to suffer for it. Dolokhof has been reduced to the ranks, and Bezukhoï's son has been sent to Moscow, and Anatol Kuragin has been taken in charge by his father. At all events, he has been sent away from Petersburg."

"Yes, but, pray, what have they been doing?" asked the countess.

"They acted like perfect cutthroats, especially Dolokhof," said the visitor. "He is a son of Marya Ivanovna Dolokhova, — such an excellent woman, just think of it! Can you imagine it? the three of them, somehow, got hold of a bear, took it with them into a carriage, and carried it to the house of some actresses. The police hastened to apprehend them. They seized the officer and tied him back to back to the bear, and

then threw the bear into the Moïka; the bear floated off with the police officer on his back!"

"Capital, *ma chère*, what a figure the officer must have cut!" cried the count, bursting with laughter.

"Oh, how terrible! how can you laugh, count?" But the ladies had to laugh in spite of themselves.

"It was with difficulty that they rescued the unfortunate man," pursued the visitor. "And to think that a son of Count Kírill Vladímirovitch Bezukhoï should find amusement in such intellectual pursuits," she added. "But they say he is so well educated and clever! That shows what educating young men abroad makes of them! I hope that no one will bring him here, though he is so rich. They wanted to introduce him to me. I decidedly refused; I have daughters."

"Why did you say that this young man was so rich?" asked the countess, bending away from the younger ladies, who immediately pretended not to hear what she was saying. "You see, he has only illegitimate children. It appears — and Pierre is also illegitimate."

The guest waved her hand: "I imagine he has a score of them."

The Princess Anna Mikhaïlovna took part in the conversation, with the evident desire of showing off her powerful connections and her acquaintance with all the details of high life.

"This is the truth of the matter," said she, significantly, and also in a half-whisper, "Count Kírill Vladímirovitch's reputation is notorious; as for his children, he has lost count of them, but this Pierre has been his favorite."

"How handsome the old man," said the countess, "and only last year too! I never saw a handsomer man!"

"Now he is very much changed," said Anna Mikhaïlovna. "As I was going to say, on his wife's side, Prince Vasíli is the direct heir to all his property, but the old man is very fond of Pierre, has taken great pains with his education, and has written to the emperor about him; so that no one knows, if he should die, — he is so

weak, that it may happen any moment, and Dr. Lorrain has come up from Petersburg, — no one knows, I say, which will get his colossal fortune, Pierre or Prince Vasíli. He has forty thousand serfs, and millions! I know all about this, because Prince Vasíli himself told me. Yes, and besides, Kírill Vladímirovitch is my great-uncle on my mother's side. And he is also Borís's godfather," she added, pretending that she attributed no significance to this circumstance.

"Prince Vasíli came to Moscow, yesterday. He is on some official business, I was told," said the guest.

"Yes, but *entre nous*," said the princess, "that's a pretext; he has come principally on account of Count Kírill Vladímirovitch, because he knew that he was so sick."

"At all events, *ma chère*, that was a splendid joke," said the count; and perceiving that the elderly visitor did not hear him, he turned his attention to the young ladies. "Charming figure, that cut by the police officer, — I can imagine it!"

And imitating the way the unfortunate police officer would have waved his arms, he again burst out into a ringing bass laugh, which made his portly form fairly shake, as men laugh who always live well, and indulge in generous wines.

"So glad to have you dine with us," said he.

CHAPTER X

A SILENCE ensued. The countess looked at the caller, smiling pleasantly, but nevertheless making no pretense to hide that she would not be sorry if she got up and took her departure. The daughter was already arranging her dress and looking inquiringly at her mother, when suddenly there was heard in the next room the noise of several persons running toward the door, then the catching and upsetting of a chair, and instantly into the drawing-room darted a maiden of thirteen, folding something in her short muslin skirt. She halted in

the middle of the room, and it was evident that her wild frolic had carried her farther than she had intended. At the same instant there appeared in the door a student with a crimson collar, a young officer of the Guard, a maiden of fifteen, and a plump rosy-faced little boy in a frock.

The count jumped up, and opening out his arms, threw them around the little girl who had come running in.

"Ah! here she is," he cried, with a jolly laugh. "Her name-day, *ma chère*, her name-day!"

"My dear girl, there is a time for all things," said the countess, feigning severity. "You are always spoiling her, *Élie*," she added, addressing her husband.

"How do you do, my dear; I congratulate you," said the visitor. "What a fascinating girl!" she added, turning to the mother.

The little maiden was at that charming age when she is no longer a child nor yet a young lady. She was full of life, but not pretty. Her eyes were black and her mouth was large; her bare childish shoulders were rising and falling in her bodice from the excitement of her race; her dark locks were tossed back; her thin arms were bare; she wore lace-trimmed pantalets and her low shoes displayed her slender little ankles.

Tearing herself away from her father, she ran to her mother, and giving no heed to her stern reproof, hid her blushing face in the lace folds of her mother's mantilla, and went into a fit of laughter. The cause of her laughter was the doll which she took out from under her skirt, trying to tell some fragmentary story about it.

"Do you see? .... my doll .... Mimi .... You see...."

And Natasha was unable to say any more, it all seemed to her so ludicrous. She leaned on her mother and laughed so merrily and infectiously, that all, even the conceited visitor, in spite of herself, joined in her amusement.

"Now, run away, run away with your monster," admonished the mother, pushing away her daughter with

pretended sternness. "She is my youngest," she added, turning to the visitor.

Natasha, for a moment raising her face from her mother's lace mantle, glanced up at the stranger through her tears of laughter and again hid her face.

The visitor, compelled to admire this family scene, felt it incumbent upon her to take some part in it.

"Tell me, my dear," said she, addressing Natasha, "what relation is this Mimi to you? She is your daughter, I suppose."

Natasha was displeased by the condescending tone in which the lady addressed her. She made no reply and looked solemnly at her.

Meantime, all the young people — the officer, Borís, the son of the Princess Anna Mikhaïlovna, Nikolaï the student, the count's oldest son, Sonya, the count's fifteen-year-old niece, and the little Petrusha, his youngest boy — crowded into the drawing-room, evidently doing their utmost to restrain within the bounds of propriety the excitement and merriment that convulsed their faces. It could be seen that there in the rear rooms, from which they had rushed so impetuously, they had been engaged in much more entertaining conversation than town gossip, the weather, and the Countess Apraksina.

Occasionally they would glance at one another and find it hard to refrain from bursting out laughing again.

The two young men, the student and the officer, who had been friends from childhood, were of the same age and were both good-looking, but totally unlike each other. Borís was tall and fair, with regular, delicate features and a placid expression. Nikolaï was a short, curly-haired young man, with a frank, open countenance. On his upper lip the first dark down had already begun to appear, and his whole face was expressive of impetuosity and enthusiasm. Nikolaï's face had flushed crimson the moment he entered the drawing-room. It was plain to see that he strove in vain to find something to say; Borís, on the contrary, immediately regained his self-possession, and began to

relate, calmly and humorously, how he had been acquainted with this Mimi-kulka when she was a fine young lady, before her nose had lost its beauty; how since their acquaintance, begun five years before, she had grown aged and cracked as to the whole surface of her cranium!

As he said this he looked at Natasha, but she turned away from him and looked at her little brother, who was squeezing his eyes together and shaking with suppressed laughter, and finding that she could no longer control herself, snickered out loud and darted from the room as fast as her nimble little feet would carry her. Borís managed to preserve his composure.

"*Maman*, do you not want to go for a drive? Shall I order the carriage?" he asked, turning to his mother with a smile.

"Yes, yes, go and order it, please," said she, returning his smile.

Borís quietly left the room and went in pursuit of Natasha; the plump little boy trotted sturdily after them, as if he was vexed at heart at the disarrangement made in his plans.

CHAPTER XI

Of the young people, not reckoning the young lady caller and the count's oldest daughter, who was four years older than her sister and regarded herself as already grown up, only Nikolaï and the niece Sonya remained in the drawing-room.

Sonya was a slender miniature little brunette, with a tawny-tinted complexion especially noticeable on her neck and bare arms, which were slender, but graceful and muscular. She had soft eyes shaded by long lashes, and she wore her thick black hair in a braid twined twice about her head. By the easy grace of her movements, by the suppleness and softness of her slender limbs, and by a certain cunning and coyness of manner, she reminded one of a beautiful kitten which

promises soon to grow into a lovely cat. She evidently considered it the right thing to manifest her interest in the general conversation by a smile; but her eyes involuntarily shot glances of such passionate girlish adoration from under their long, thick lashes at her cousin who was soon to join the army, that her smile could not for an instant deceive any one, and it was plain to see that the kitten had only crouched down in order to jump and play all the more merrily with her cousin, as soon as the two followed the example of Borís and Natasha, and left the drawing-room.

"Yes, *ma chère*," said the old count, turning to their caller and pointing to Nikolaï, "his friend Borís, here, has been appointed an officer in the Guard, and they are such good friends that they cannot be separated; so he throws up the University and his old father, and is going into the military service, *ma chère*. And yet there was a place all ready for him in the department of the Archives, and all. That's what friendship is," concluded the count, with a dubious shake of the head.

"Yes, there's going to be war, they say," said the visitor.

"They have been saying so for a long time," replied the count, "and they will say so again, and keep saying so, and that will be the end of it. *Ma chère*, that's what friendship is," he repeated, "he is going to join the hussars."

The visitor, not knowing what reply to make, shook her head.

"It is not out of friendship at all," declared Nikolaï, flushing and spurning the accusation as if it were a shameful aspersion on his character. "It is not from friendship at all, but simply because I feel drawn to a military life."

He glanced at his cousin and at the young lady visitor; both were looking at him with a smile of approbation.

"Colonel Schubert of the Pavlogradsky regiment of hussars is going to dine with us to-night. He has been home on leave of absence, and is going to take Nikolaï

back with him. What's to be done about it?" asked the count, shrugging his shoulders and affecting to treat as a jest what had evidently occasioned him much pain.

"I have already told you, pápenka," said the lad, "that if you do not wish me to go, I will stay at home. But I know that I am not good for anything except the army; I cannot be a diplomatist or a chinovnik, I can't hide what I feel," and as he said this he glanced, with a handsome young fellow's coquetry, at Sonya and the young lady visitor.

The kitten feasted her eyes on him and seemed ready at a second's notice to play and show all her kittenish nature.

"Well, well, let it go," said the old count. "He's all on fire! This Bonaparte has turned all their heads; they all think what an example he gave them in rising from a lieutenant to be an emperor. Well, good luck to them," he added, not noticing his visitor's sarcastic smile.

They began to talk about Napoleon. Julie Karagina turned to young Rostof:—

"How sorry I was that you didn't come last Thursday to the Arkharofs'. It was a bore to be there without you," said she, giving him an affectionate smile.

The young man, much flattered, drew his seat nearer to her and engaged the smiling Julie in a confidential conversation, entirely oblivious that this coquettish smile cut as with a knife the jealous heart of poor Sonya, who flushed and tried to force a smile.

In the midst of this conversation he happened to glance at her. She gave him a look of passionate anger, and, scarcely able to hold back her tears, but with the pretended smile still on her lips, got up and left the room. All Nikolaï's animation deserted him. He availed himself of the first break in the conversation, and with a disturbed countenance left the room in search of Sonya.

"How the secrets of these young folks are sewed with white threads!" exclaimed Anna Mikháïlovna,

nodding in the direction of the vanishing Nikolaï. "Cousinship's a risky relationship," she added.

"Yes," replied the countess, when, as it were, the very light of the sun had departed from the room with these young people, and then, as if she were answering a question which no one had asked, but which was constantly in her mind: "How much suffering, how much unrest, must be gone through with in order that at last we may have some joy in them! And even now! truly there's more sorrow than joy. You're always in apprehension, always in apprehension! This is the age when there are so many perils both for young girls and for boys."

"It all depends upon the education," said the visitor.

"Yes, you are right," continued the countess. "So far I have been, thank God, the friend of my children, and enjoy their perfect confidence," declared the countess, repeating the error of many parents who cherish the illusion that their children have no secrets in which they do not share. "I know that I shall always be my daughters' chief *confidante*, and that Nikolenka, if, with his impetuous nature, even he plays some pranks, as all boys will, will not be like those Petersburg young men!"

"Yes, they're splendid, splendid children," emphatically affirmed the count, who always settled every question too complicated for him by finding everything splendid. "But what's to be done! He wanted to go into the hussars! What would you have, my love?"

"What a charming creature your youngest girl is!" said the visitor. "Like powder!"

"Yes, like powder," said the count. "She resembles me! And what a voice she has! Although she is my daughter, yet I am not afraid to say that she is going to be a singer, a second Salomoni. We have engaged an Italian master to teach her."

"Isn't she too young yet? They say it is injurious for the voice to study at her age."

"Oh, no! why do you consider it too early?" exclaimed the count. "Didn't our mothers get married when they were twelve or thirteen?"

"And she's already in love with Borís! Just think of it!" said the countess, looking at the princess with a sweet smile; then apparently answering a thought which constantly occupied her, she went on to say:—

"Well, now, you see if I were too strict with her, if I were to forbid her.... God knows what they might be doing on the sly!" (she meant, they might exchange kisses) "but now I know everything they say. She comes to me herself every evening, and tells me all about it. Maybe, I spoil her, but indeed this seems to be the best plan. I kept a too strict rein over my eldest daughter."

"Yes, I was brought up in an entirely different way," said the oldest daughter, the handsome Countess Viera, smiling. But the smile did not add to the beauty of her face, as often happens; on the contrary it lost its natural expression and therefore became unpleasant. She was handsome, intelligent, well bred, well educated, her voice was pleasant, what she said was right and proper enough, and yet, strange to say, her mother and all the others looked at her, as if surprised at her saying such a thing, and regarded it as one of the things that had better have been left unsaid.

"People always try to be very wise with their eldest children,—try to accomplish something extraordinary," said the visitor.

"How naughty to prevaricate, my love! The little countess tried to be very wise with Viera," said the count. "Well, on the whole, she has succeeded splendidly," he added, winking approvingly at his daughter.

The visitors got up and took their departure, promising to return to dinner.

"What manners! they kept staying and staying," remarked the countess, after she had seen her visitors to the door.

CHAPTER XII

When Natasha left the drawing-room, she ran only as far as the conservatory. There she paused, listening to the chatter in the drawing-room and expecting Borís to follow her. She was already beginning to grow impatient, and stamped her foot, on the very verge of crying because he did not follow her instantly, when she heard the young man's noisy, deliberate steps. Natasha hastily sprang between some tubs full of flowers and concealed herself.

Borís paused in the center of the room, looked around him, brushed some specks of dust from the sleeve of his uniform, and then going to the mirror, contemplated his handsome face. Natasha, holding her breath, peered out from her hiding-place and waited to see what he would do. He stood for some moments in front of the mirror, smiled with satisfaction, and went toward the entrance door.

Natasha was just about to call to him, but then she thought better of it. "Let him find me," she said to herself.

As soon as Borís had left the conservatory, Sonya came in from the other door, all flushed, and angrily muttering to herself. Natasha restrained her first impulse to run to her and kept in her hiding-place, as if under an invisible cap, looking at what was going on in the world. She was experiencing a new and peculiar enjoyment.

Sonya was still muttering something, and looked expectantly toward the drawing-room. Then Nikolaï made his appearance.

"Sonya! what is the matter? How can you do so?" he asked, going up to her.

"No, no, leave me alone!" and Sonya began to sob.

"Well, I know what the trouble is."

"If you know, so much the better; go back to her, then."

"So-o-onya! one word! How can you torment me,

and torment yourself, for a mere fancy!" asked Nikolaï, taking her hand.

Sonya did not withdraw her hand and ceased weeping.

Natasha, not moving, and hardly breathing, with sparkling eyes peered from her concealment. "What will they do now, I wonder," she said to herself.

"Sonya! The whole world is nothing to me! Thou alone art all to me," said Nikolaï. "I will prove it to thee!"

"I don't like it when you talk so with...."

"Well, I won't do so any more, only forgive me, Sonya!"

He drew her to him and kissed her.

"Ah! how nice!" thought Natasha, and when Sonya and Nikolaï had left the room, she followed them and called Borís to her.

"Borís! Come here," said she, with her face full of mischievous meaning. "I want to tell you something. Here, come here!" she said, and drew him into the conservatory, to the very place among the tubs where she had been in hiding. Borís, smiling, followed her.

"What may this *something* be?" he inquired.

She grew confused, glanced around her, and espying the doll which she had thrown on one of the tubs, she took it up.

"Kiss the doll," said she.

Borís looked down into her eager face, with an inquiring, gracious look, and made no reply.

"Don't you care to? Well, then come here," said she, and made her way deeper among the flowers, at the same time throwing away the doll. "Nearer, nearer," she whispered. She seized the officer's coat by the cuff, and her flushed face expressed eagerness and apprehension. "Then, will you kiss me?" she whispered, so low as hardly to be heard, looking up at him and smiling, and almost crying with emotion.

Borís reddened. "How absurd you are!" he exclaimed, but he bent over to her, reddening still more violently, but not quite able to make up his mind whether to do it or not.

Natasha suddenly sprang on a tub, so that she was taller than he, threw both slender bare arms around his neck, and by a motion of her head, tossing back her curls, kissed him full in the lips. Then she slipped away between the flower-pots, and hanging her head, stood still on the other side.

"Natasha," said he, "you know that I love you, but...."

"Are you in love with me?" asked Natasha, interrupting him.

"Yes, I am, but please let us not do this again.... In four years, — then I will ask for your hand."

Natasha pondered.

"Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen," said she, reckoning on her delicate fingers. "Good! Then it is decided?" And a smile of joy and satisfaction lighted up her animated face.

"Yes, it is decided," said Borís.

"Forever and ever," said the girl. "Till death itself!" And taking his arm, she went with a happy face into the divan-room with him.

CHAPTER XIII

The countess was now so tired of receiving, that she gave orders not to admit any more visitors, and the Swiss was told to invite any one else who came, to return to dinner.

The countess was anxious to have a confidential talk with the friend of her childhood, the Princess Anna Mikhaĭlovna, whom she had scarcely seen since her return from Petersburg. Anna Mikhaĭlovna, with her tearful but pleasant face, drew her chair nearer to the countess.

"I will be perfectly frank with you," said she. "We have very few of our old friends left. And that's why I prize your friendship so highly!"

She glanced at Viera, and paused.

The countess pressed her hand; then she said, ad-

dressing her eldest daughter, who was evidently not her favorite: —

"Viera, haven't you any perception at all? Cannot you see that you are in the way? Go to your sisters, or...."

The handsome Viera smiled scornfully, evidently not feeling the least offended.

"If you had only told me sooner, mámenka, I should have gone immediately," said she, and she left the room. But as she was going past the divan-room, she saw that two couples were snugly settled in the embrasures of the two windows. She paused and smiled satirically. Sonya was sitting close by Nikolaï, who was copying some verses in her honor, — the first he had ever written. Borís and Natasha were sitting in the other window, and stopped talking as Viera passed. Both of the girls looked up at her with guilty and yet happy faces.

It was both amusing and touching to see these two girls, so head over ears in love, but the sight of them evidently did not rouse pleasant thoughts in Viera's mind.

"How many times have I asked you not to take my things," said she; "you have your own room."

And she snatched the inkstand away from her brother.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," said he, dipping his pen.

"You always succeed in doing things at just the wrong time," exclaimed Viera. "There you came running into the drawing-room, so that every one was mortified on your account."

In spite of the fact, or perhaps because what she said was perfectly true, no one made her any reply, and all four only exchanged glances among themselves. Viera lingered in the room, holding the inkstand in her hand.

"And how can such young things as Natasha and Borís and you two have 'secrets,' — it's all nonsense!"

"Well, what concern is it of yours, Viera?" asked Natasha, in a gentle voice, defending herself. She was

evidently more than ordinarily sweet, and well disposed to every one on that day.

"It's very stupid," said Viera; "I blush for you. What sort of 'secrets'...."

"Every one has his own. We don't meddle with you and Berg," said Natasha, hotly.

"I suppose you don't," said Viera, "and because you can't find anything improper in my behavior. But I am going to tell mámenka how you and Borís behave."

"Natalya Ilyínishna behaves very well to me," said Borís; "I cannot complain of it."

"Stop, Borís, you are such a diplomat," — the word "diplomat" was in great vogue among the young people, with a special meaning which they gave to it, — "it's very annoying," said Natasha, in an offended, trembling voice. "Why should she worry me so? You will never understand such things," she added, turning to Viera, "because you never were in love with any one, you have no heart, you are only Madame de Genlis," — this was a nickname considered very insulting, which had been first applied to Viera by Nikolaï, — "and your chief pleasure is to cause other people annoyance. You may flirt with Berg as much as you please," she said spitefully.

"Well, at all events, you don't find me running after a young man in the presence of visitors."

"There, now, you have done what you wanted," interrupted Nikolaï, "you have said all sorts of unpleasant things, and disturbed us all. Let's go to the nursery."

All four, like a frightened bevy of birds, jumped up and flew out of the room.

"You are the ones who have been saying unpleasant things, but I haven't said anything to any one," cried Viera.

"Madame de Genlis! Madame de Genlis!" shouted the merry voices from the other room through the open door.

The handsome Viera, who found a sort of pleasure in doing these unpleasant and irritating things, smiled,

evidently undisturbed by what was said of her, went to the mirror, and rearranged her sash and hair. As she caught a glimpse of her pretty face, she became, to all appearances, cooler and more self-satisfied.

Meantime, the ladies in the drawing-room continued their talk : —

"Ah, *chère*," said the countess, "in my life it is not all rose-color. I cannot help seeing that at the rate we are going, our property will not hold out much longer. And then his club, and his easy ways. Even if we live in the country, how much rest do we get? Theatricals, hunting, and heaven knows what all. But what's the use of my talking !.... Now tell me how you manage to get along. I often marvel at you, Annette ; how it is that you, at your time of life, fly about so in your carriage, alone, in Moscow, in Petersburg, to all the ministers, to all the notables, and succeed in getting around them all, I marvel at it! Now tell me how you do it. I cannot understand it at all."

"Ah! my dear heart," replied the Princess Anna Mikhaïlovna, "may God forbid that you ever learn by experience what it is to be left a widow, and without any protector, with a son whom you adore. You get schooled to everything," she went on to say, with some pride. "My lawsuit has given me a great experience. If I need to see any 'bigwig,' I write a note: 'Princess so and so desires to see such and such a person,' and I myself go in a hired carriage, twice, three times, four times, until I get what I need. It is a matter of indifference to me what they think of me."

"Well now, how was it, — whom did you apply to for Bórenka," asked the countess. "There he is already an officer of the Guard, and my Nikolushka is going merely as a yunker. There was no one to work for him. Whom did you ask?"

"Prince Vasíli. He was very kind. He immediately consented to do all in his power, and he laid the matter before the emperor," said the Princess Anna Mikhaïlovna, entirely forgetting, in her enthusiasm, all the

humiliation through which she had passed for the attainment of her ends.

"Prince Vasíli must have aged somewhat," queried the countess. "I have not seen him since our theatricals at the Rumyantsofs'. I suppose he has entirely forgotten me. He was very assiduous in his attention to me," she added, with a smile.

"He is just the same as ever," replied Anna Mikhaĭlovna, "polite and full of compliments. His head hasn't been turned at all by all his elevation. 'I am grieved that I can do so little for you, my dear princess,' said he. 'You have only to command me.' Yes, he's a splendid man, and a lovely relative to have. But you know, Nathalie, my love for my boy. I don't know what I would not do for his happiness. But my means are so small for doing anything," continued the princess, in a melancholy tone, lowering her voice. "They are so small that I am really in a most terrible position. My unlucky lawsuit eats up all that I have, and is no nearer an end. I have nothing, you can imagine it, literally I haven't a kopek, and I don't know how I shall get Borís his uniform."

She drew out her handkerchief and began to weep.

"I must have five hundred rubles, and all I have is a twenty-five ruble bill. I am in such a position! I have only one hope now, — in Kírill Vladímirovitch Bezukhoĭ. If he will not help out his godson — for you see he stood sponsor to Borís — and grant him something for his support, then all my pains will have been lost. I shall not have enough to pay for his uniform."

The countess shed some sympathetic tears, and sat silently pondering.

"Maybe, it's a sin," said the princess, "but I often think: There is Count Kírill Bezukhoĭ, living alone.... that enormous fortune.... and, why does he live on? Life is a burden for him, while Borís is only just beginning to live."

"He will probably leave something to Borís," said the countess.

"God only knows, *chère amie!* These rich men and

grandees are so selfish! But, nevertheless, I am going right away to see him with Borís, and I am going to tell him plainly how things are. Let them think what they please of me, it is all the same to me, when my son's fate depends upon it." The princess got up. "It is now two o'clock and you dine at four. I shall have plenty of time to go there."

And with the decision of the true Petersburg lady of business, who knows how to make the best use of her time, she called her son and went with him into the anteroom.

"Good-by, dear heart," said she to the countess, who accompanied her to the door. "Wish me good luck," she added in a whisper, so that her son might not hear.

"So you are going to Count Kírill Vladímirovitch, *ma chère!*" said the count, coming out from the dining-room into the anteroom. "If he is better, ask Pierre to come and dine with me. You see he used to be here a great deal, and danced with the children. Be sure to bring him, *ma chère!* Now we shall see how splendidly Taras will do by us to-day. He declares that Count Orlof never had such a dinner as we are going to have!"

CHAPTER XIV

"My dear Borís," said the Princess Anna Mikhaĭlovna to her son, as the Countess Rostova's carriage, in which they were riding, rolled along the straw-covered street and entered the wide court of Count Kírill Vladímirovitch Bezukhoĭ's residence. "My dear Borís," said the mother, stretching out her hand from under her old mantle and laying it on her son's with a timid and affectionate gesture, "be amiable and considerate. Count Kírill Vladímirovitch is your godfather, and your prospects depend upon him. Remember this, my dear; be nice as you can be."

"If I knew that anything would come from this except humiliation," replied the son, coldly. "But I have given you my promise, and I do it for your sake."

Though it was a respectable carriage which drove up

to the steps, the Swiss, noticing the lady's well-worn mantle, looked askance at mother and son (who without sending the footman to announce them had walked straight into the mirror-lined vestibule, between two rows of statues standing in niches) and asked them whom they wished to see, the young princesses or the count; and when they said the count, he told them that his excellency was worse and could not receive any one to-day.

"Then let us go," said the son, in French.

"My love!" exclaimed the mother, in a supplicating voice, again laying her hand on his arm, as if her touch had the effect of calming or encouraging him. Borís said no more, but without removing his cloak looked dubiously at his mother.

"My dear,"[1] said the princess, in a wheedling tone, turning to the Swiss, "I know that the Count Kírill Vladímirovitch is very ill .... that's why I came. I am a relative of his. I do not wish to disturb him, my dear .... I only wanted to see Prince Vasíli Sergéyevitch; I understand that he is here. Be so good as to announce us."

The Swiss gave a hard pull at the bell-cord and turned away.

"Princess Drubetskaya for Prince Vasíli Sergeyevitch," he called to the footman in small-clothes, pumps, and dress coat, who ran to the head of the stairs and looked over from above.

The princess straightened the folds of her dyed silk dress, glanced at the massive Venetian mirror on the wall, and firmly mounted the carpeted staircase in her old worn shoes.

"My dear, you have given me your promise!" said she, turning round to her son and encouraging him with a touch of her hand. The young man, dropping his eyes, silently followed her.

They went into a hall which led into the suite of rooms occupied by Prince Vasíli. Just as the mother and son started to walk through this room, and were about to ask the way of an elderly footman, who on their approach

[1] In the original she calls him the pet name *golúbchik*.

had sprung to his feet, the bronze door-knob of one of the heavy doors turned, and Prince Vasíli himself, dressed in a velvet shubka with a single star, as if he were at home, came in, escorting a handsome, black-bearded man. This man was the celebrated Petersburg Doctor Lorrain.

"So then it is certain?" the prince was saying.

"*Prince, 'errare humanum est';* but...." replied the doctor, who swallowed his r's and spoke the Latin words, "To err is human," with a strong French accent.

"Very good, very good...."

Perceiving Anna Mikhaïlovna and her son, Prince Vasíli dismissed the doctor with a bow, and advanced in silence and with an inquiring look toward them. The son noticed that his mother's eyes suddenly took on an expression of deep concern and grief, and he smiled a little.

"Under what melancholy circumstances we meet again, prince.... Well, how is our dear invalid?" said she, pretending not to notice the cold, insulting glance he gave her. Prince Vasíli, as if he were surprised to see them there, looked questioningly at her and then at Borís.

Borís bowed civilly. Prince Vasíli, entirely ignoring it, replied to Anna Mikhaïlovna's question by a significant motion of his head and lips, giving her to understand that there was very slim hope for the sick man.

"Is it possible?" cried Anna Mikhaïlovna. "Ah! this is terrible! Fearful to think.... This is my son," she added, indicating Borís. "He was anxious to thank you in person."

Borís again bowed politely.

"Be assured, prince, that a mother's heart will never forget what you have done for us."

"I am glad if I have been able to be of service to you, my dear Anna Mikhaïlovna," said Prince Vasíli, adjusting his frill, and manifesting both in tone and manner, here in Moscow before Anna Mikhaïlovna, whom he had put under deep obligation, a far more consequential air than at Petersburg at Annette Scherer's reception.

"Do your best to serve with credit and prove yourself deserving," he added, turning to Borís. "I am glad. .... Are you here on leave of absence?" he asked, in his coldest tone.

"I am waiting for orders, your excellency, before setting out for my new position," replied Borís, manifesting not the slightest resentment of the prince's peremptory manner, nor any inclination to pursue the conversation, but bearing himself with such dignity and deference that the prince gave him a scrutinizing glance.

"Do you live with your mother?"

"I live at the Countess Rostova's," said Borís, again taking pains to add, "your excellency."

"It is that Ilya Rostof, who married Nathalie Shinshina," said Anna Mikhaïlovna.

"I know, I know," returned Prince Vasíli, in his monotonous voice. "I never could understand how Nathalie made up her mind to marry that unlicked bear. A perfectly stupid and absurd creature, and a gambler besides, they say."

"But an excellent man, prince," remarked Anna Mikhaïlovna, smiling with a touching smile, as if she, too, knew very well that Count Rostof deserved such an opinion of him, but did her best to say a good word for the poor old man.

"What do the doctors say?" asked the princess, after a short silence, and again allowing an expression of deep grief to settle upon her careworn face.

"Very little hope," said the prince.

"I wanted so much to thank my *uncle* once more, for all his kindnesses to me and Borís — he's his godson," she added in French, in such a tone as if this piece of information must be highly delightful to the prince.

Prince Vasíli sat pondering and knitting his brows. Anna Mikhaïlovna realized that he was apprehensive lest she were a rival for the count's inheritance. She hastened to reassure him.

"If it were not for my true love and devotion to my

uncle," said she, uttering the words *my uncle* with remarkable effrontery and unconcern — "I know his noble, straightforward character; but you see, he has only the young princesses with him: they are both so inexperienced." She inclined her head and added, in a whisper: "Has he yet fulfilled the last duty, prince? How precious are these last moments! Things couldn't be worse, he should be prepared at once, if he is so ill. We women, prince," she smiled with self-importance, "always understand how to put these things. It's indispensable that I should see him, however hard it may be for me; but then, I am accustomed to sorrow."

The prince evidently knew only too well, just as he had known at Annette Scherer's, that he would have no little difficulty in getting rid of Anna Mikhaïlovna.

"This interview might be very injurious for him, my dear Anna Mikhaïlovna; better wait till evening; the doctors have been expecting a crisis."

"But it is impossible to wait, prince, at such moments. Just think, it concerns his soul's safety. Ah, it is terrible, the duties of a Christian."

A door opened, and from an inner chamber appeared one of the count's nieces, a young lady with a sour, cold face, and with a waist disproportionately long for her stature.

Prince Vasíli went toward her.

"Well, how is he?"

"Just about the same; but what could you expect — this noise," said the princess, staring at Anna Mikhaïlovna as if she were a stranger.

"Ah, my dear, I did not recognize you," exclaimed Anna Mikhaïlovna, with a beaming smile and ambling lightly forward toward the count's niece. "I have just come, and I am at your service to help you take care of *my uncle*. I can imagine how much you have suffered," she added, still in French, and sympathetically turning up her eyes.

The count's niece made no reply, nor did she even smile, but immediately left the room. Anna Mikhaïlovna took off her gloves and established herself in an

arm-chair in a victorious attitude, and motioned to the prince to sit down near her.

"Boris," said she to her son, and with a smile, "I am going to see the count, my uncle; in the meantime, *mon ami*, you go and find Pierre, and don't forget to give him the invitation from the Rostofs. They ask him to dinner. I think very likely he may not wish to come," she suggested, turning to the prince.

"On the contrary," returned the prince, evidently very much annoyed, "I should be very glad to have him taken off my hands. He is staying here. The count has not asked for him once."

He shrugged his shoulders. A footman conducted the young man down-stairs and then up, by another flight, to Piotr Kirílovitch's quarters.

CHAPTER XV

Pierre had not succeeded in choosing a career for himself in Petersburg when he was sent to Moscow on account of his disorderly conduct. The story that had been related at Count Rostof's was correct: Pierre had been one of the young men who had tied the policeman on the bear's back.

He had arrived in Moscow a few days previous, and taken up his abode as usual in his father's house. Although he foresaw that the story would be noised abroad in Moscow, and that the ladies who formed his father's household and who were always hostile to him, would take advantage of this occurrence to irritate the count against him, nevertheless, on the very day of his arrival, he started to go to his father's apartments.

As he went into the drawing-room, where the princesses usually sat, he stopped to pay his respects to the ladies, who were there busy with their embroidery-frames and in listening to a book which one of them was reading aloud.

There were three of them. The oldest, a severely

prim old maid with a long waist, — the very one who had made the descent upon Anna Mikhaïlovna, — was the reader; the younger ones, both rosy-cheeked and rather pretty, and exactly alike, except that one of them had a little mole on her lip, decidedly adding to her beauty, were engaged with embroidery-frames.

Pierre was received like a ghost or a leper. The oldest princess ceased reading and silently looked at him with eyes expressive of alarm. The one without the mole did the same. The third, who had the mole and some sense of the ludicrous, bent over the embroidery to conceal a smile, caused by what she thought promised to be an amusing scene. She drew the thread down and bent over, as if studying the pattern, but could hardly keep from laughing.

"Good-morning, cousin," said Pierre, "don't you know who I am?"

"I know you very well, altogether too well."

"How is the count? May I see him?" asked Pierre, awkwardly as usual, but still not disconcerted.

"The count is suffering, both in body and in spirit, and it seems you have taken pains to cause him the greater part of his moral suffering."

"May I see the count?" repeated Pierre.

"Hm! If you desire to kill him, to kill him out and out, then you may see him. Olga, go and see if the bouillon is ready for dear uncle, it is high time," she added, making Pierre see by this that they were wholly absorbed in caring for his father, while he, on the contrary, was palpably bent on annoying him.

Olga left the room. Pierre stood still, looking at the sisters, and then said with a bow: —

"Well, I will go back to my room. As soon as it is possible, you will please tell me."

He went out, and behind his back was heard the clear but subdued laughter of the sister that had the mole.

On the next day Prince Vasíli had come and put up at the count's. He called Pierre to him, and said: —

"My dear fellow, if you carry on here as you have

at Petersburg, you will come out very badly; that's all I have to say to you. The count is very, very ill; it is imperative that you should not see him."

From that time Pierre had been left severely alone, and spent his days in solitude, up-stairs in his own rooms.

When Borís appeared at the door, Pierre was walking up and down his room, occasionally pausing in the corners and making threatening gestures at the walls, as if trying to thrust his sword through some unknown enemy, and looking savagely over his spectacles and then again beginning his restless walking, muttering indistinct words, shrugging his shoulders, and spreading out his hands.

"England has outlived its glory," he was declaiming, with a frown, and pointing at some imaginary person with his finger. "Pitt, as a traitor to the nation and to the law of nations, is condemned to...."

He was imagining that he was at that instant Napoleon himself, and he pictured how his hero would make the perilous passage across from Calais, and take London by storm, but he had not completed his denunciation of Pitt when he caught sight of a handsome, well-built young officer coming toward him.

He stopped short.

Borís was a lad of fourteen when he had last seen him, and he did not recognize him at all; but, nevertheless, he seized him by the hand in his impulsive, cordial way, and smiled affectionately.

"Do you remember me?" asked Borís, calmly, with a pleasant smile. "I came with my mother to see the count, but it seems he is very ill."

"Yes, he is very ill. They keep him stirred up all the time," returned Pierre, striving to recollect who this young man was.

Borís was certain that Pierre did not recognize him, but he did not think it necessary to tell his name, and without manifesting the slightest awkwardness he looked him full in the face.

"Count Rostof invites you to dine with him this after-

noon," said he, after a rather long silence which made Pierre feel uncomfortable.

"Ah! Count Rostof," exclaimed Pierre, joyfully. "Then you are his son Ilya. At the first instant I did not recognize you, as you can easily imagine. Do you remember how you and I and Madame Jaquot used to go out walking on the Sparrow Hills — years ago?"

"You are mistaken," said Borís, deliberately, and with a bold and rather derisive smile; "I am Borís, the son of the Princess Anna Mikhaïlovna Drubetskaya. Rostof's father is named Ilya, and his name is Nikolaï. And I never knew Madame Jaquot."

Pierre made a gesture with his hands and head, as if mosquitoes or bees were attacking him.

"Ah! is that so indeed? I have mixed everything all up. I have so many relatives in Moscow! So you are Borís — yes. Well, you and I seem to have begun with a misunderstanding. Well, what do you think of the Boulogne expedition? It will go pretty hard with the English if only Napoleon crosses the Channel, won't it? I think the expedition is very feasible! If only Villeneuve does n't fail him."

Borís knew nothing about the Boulogne expedition; he had not read the newspapers, and this was the first time he had ever heard of Villeneuve.

"We here in Moscow are more taken up with dinners and gossip than with politics," said he, in his calm, satirical tone. "I know nothing about such things, and I don't think about them. Moscow is given over to tittle-tattle more than anything else," he went on to say. "Now you and the count are the talk."

Pierre smiled his good-natured smile, as if fearing lest his companion might say something that he would regret. But Borís spoke with due circumspection, clearly and dryly, looking straight into Pierre's eyes.

"Moscow likes to do nothing better than talk gossip," he repeated. "All are solicitous about knowing to whom the count is going to leave his property; and yet, very possibly, he will outlive all of us. I hope so with all my heart." ....

"Yes, this is all very trying," interrupted Pierre, — "very trying."

Pierre all the time was apprehensive lest this young officer should unexpectedly turn the conversation into some awkward channel.

"But it must seem to you," said Borís, flushing slightly, but not allowing his voice or his manner to vary, — "it must seem to you that all take an interest in this simply because they hope to get something from the estate."

"Here it comes," thought Pierre.

"I expressly wish to tell you, lest any misunderstanding should arise, that you are entirely mistaken if you consider me and my mother in the number of these people. We are very poor, but I at least say this on my own account for the very reason that your father is rich, that I do not consider myself a relative of his, and neither I nor my mother would ask or even be willing to receive anything from him."

Pierre for some time failed to comprehend, but when the idea dawned upon him, he leaped from the divan, seized Borís under the arm with characteristic impetuosity and clumsiness, and while he grew even redder than the other, he began to speak with a mixed feeling of vexation and shame: —

"Now, this is strange! I then .... indeed and who would have ever thought .... I know very well ...."

But Borís again interrupted him.

"I am glad that I have told you all. Perhaps it was disagreeable to you; you will pardon me," said he, soothing Pierre instead of letting himself be soothed by him. "I hope that I have not offended you. It is a principle with me to speak right to the point. What answer am I to give? Will you come to dinner at the Rostofs'?"

And Borís, having acquitted himself of a difficult explanation, and got himself out of an awkward position by putting another into it, again became perfectly agreeable.

"Now, look here, listen," said Pierre, calming down.

"You are a remarkable man. What you have just said is very good, very good. Of course you don't know me. We have not met for a long time.... not since we were children..... You might have had all sorts of ideas about me. I understand you, understand you perfectly. I should not have done such a thing, I should not have had the courage, but it is excellent. I am very glad to have made your acquaintance. Strange," he added, after a short silence and smiling, — "strange that you should have had such an idea of me." He laughed. "Well, who knows? We shall get better acquainted, I beg of you."

He pressed Borís's hand.

"Do you know, I have not seen the count yet? He has not sent for me. It is trying to me as a man.... but what can I do about it?"

"And do you think that Napoleon will succeed in getting his army across?" asked Borís, with a smile.

Pierre understood that Borís wanted to change the conversation, and taking his cue he began to expound the advantages and disadvantages of the Boulogne expedition.

A footman came to summon Borís to his mother. The princess was ready to start. Pierre promised to come and dine with the Rostofs so as to get better acquainted with Borís, and he warmly pressed his hand, looking through his spectacles straight into his eyes.

After he had gone, Pierre still paced for a long time up and down the room, no longer threatening an invisible enemy with the sword, but smiling at the thought of this intelligent, clever, and decided young man. As often happens in early youth, and especially when one is lonely, he felt an inexplicable affection for the young man, and promised himself that they would become good friends.

Prince Vasíli escorted the princess to the door. The good lady held her handkerchief to her eyes, and there were tears on her cheeks.

"This is terrible, terrible!" she exclaimed. "But, so far as in me lay, I fulfilled my duty. I will come back

and spend the night. It is impossible to leave him in such a state. Every moment is precious. I cannot understand why the princesses have delayed about it. Perhaps God will enable me to find some means of preparing him. *Adieu*, prince, may the good God sustain you."

"*Adieu*, my friend," replied Prince Vasíli, as he turned away from her.

"Ah, he is in a frightful state," said the mother to her son, after they had again taken their seats in the carriage. "He scarcely knows any one."

"I cannot understand, mámenka, what his relations are to Pierre; can you?" asked the son.

"Everything will be made clear by his will, my dear; our fate also depends upon that." ....

"Why do you think he is going to leave us anything?"

"Ah! my dear, he is so rich and we are so poor."

"Well, that is a most inconclusive reason, mámenka."

"Ah, my God, my God, how ill he is!" exclaimed the mother.

CHAPTER XVI

After Anna Mikhaïlovna and her son had gone to Count Bezukhoï's, the Countess Rostova sat for some time alone, applying her handkerchief to her eyes. At last she rang the bell.

"What is the matter with you, my dear?" she demanded severely of the maid, who had kept her waiting several minutes. "Don't you care to serve me? If not, I can find another place for you."

The countess was greatly affected by her old friend's grief and humiliation, and therefore she was out of sorts, as could be told by her speaking to the maid by the formal *vui*, "you," and the appellation *míliya*, "dear."

"Beg pardon," said the maid.

"Ask the count to come to me."

The count came waddling to his wife with a rather guilty look, as usual.

"Well, little countess,[1] what a *sauté au madère* of woodcock we are going to have, my love. I have been trying it. Taras is well worth the thousand rubles that I gave for him. It was well spent."

He took a seat near his wife, with an affectation of bravery, leaning one hand on his knee, and with the other rumpling up his gray hair: "What do you wish, little countess?"

"See there, my love; how did you get that spot on you?" said she, pointing to his waistcoat. "It is evidently some of your *sauté*," she added, with a smile. "See here, count, I need some money."

His face grew mournful.

"Ah, little countess!"....

And the count made a great ado in getting out his pocket-book.

"I want a good deal, count; I want five hundred rubles." And she took her cambric handkerchief and began to rub her husband's waistcoat.

"You shall have it at once. Hey, there!" cried the count, in a tone used only by men who are certain that those whom they command will rush headlong at their call. "Send Mítenka to me!"

Mítenka, the nobleman's son whom the count had brought up and had now put in charge of all his affairs, came with soft noiseless steps into the room.

"See here, my dear," said the count to the deferential young man as he entered the door, "bring me," — he hesitated, — "yes, bring me seven hundred rubles, yes. And see here, don't bring such torn and filthy ones as you do sometimes, but clean ones; they are for the countess."

"Yes, Mítenka, please see that they are clean," said the countess, sighing deeply.

"Your excellency, when do you wish them?" asked Mítenka; "you will deign to know that.... however, don't allow yourself to be uneasy," he added, perceiving that the count was already beginning to breathe heavily and rapidly, which was always a sign of a burst of rage.

[1] *Graphinyushka.*

— "I had forgotten. Will you please to have them this instant?"

"Yes, yes, instantly; bring them. Give them to the countess."

"What a treasure that Mítenka is!" he added with a smile, as the young man left the room. "He never finds anything impossible. That is a thing I cannot endure. All things are possible."

"Ah! money, count, money; how much sorrow it causes in the world!" exclaimed the countess. "But this money is very important for me."

"Little countess, you are a terrible spendthrift," declared the count, and kissing his wife's hand he disappeared again into his own apartment.

When Anna Mikhaïlovna returned from her visit to Bezukhoï, the money, all in new clean bank-notes, was lying on a stand under a handkerchief in the countess's room. Anna Mikhaïlovna noticed that the countess was excited over something.

"Well, my dear?" asked the countess.

"Ah! he 's in a terrible state! you would never know him, he is so ill, so ill! I stayed only a short minute and didn't say two words." ....

"Annette, for heaven's sake don't refuse me," suddenly exclaimed the countess, taking out the money from under the handkerchief, while her old, thin, grave face flushed in a way that was strange to see.

Anna Mikhaïlovna instantly understood what she meant, and was already bending over so as to embrace the countess gracefully at the right moment.

"It is from me to Borís, for his outfit."

Anna Mikhaïlovna interrupted her by throwing her arms around her and bursting into tears. The countess wept with her. They wept because they were friends and because they were kind-hearted, and because, having been friends from childhood, they were now occupied with such a sordid matter as money, and because their youth had passed.

But theirs were pleasant tears.

CHAPTER XVII

The Countess Rostova, with her daughters and a large number of guests, was sitting in the drawing-room. The count had taken the men into his cabinet and was showing them his favorite collection of Turkish pipes. Occasionally, he would go out and ask: "Has n't she come yet?"

They were waiting for Marya Dmítrievna Akhrosímova, called in society *le terrible dragon:* a lady who was distinguished not for her wealth or her titles, but for the honesty of her character, and her frank, simple ways. The imperial family knew her, all Moscow knew her, and all Petersburg, and both cities, while they laughed at her brusque manners on the sly and related anecdotes of her, nevertheless, without exception, respected and feared her.

The conversation in the cabinet, which was full of smoke, turned on the war which had just been declared through a manifesto and on the recruiting. No one had, as yet, read the manifesto, but all were aware that it had appeared.

The count was sitting on a low ottoman, between two of his friends, who were talking and smoking. He, himself, was not smoking or talking, but with his head bent now to one side, now to the other, he was looking with manifest satisfaction at those who did, and was listening to the conversation of his two friends, whom he had already set by the ears.

One of the men was a civilian, with a wrinkled, sallow, lean face cleanly shaven; though he was approaching old age, he was dressed in the height of style, like a young man; he was sitting with his feet on the ottoman, like a man thoroughly at home, and, holding the amber mouthpiece at one side of his mouth, was sucking strenuously at the smoke, and frowning over the effort. This was the old bachelor, Shinshin, the countess's own cousin, a "venomous tongue," as it was said of him in Moscow drawing-rooms. He seemed to be condescending to his opponent.

The other, a fresh, ruddy young officer of the Guard, irreproachably belted, buttoned, and barbered, held the mouthpiece in the middle of his mouth, and gently sucked the smoke through his rosy lips, sending it out in rings from his handsome mouth. This was Lieutenant Berg, an officer of the Semyonovsky regiment, with whom Borís was going to the army; the very person about whom Natasha had teased Viera by calling him her lover.

The count was sitting between these two and listening attentively. The occupation that the count enjoyed most, next to the game of Boston, of which he was very fond, was that of listener, especially when he had a chance to get two good talkers on the opposite sides of an argument.

"Well now, batyushka, my most honorable Alphonse Karlitch," said Shinshin, with a sneer, and, as his custom was when he talked, mixing up the most colloquial Russian expressions with the most refined French idioms, "your idea is to make money out of the state? you expect to get a nice little income from your company, do you?"

"Not at all, Piotr Nikolaitch, I only wish to prove that the advantages of serving in the cavalry are far less than in the infantry. You can now imagine my position, Piotr Nikolaitch."

Berg always spoke very accurately, calmly, and politely. His conversation invariably had himself as its central point; he always preserved a discreet silence when people were talking about anything that did not directly concern himself, and he could sit that way silently for hours without feeling or causing others to feel the slightest sense of awkwardness. But as soon as the conversation touched any subject in which he was personally interested, he would begin to talk at length and with evident satisfaction.

"Consider my position, Piotr Nikolaitch: if I were in the cavalry I should not receive more than two hundred a quarter, even with the rank of lieutenant, but now I get two hundred and thirty," said he, with a

pleasant, joyful smile, glancing at Shinshin and the count, as if it were plain for him that his success would always be an object of interest to everybody else.

"Moreover, Piotr Nikolaitch," continued Berg, "by being transferred to the Guard, I am in sight; vacancies in the infantry occur far more often. Then, you can see for yourself, on two hundred and thirty rubles a quarter, how well I can live. I can lay up some and send some to my father, too," he went on to say, puffing out a ring of smoke.

"That's where the difference lies; a German can grind corn on the butt of his hatchet, as the proverb puts it," said Shinshin, shifting the mouthpiece of his pipe to the other side of his mouth and winking at the count.

The count laughed heartily. The other guests, seeing that Shinshin was engaged in a lively conversation, crowded round to listen. Berg, remarking neither the quizzical nor indifferent looks of the others, proceeded to explain how, by his transfer to the Guard, he would attain rank before his comrades of the Corpus; how, in time of war, the company commanders were apt to be killed; and he, if left the senior in the company, might very easily become a captain; and how everybody in the regiment liked him, and how proud of him his pápenka was.

Berg evidently took great delight in telling all this, and he never seemed to suspect that other people had also their interests. But all that he said was so suavely serious, the *naïveté* of his youthful egotism was so palpable, that he quite disarmed his auditors.

"Well, my lad,[1] whether you are in the infantry or in the Guard, you will get on; that I can predict," said Shinshin, tapping him on the shoulder and setting his feet down from the ottoman. Berg smiled with self-satisfaction. The count, followed by his guests, passed into the drawing-room.

It was the time just before dinner is announced when the assembled guests, in expectation of being summoned

[1] *Bátyushka*, little father.

to partake of the *zakuska*, are disinclined to entering any detailed conversation, and, at the same time, feel that it is incumbent upon them to stir about and say something, in order to show that they are in no haste to sit down at table.

The host and hostess keep watch of the door and exchange glances from time to time. The guests try to read in those glances for whom or for what they are waiting, — some belated influential connection, or for some dish that is not done in time.

Pierre came in just before the dinner-hour, and awkwardly sat down in the first chair that he saw, right in the middle of the drawing-room, so that he was in every one's way. The countess tried to engage him in conversation, but he merely answered her questions in monosyllables and kept looking naïvely around him through his spectacles, as if in search of some one. It was exceedingly annoying, but he was the only person who did not notice it. The majority of the guests, knowing about his adventure with the bear, looked curiously at this big, tall, quiet-looking man, and found it difficult to believe that one so burly and unassuming could have played such a trick on a police officer.

"Have you only just come?" asked the countess.

"*Oui, madame*," replied he, glancing around.

"You have not seen my husband?"

"*Non, madame*."

And he smiled at absolutely the wrong time.

"You were in Paris lately, I believe. I think it is very interesting."

"Very interesting."

The countess exchanged glances with Anna Mikhaïlovna, who perceived that she was wanted to take charge of this young man. She took a seat by his side and began to talk to him about his father, but he answered her, just as he had the countess, merely in monosyllables.

The other guests were all engaged in little groups: "Les Razoumovsky...." "That was charming...." "You are very good...." "The Countess Apraksina," were

the broken phrases that were heard on all sides. The countess got up and went into the hall.

"Is that you, Marya Dmítrievna?" rang her voice through the hall.

"My own self," was the answer in a harsh voice, and immediately after Marya Dmítrievna entered the room. All the young ladies and even the married women, except those who were aged, rose. Márya Dmítrievna paused in the doorway, and from the height of her imposing stature and holding her head very erect with its ringlets showing the gray of fifty years, she took a deliberate survey of the guests and adjusted the wide sleeves of her gown as if they were disarranged. Marya Dmítrievna always spoke in Russian.

"Congratulations to the dear one and her children on this happy day," said she, in her loud, deep voice, which drowned all other sounds. "Well, you old sinner, how are you?" she said, addressing the count, who kissed her hand. "I suppose you are bored to death in Moscow? Hey? No chance to let out the dogs. Well, what's to be done, batyushka, when you have these birds already grown up?" She waved her hand toward the young ladies. "Whether you wish it or no, you have got to find husbands for them. Well, my Cossack," said she (Marya Dmítrievna always called Natasha the Cossack), patting Natasha as she came running up to kiss her hand gayly and without any fear. "I know that this little girl is a madcap, but I am fond of her all the same."

She took out of a monstrous reticule a pair of pear-shaped amethyst earrings, and gave them to the blushing Natasha in honor of her name-day; then she turned immediately from her and addressed Pierre.

"Hé! hé! my dear! come here, right here!" she cried in a pretendedly gentle voice. "Come here, my dear fellow." And she threateningly pulled her sleeve still higher.

Pierre went to her, ingenuously looking at her through his spectacles.

"Come here, come, my dear fellow. I have been the

only one who dared tell your father the whole truth when he required it, and now I shall do the same in your case. It 's God's will."

She paused. All held their breath, waiting for what was to come, and feeling that this was but the prologue.

"He's a fine lad, I must say, a fine lad! His father lying on his death-bed, and this young man amuses himself by tying a policeman on a bear's back! For shame, bátyushka, for shame. You would better have gone to the war."

She turned away from him and gave her hand to the count, who found it difficult to keep from laughing outright.

"Well, then, to dinner; it is ready, I believe," said Marya Dmítrievna.

The count led the way with Marya Dmítrievna, followed by the countess escorted by the colonel of hussars, a man of influence whose regiment Nikolaï was to join. Anna Mikhaïlovna went with Shinshin. Berg gave his arm to Viera. The smiling Julie Karagina went with Nikolaï to the table. Behind them followed the rest in couples, making a long line through the hall, and the rear was brought up by the tutors and governesses, each leading one of the children.

The waiters bustled about, chairs were noisily pushed back, an orchestra was playing in the gallery, and the guests took their places. The sounds of the count's private band were soon drowned in the clatter of knives and forks, the voices of the guests, and the hurrying steps of the waiters.

At the head of the table sat the countess, Marya Dmítrievna at her right, Anna Mikhaïlovna at her left; then the other ladies. At the other end of the table sat the count, with the colonel of hussars at his left, and Shinshin and the other men at his right.

At one side of the long table were the young gentlemen and ladies; Viera next to Berg, Pierre next Borís, on the other side the children and their tutors and governesses.

The count, from behind the crystal of bottles and

vases with fruits, looked across to his wife and her towering head-dress with its blue ribbons, and zealously helped his neighbors to wine, not forgetting himself. The countess also, not neglecting the duties of a hostess, cast significant glances at her husband over the tops of the pineapples, and it seemed to her that his bald forehead and face were all the more conspicuously rubicund from the contrast of his gray hair.

On the ladies' side there was an unceasing buzz of conversation. On the side of the men the voices grew louder and louder; and loudest of all talked the colonel of hussars, who ate and drank all that he could, his face growing more and more flushed, so that the count felt called upon to hold him up to the other guests as an example. Berg, with an affectionate smile, was talking with Viera on the theme of love being not an earthly but a heavenly feeling. Borís was enlightening his new friend Pierre as to the guests who were at the table, and occasionally exchanged glances with Natasha, whose seat was on the opposite side.

Pierre himself said little but ate much, while he scanned the faces of the guests. Having been offered two kinds of soups, he had chosen turtle, and from the fish-*kulebyáka* to the *sauté* of woodcock, he did not refuse a single dish, or any of the wines which the butler offered him, thrusting the bottle, mysteriously wrapped in a white napkin, over his neighbor's shoulder, murmuring: "Dry Madeira," or "Hungarian," or "Rhine wine." He held up the first that he happened to lay his hand upon of the four wine-glasses, engraved with the count's arms, that stood before each guest, and drank rapturously, and the face that he turned upon the guests grew constantly more and more friendly.

Natasha, sitting opposite, gazed at Borís, as young girls of thirteen only can on the lad with whom they have just exchanged kisses and are very much in love. Occasionally she let her eyes rest on Pierre, and this glance of the ridiculous little maiden, so lively in all her ways, almost made him feel like laughing, he could not tell why.

Nikolaï was seated at some distance from Sonya, and next to Julie Karagina, and was again talking with her with the same involuntary smile. Sonya also had a smile on her lips, but it was not natural, and she was evidently tortured by jealousy; first she turned pale, then red, and was doing her best to imagine what Nikolaï and Julie were talking about.

The governess was looking around nervously, as if ready to make resistance should any one presume to injure her young charges. The German tutor was endeavoring to fix in his memory all the different courses, desserts, and wines, so as to give a full description of it when he wrote home to Germany; he felt sorely grieved because the butler who had the bottle wrapped in the napkin passed him by. He frowned, and tried to make it appear that he had no wish to taste that wine and was only affronted because no one was willing to see that he needed the wine, not for allaying his thirst, or from greediness, but from motives of curiosity.

CHAPTER XVIII

At the men's end of the table, the conversation was growing more and more animated. The colonel was telling that the manifesto in regard to the declaration of war had already appeared in Petersburg, and that he had seen a copy of it which had been brought that day by a courier to the commander-in-chief.

"Why the deuce should it behoove us to fight with Bonaparte?" exclaimed Shinshin. "He has already lowered the crest of Austria. I fear that now it will be our turn."

The colonel was a stout, tall German of a sanguine temperament, but a thorough soldier and a patriot, nevertheless. He felt affronted at what Shinshin said.

"But why, my dear sir," said he, mispronouncing every word, "inasmuch as de emperor knows dat? In his mahnifest, he says dat he cahnnot looke with indeeferences on de danjers treetening Russia, and dat de

safety of de empire and de sanctity of de allies .... " and he put a special emphasis on the word *allies*, as if it contained the whole essence of the matter.

And then with his infallible memory, trained by official life, he began to repeat the introductory clause of the manifesto: " 'And as the emperor's wish and constant and unalterable aim is to establish peace in Europe on lasting foundations, he has determined to move a portion of his army across the frontier, and to make every effort for the attainment of this design.' And dat is de reason, my dear sir," said he, in conclusion, edifyingly draining his glass of wine and glancing at the count for encouragement.

" Do you know the proverb, ' Yerema, Yerema, you 'd better stay at home and twirl the spindle ? ' " said Shinshin, frowning and smiling. " That fits us to a T. Even Suvorof was cut all to pieces, and where shall we find a Suvorof in these days? What do you think about it?" asked he, incessantly changing from Russian to French.

" Ve must fight to the last dr-r-rop of our blood," said the colonel, thumping on the table; " ve must be villing to per-r-r-rish for our emberor, and then all vill be vell. And arkue as leedle as po-oo-sible, as leedle as po-ossible," he repeated, giving a strong stress to the word " possible," and looking again at the count. " Dat 's de vay ve old hussars look at it. And how do you look at it, young mahn and young hussar ? " he added, turning to Nikolaï, who, quite neglecting his fair companion, now that the talk turned on the war, was looking with all his eyes at the colonel and drinking in all that he had to say.

" I agree with you entirely," returned Nikolaï, in a glow, and turning his plate round and rearranging his wine-glasses with a resolute and desperate face, as if at that very instant he were going to be called upon to face a great peril. " I am convinced that we Russians must either conquer or die," said he, and then instantly felt just as the rest did, after the words were out of his mouth, that he had spoken more enthusiastically and

bombastically than the occasion warranted, and, therefore, awkwardly.

"What you just said was splendid," said Julie, with a sigh. Sonya was all of a tremble, and blushed to her ears and even to her shoulders, while Nikolaï was speaking. Pierre listened to the colonel's speeches and nodded his head in approval.

"Now, that's splendid," said he.

"You're a real hussar, young mahn!" cried the colonel, again thumping on the table.

"What are you making such a noise about there?" suddenly spoke up Marya Dmítrievna, her deep voice ringing across the table. "Why are you pounding on the table?" she demanded of the hussar. "What are you getting so heated about, pray? One would really think that the French were right here before you!"

"I am delling the druth," said the hussar, smiling.

"Always talking about the war," cried the count, across the table. "You see I have a son who is going. Marya Dmítrievna, my son is going."

"Well, I have four sons in the army, but I don't mourn over it. God's will rules all. You may die at home lying on your oven, or God may bring you safe out of battle," rang Marya Dmítrievna's loud voice, without any effort, from the farther end of the table.

"That is so."

And the conversation again was confined among the ladies at their end of the table and among the men at theirs.

"You won't dare to ask it," said Natasha's little brother to her. "I tell you, you won't dare to!"

"Yes, I shall too," replied Natasha.

Her face suddenly kindled and expressed a desperate and mischievous resolution. She started up with a glance, causing Pierre who was sitting opposite to her to listen, and addressed her mother.

"Mamma," rang her childish contralto voice across the table.

"What is it you wish?" asked the countess, alarmed; but seeing by her daughter's face that it was some

prank, she shook her finger sternly at her and made a warning motion with her head.

There was a lull in the conversation.

"Mamma! what sort of pastry is coming?" cried the little voice, even more clearly and without any hesitation.

The countess tried to look severe but could not. Marya Dmítrievna shook her stout finger at the girl.

"Cossack!" said she.

The majority of the guests looked at the old ladies and did not know what to make of this freak.

"You will see what I shall do to you," said the countess.

"Mamma! tell me what pastry are we going to have," cried Natasha again, all in a giggle, and assured in her own merry little heart that her prank would not be taken amiss. Sonya and the stout little Petya were struggling with suppressed laughter.

"There, I did ask," whispered Natasha to her little brother and to Pierre, on whom she again fastened her eyes.

"Ices; but you are not to have any," said Marya Dmítrievna.

Natasha saw that there was nothing to be afraid of, and therefore she had no fear even of Marya Dmítrievna.

"Marya Dmítrievna! what kind of ices? I don't like ice cream."

"Carrot."

"No! what kind? Marya Dmítrievna, tell me what kind," she almost screamed.

Marya Dmítrievna and the countess laughed, and the rest of the guests did the same. All laughed, not so much at Marya Dmítrievna's repartee, as at the incomprehensible bravery and cleverness of the little girl who could and dared treat Marya Dmítrievna so.

Natasha was made to hold her tongue only when she was told that they were to have pineapple sherbet. Before the ices were brought, champagne was handed around. Again the orchestra played, the count ex-

changed kisses with his "little countess," and the guests standing, drank a health to the hostess, clinking their glasses across the table with the count, with the children, and with each other. Again the waiters bustled about, there was the noise of moving chairs, and in the same order but with more flushed faces, the guests returned to the drawing-room and to the count's cabinet.

CHAPTER XIX

The card-tables were brought out, partners were selected, and the count's guests scattered through the two drawing-rooms, the divan-room, and the library.

The count, having arranged his cards in a fan-shape, found it difficult to keep from indulging in his usual after-dinner nap, and laughed heartily at everything. The young people at the countess's instigation gathered around the clavichord and the harp. Julie, first, by general request, played a piece with variations on the harp; and then she joined with the rest of the girls in urging Natasha and Nikolaï, whose musical talent was known to all, to sing something. Natasha was evidently very much flattered by this request and at the same time it filled her with trepidation.

"What shall we sing?" she asked.

"'The Fountain,'" suggested Nikolaï.

"Well, give me the music, quick; Borís, come here," said Natasha. "But where is Sonya?"

She looked around and seeing that her cousin was nowhere in the room, she started to find her.

She ran into Sonya's room and not finding her there, hastened to the nursery, but she was not there. Natásha then came to the conclusion that Sonya might be in the corridor on the great chest. The great chest in the corridor was the place of mourning for all the young women of the house of Rostof. There in fact Sonya was in her airy pink frock all crumpled, lying flat on her face on a dirty striped pillow which belonged to the nurse, and, hiding her face in her hands, was crying,

as if her heart would break, while her bare shoulders shook under her sobs.

Natasha's face, which had been so radiant all through her name-day, suddenly changed; her eyes grew fixed, then her throat contracted, and the corners of her mouth drew down.

"Sonya! what is the matter? Tell me what is it; what is the matter with you? Oo-oo-oo!"

And Natasha, opening her large mouth and becoming perfectly ugly, cried like a child, without knowing any reason for it except that Sonya was crying. Sónya tried to lift up her head, tried to answer, but found it impossible and hid her face again. Natásha sat down on the blue cushion and threw her arms around her dear cousin. At length Sonya put forth an effort, sat up, and began to wipe away her tears, saying: —

"Nikolenka is going away in a week.... his.... papers .... have come.... he himself told me so. But I should not have wept."..... She held out a piece of paper which she had been reading; it contained the verses that Nikolaï had written for her..... "I should not have wept for that.... but you cannot understand.... no one can understand.... what a noble heart he has."

And once more her tears began to flow at the thought of what a noble heart he had.

"You are happy.... I do not envy you.... I love you and Borís too," said she, composing herself by an effort. "He is good.... for you there are no obstacles. But Nikolaï is my cousin.... we should have to.... the archbishop himself.... else it would be impossible. And then if mamenka" — Sonya always regarded the countess as her mother and called her so — "she will say that I am spoiling Nikolaï's career, that I am heartless and ungrateful, and she would be right too; but God is my witness" — she crossed herself — "I love her so and all of you, except only Viera.... and why is it? What have I done to her?.... I am so grateful to you, that I would gladly make any sacrifice for you.... but it 's no use...." Sonya could say no more, and again she buried her face in the cushion and her hands. Natasha tried to calm

her, but it could be seen by her face that she understood all the depth of Sonya's woe.

"Sonya!" she exclaimed suddenly, as if surmising the actual reason of her cousin's grief, "truly, didn't Viera say something to you after dinner? Tell me!"

"Nikolaï wrote these verses himself, and I copied off some other ones; and she found them on my table and said that she was going to show them to mámenka, and she said, too, that I was ungrateful, that mámenka would never let him marry me, and that he was going to marry Julie. You saw how he was with her all the time. .... Natasha! why should it be so?"

And again she began to sob, more bitterly than before. Natasha tried to lift her up, threw her arms around her, and smiling through her tears, began to console her.

"Sonya, don't you believe her, dear heart; don't believe her. Don't you remember we three and Nikolenka talked together in the divan-room, after lunch? Why, we thought it all out, how it should be. I don't exactly remember how it was, but you know it will be all right and everything can be arranged. There was Uncle Shinshin's brother married his *own* cousin, and we are only second cousins. And Borís said that that was perfectly possible. You know I tell him everything. For he is so clever and so kind," said Natasha. "Now, Sonya, don't cry any more, dear dove, sweetheart, Sonya," and she kissed her, and laughed merrily; "Viera is spiteful, I 'm sorry for her! But all will be well, and she won't say anything to mámenka; Nikolenka himself will tell her, and then again, he does n't care anything about Julie," and she kissed her on her hair.

Sonya jumped up, and again the kitten became lively, its eyes danced, and it was ready, waving its tail, to spring down on its soft little paws and to play with the ball again, as was perfectly natural for it to do.

"Do you think so? Truly? Do you swear it?" said she quickly, smoothing out her crumpled dress and hair.

"Truly! I swear it!" replied Natasha, tucking an unruly tuft of curly hair back under her cousin's braid. "Well, now, let us go and sing 'The Fountain.'"

"Come on!"

"But do you know, that stout Pierre who sat opposite me is so amusing!" suddenly exclaimed Natasha, stopping short. "Oh, it is such fun!" and the girl danced along the corridor.

Sonya, shaking off some down, and hiding the verses in her bosom, her face all aglow, followed Natasha with light merry steps along the corridor, into the divan-room. According to the request of the guests, the young people sang the quartet, entitled "The Fountain," which was universally acceptable; then Nikolaï sang a new song which he had just learned: —

"The night is bright, the moon is sinking,
How sweet it is to tell one's heart
That some one in the world is thinking,
'My own true only love thou art!'
That she her lovely hand is laying
Upon the golden harp to-night,
While passionate harmonies are swaying
Her soul and thine to new delight;
One day, two days, then Paradise!—
Alas! thy love on her death-bed lies!"

He had hardly finished singing the last word, when preparations began to be made for dancing, and the musicians made their way into the gallery with a trampling of feet, and coughing.

Pierre was sitting in the drawing-room with Shinshin, who, knowing that he had recently returned from abroad, was trying to induce a political conversation that was exceedingly tedious to the young man; several others had joined the group. When the music struck up, Natasha went into the drawing-room, and going straight up to Pierre, said, laughing and blushing: —

"Mamma told me to ask you to join the dancers."

"I am afraid of spoiling the figures," said Pierre; "but if you will act as my teacher," and he offered his big

arm to the dainty damsel, though he was obliged to put it down very low.

While the couples were getting their places, and the musicians were tuning up, Pierre sat down with his little lady. Natasha was perfectly delighted; she was going to dance with a *big man*, who had just come *from abroad*. She sat out in front of everybody, and talked with him, exactly as if she were grown up. In her hand she had a fan which some lady had given her to hold; and with all the self-possession of an accomplished lady of the world (God knows when and where she had learned it), she talked with her cavalier, flirting her fan and smiling behind it.

"Well, well! do look at her, do look at her," said the countess, as she passed through the ball-room and caught sight of Natasha. The girl reddened and laughed.

"Now what is it, mamma? what would you like? What is there extraordinary about me?"

In the midst of the third "*Écossaise*," the chairs in the drawing-room, where the count and Marya Dmítrievna were playing cards, were moved back, and a large number of the distinguished guests and the older people, stretching their cramped limbs after long sitting, and putting their porte-monnaies and wallets into their pockets, came into the ball-room.

First of all came the count and Marya Dmítrievna, both with radiant faces. The count, with farcical politeness, as if in ballet fashion, offered the lady his bended arm. Then he straightened himself, and his face lighted with a peculiarly shrewd and youthful smile, and, as soon as the last figure of the "*Écossaise*" was danced through, he clapped his hands at the musicians and called out to the first violin: —

"Semyon! Do you know 'Daniel Cooper'?"

This was the count's favorite dance, which he had danced when he was a young man (more particularly it was one of the figures of the *Anglaise*).

"Look at papa!" cried Natasha, loud enough to be heard all over the ball-room (entirely forgetting that she

was dancing with a grown-up man!). She bent her curly head over her knees, and let her merry laugh ring out unchecked. Indeed, all who were in the hall gazed with a smile of pleasure at the jolly little man standing with the dignified Marya Dmítrievna, who was considerably taller than her partner, holding his arms in a bow, straightening his shoulders, and turning out his toes, slightly beating time with his foot, while a beaming smile spread more and more over his round face, and gave the spectators an inkling of what was to follow. As soon as the merry, fascinating sounds of "Daniel Cooper" were heard, reminding one of the national dance, the *trepaká*, all the doors to the ball-room were suddenly filled; on one side by the serving-men belonging to the household, on the other with the women, all with smiling faces coming to look at their merry-hearted master.

"Oh! our little father! an eagle!" exclaimed a nurse, in a loud staccato, in one of the doors.

The count danced well, and he knew it, but his partner had absolutely no wish or ability to dance well. Her portentous form was erect, and her big hands hung down by her side; she had handed her reticule to the countess; only her stern but handsome face danced!

What was expressed in the whole rotund person of the count, was expressed in Marya Dmítrievna merely in her ever more and more radiantly smiling face and more loftily lifted nose!

But while the count, growing ever more and more lively, captivated the spectators by the unexpectedness of his graceful capers and the light gambols of his lissome legs, Marya Dmítrievna, by the slightest animation on her part, by the motion of her shoulders or the bending of her arms in turning about or beating time, produced the greatest impression; for the very reason that every one always felt a certain awe before her dignity of bearing and habitual severity.

The dance grew livelier and livelier. The other dancers could not for an instant attract attention to

themselves and did not even try. All eyes were fastened on the count and Marya Dmítrievna. Natasha kept pulling at the sleeves and dresses of all who were near her to make them look at her pápenka, but even without this reminder they would have found it hard to take their eyes off the two dancers.

The count, in the intervals of the dance, made desperate efforts to get breath, waved his hands, and cried to the musicians to play faster. Quicker, quicker, and ever quicker, lighter, lighter, and ever more lightly, gambolled the count, now on his toes, now on his heels, pirouetting around Marya Dmítrievna, and, at last, having conducted the lady to her place, he made one last "*pas*," lifting his fat leg up from behind in a magnificent scrape, and bowing his perspiring head low, at the same time with a smiling face sweeping his arm round amid rapturous applause and laughter, especially from Natasha.

Both of the dancers paused, breathing heavily, and wiping their heated faces with cambric handkerchiefs.

"That's the way we used to dance in our time, *ma chère*," said the count.

"Good for 'Daniel Cooper'!" exclaimed Marya Dmítrievna, drawing a long breath and tucking back her sleeves.

CHAPTER XX

At the very time when in the Rostofs' ball-room they were dancing the sixth "*Anglaise*," and the musicians from weariness were beginning to play out of tune, and the tired servants and cooks were preparing for the supper, Count Bezukhoï received his sixth stroke of apoplexy. The doctors declared that there was not the slightest hope of his rallying from it. The form of confession and communion was administered to the dying man, and preparations were making for extreme unction, while the mansion was filled with the bustle and expectation usual in such circumstances.

Outside the house, around the doors, hidden by the throngs of carriages, gathered the undertakers, hoping to reap a rich harvest from the count's obsequies.

The military governor of Moscow, who had been assiduous in sending his adjutant to inquire for the count, this evening came himself to bid farewell to the famous grandee of Catherine's time.

The magnificent reception-room was crowded. All rose deferentially, when the governor, who had been closeted for half an hour with the sick man, came out, slightly bowing in reply to the salutations, and endeavoring to pass as rapidly as possible by the doctors, priests, and relatives who fixed their eyes upon him. Prince Vasíli, grown a trifle thinner and paler during these last days, accompanied the military governor, and was repeating something in an undertone.

Having seen the military governor to the door, Prince Vasíli sat down alone in the salon, threw one leg over the other, resting his elbow on his knee and covering his eyes with his hand. Having sat that way for some little time, he got up and with hasty irregular steps, looking around with startled eyes, he passed through the long corridor that led to the rear portion of the house, to the room occupied by the oldest of the three princesses.

The visitors in the dimly lighted reception-room talked among themselves in low whispers and relapsed into silence, looking with eyes full of curiosity or expectation when the door that led into the death-chamber opened to let any one pass in or out.

"The limit of his life," said a little old man, a priest, to a lady sitting near him and listening earnestly, "the limit is fixed, he will not live beyond it."

"It seems to me it is late for extreme unction, is it not?" asked the lady, adding the name of the priest. She affected to be unenlightened on this point.

"It is a great mystery, mátushka," replied the priest, passing his hand over his bald forehead, on which still lay a few carefully brushed locks of grayish hair.

"Who was that? The governor of Moscow?" some

one asked at the other end of the room. "What a young-looking man!"

"But he's seventy years old! They say, don't they, that the count doesn't recognize any one any longer? Are they going to give him extreme unction?"

"All I know is, he's had seven strokes."

The second princess just came out of the sick-chamber with weeping eyes, and sat down by Dr. Lorrain, who had assumed a graceful position under the portrait of the Empress Catherine and sat with his elbow resting on the table.

"Beautiful weather, princess, and this being in Moscow is like being in the country," said the doctor, in French.

"It is, indeed," said the princess, with a sigh. "Can he have a drink?"

Lorrain pondered a moment.

"Has he taken his medicine?"

"Yes."

"Take a glass of boiled water, and add a pinch" — he indicated with his slender fingers what he meant by a pinch — "of cream of tartar."

"I neffer haird of a gase vere a mahn surfifed more dan a dird stroke," said a German doctor to an adjutant.

"What a constitution the man must have had!" said the adjutant. "And who will get all his wealth?" he added, in a whisper.

"Some vun vill be fount to tek it," replied the German, with a smile.

Again they all looked at the door; it opened to let the young princess pass with the drink which Lorrain had ordered for the sick man. The German doctor went over to Lorrain: "Do you think he will last till to-morrow morning?" he asked, in atrocious French.

Lorrain thrust out his lips and made a motion of severe negation with his fingers, in front of his nose:—

"To-night, at latest," said he, in a low voice, with a slight smile of self-satisfaction at being able to understand and express the state of his patient; then he went out.

Meantime, Prince Vasíli had opened the door into the princess's apartment.

It was almost dark in the room; two little lamps were burning before the holy pictures, and there was a pleasant odor of incense and flowers. The whole room was furnished with small articles of furniture, chiffonniers, cabinets, and little tables. Behind a screen could be seen the white curtain of a high-post bedstead. A little dog came running out, and barking.

"Ah, is it you, cousin?"

She got up and smoothed her hair, which, as always, was so extraordinarily smooth that one would have thought it made of one piece with her head and then covered with varnish.

"What is it? What has happened?" she asked. "You startled me so!"

"Nothing! There is no change, I only came to have a talk with you, Katish — about business," said the prince, wearily sitting down in the chair from which she had just risen. "How warm you are here," he exclaimed. "However, sit down there; let us talk."

"I thought something must have happened," said the princess, and she took a seat in front of him, with her face hard and stony as usual and prepared to hear what he had to say. "I was trying to get a nap, cousin, and I could not."

"Well, my dear," said Prince Vasíli, taking the princess's hand and doubling it over in a way peculiar to himself.

It was evident that this "well, my dear," referred to a number of things, which, though unspoken, were understood by both of them.

The princess, with her long thin waist, so disproportionate to the rest of her body, looked the prince full in the face from her prominent gray eyes. Then she shook her head, and, with a sigh, glanced at the holy pictures. This action might have been taken as an expression of grief and resignation, or as an expression of weariness and hope of a speedy respite. Prince Vasíli explained this action as an expression of weariness.

"That's the way with me," said he. "Do you suppose it's any easier for me? I am as played out as a post-horse, but still, I must have a talk with you, Katish, and a very serious one."

Prince Vasíli became silent, and his cheeks began to twitch nervously, first on one side, then on the other, giving his face an unpleasant look such as it never had when he was in company. His eyes, also, were different from usual; at one moment they gleamed impudently malicious, at the next, a sort of fear lurked in them.

The princess, holding the little dog in her dry, thin hands on her lap, scrutinized the prince sharply, but it was plain to see that she did not intend to break the silence by asking any question, even though she sat till morning.

"Do you not see, my dear princess and cousin, Katerina Semyonovna," continued Prince Vasíli, evidently bringing himself, not without an inward struggle, to attack the subject; "at such moments as this, we must think about all contingencies. We must think about the future, about yourselves..... I love all of you as if you were my own children; you know that."

The princess gazed at him immovably, betraying no sign of her feelings.

"Finally, it is necessary, also, to think of my family," continued Prince Vasíli, averting his eyes from her and testily giving a small table a push. "You know, Katish, that you three Mamontof sisters and my wife are the count's only direct heirs. I know, I know how hard it is for you to speak and think about such things. And it is no easier for me; but, my dear, I am sixty years old, I must be ready for anything. Do you know that I had to send for Pierre? The count pointed directly at his portrait, signifying that he wanted to see him."

Prince Vasíli looked questioningly at the princess, but he could not make out whether she comprehended what he had said to her or was simply looking at him.

"Cousin, I do not cease to pray God for him," she replied, "that He will pardon him and grant his noble soul a peaceful passage from this...."

"Yes, of course," hastily interposed Prince Vasíli, rubbing his bald forehead and again testily drawing toward him the table that he had just pushed away, "but — but — to make a long story short, this is what I mean: you yourself know that last winter the count signed a will by which all his property was left to Pierre, and all the rest of us were left out in the cold."

"But think how many wills he has made!" replied the princess, calmly. "Besides, he can't leave his property to Pierre. Pierre is illegitimate."

"My dear girl," said Prince Vasíli, suddenly clutching the table in his excitement, and speaking more rapidly, "but supposing a letter has been written to the emperor, in which the count begs to have Pierre legitimatized? Don't you understand that in view of the count's services his petition would be granted?"....

The princess smiled that smile of superiority peculiar to people who think they know more about any matter than those with whom they are talking.

"I will tell you, moreover," pursued Prince Vasíli, seizing her by the hand, "the letter has been written, but it has not been sent yet, and the emperor knows about it. The question is merely this: has it been destroyed or not? If not, then, as soon as *all is over*," — Prince Vasíli sighed, giving to understand what he meant to convey by the words "*all is over*," — "then the count's papers will be opened, the will and the letter will be handed to the emperor, and the petition will be undoubtedly granted. Pierre, as the legitimate son, will inherit all!"

"But our share?" demanded the princess, smiling ironically, as if all things except this were possible.

"But, my poor Katish, it is as clear as day. Then he will be the only legal heir and will have the whole, and you will simply get nothing. You ought to know, my dear, whether the will and the letter have been written, or whether they have been destroyed. And if they have been forgotten, then you ought to know where they are and to find them, so that...."

"That's the last feather!" interrupted the princess,

smiling sardonically, and not varying the expression of her eyes. "I am a woman, and according to your idea, all of us women are stupid, but I know well enough that an illegitimate son cannot inherit .... *un bâtard!*" she added, with the intention of showing the prince, by this French term, conclusively how inconsistent he was.

"Why can't you understand, Katish! You are so clever! Why can't you understand that if the count has written a letter to the emperor begging him to legitimatize his son, of course Pierre will not be Pierre any longer, but Count Bezukhoï, and then he will inherit the whole according to the will? And if the will and the letter are not destroyed, then you will get nothing except the consolation of knowing that you were dutiful and brought on us all these results! That is one sure thing!"

"I know that the will has been signed, but I know also that it is not good for anything, and it seems to me, cousin, that you take me for a perfect fool," said the princess, with that expression that women assume when they think they have said something sharp and insulting.

"My dear Princess Katerina Semyonovna," impatiently reiterated Prince Vasíli, "I did not come with the intention of having a controversy with you, but to talk with you about your own interests as with a relative, — a kind, good, true relative. I tell you for the tenth time that if this letter to the emperor and the will in Pierre's favor are among the count's papers, then you, my dear little dove, will not inherit anything, nor your sisters either. If you don't believe me, then ask somebody who does know. I have just been talking with Dmítri Onufríyitch," — that was the count's lawyer, — "and he says the same thing."

A change evidently came over the countess's thoughts; her thin lips grew white (her eyes remained the same), and her voice when she spoke evidently surprised even herself by the violence of its gusty outburst.

"That would be fine!" said she. "I have never desired anything, and I would not now." She brushed

the dog from her lap and straightened the folds of her dress. "Here is gratitude, here's recognition for all the sacrifices that people have made for him!" cried she. "Excellent! Admirable! I don't need anything, prince."

"Yes, but it is not you alone: you have sisters," replied Prince Vasíli.

The princess, however, did not heed him.

"Yes, I have known for a long time, but I had forgotten it, that I had nothing to expect in this house except baseness, deception, envy, intrigue; except ingratitude, the blackest ingratitude." ....

"Do you know or do you not know where that will is?" asked Prince Vasíli, his cheeks twitching even more than before.

"Yes, I was stupid; I have always had faith in people, and loved them, and sacrificed myself. But those only are successful who are base and low. I know through whose intrigues this came about."

The princess wanted to get up, but the prince detained her by the arm. The princess's face suddenly took on the expression of one who has become soured against the whole human race; she looked angrily at her relative.

"There is still time enough, my love. You must know, my dear Katish, that all this may have been done hastily, in a moment of pique, of illness, and then forgotten. Our duty, my dear, is to correct his mistake, to soothe his last moments, so that he cannot in decency commit this injustice; we must not let him die with the idea that he was making unhappy those who .... "

"Those who have sacrificed everything for him," interrupted the princess, taking the words out of his mouth. Again she tried to get up, but still the prince would not allow her. "And he has never had the sense to perceive it. No, cousin," she added, with a sigh, "I shall yet live to learn that it is idle to expect one's reward in this world; that in this world there is no such thing as honor or justice; in this world one must be shrewd and wicked."

"Well, well, now calm yourself; I know your good heart."

"No; I have a wicked heart."

"I know your heart," repeated the prince. "I prize your friendship, and I could wish that you had as high an opinion of me. Now calm yourself and let us talk sensibly. Now is the time.... perhaps a few hours, perhaps a few moments.... now tell me all you know about this will, and above all where it is; you must know. He has probably forgotten all about it. Now we must take it and show it to the count. Probably he has forgotten all about it, and would wish it to be destroyed. You understand that my sole desire is sacredly to carry out his wishes, and that is why I came here. I am here only to help him and you."

"Now I understand all. I know whose intrigues it was. I know," said the princess.

"That is not to the point, my dear heart."

"It is your *protégée*, your dear Princess Drubetskaya, Anna Mikhaïlovna, whom I would not take for my chambermaid, — that filthy, vile woman!"

"Let us not lose time," said the prince, in French.

"Akh! don't speak to me. Last winter she sneaked in here, and she told the count such vile things, such foul things, about all of us, especially about Sophie, — I cannot repeat them, — so that the count was taken ill, and for two weeks would not see any of us. It was at that time, I know, that he wrote that nasty, vile paper, but I supposed that it did not signify."

"That is just the point; why have n't you told me before?"

"In the mosaic portfolio which he keeps under his pillow. Now I know," again went on the princess. "Yes, if I have any sins on my soul, my greatest sin is my hatred of that horrid woman," almost cried the princess, her face all convulsed. "And why did she sneak in here? But I will tell her my whole mind, that I will. The time will come!"

CHAPTER XXI

While these various conversations were going on in the reception-room and in the princess's apartment, the carriage with Pierre (who had been sent for) and with Anna Mikhaïlovna (who found it essential to accompany him) drove into Count Bezukhoï's courtyard. When the carriage wheels rolled noiselessly in on the straw scattered under the windows, Anna Mikhaïlovna turned to her companion with consoling words, but was surprised to find him asleep in the corner of the carriage. She awakened him, and he followed her from the carriage, and then for the first time he thought of the meeting with his dying father that was before him.

He noticed that they had drawn up, not at the state entrance, but at the rear door. Just as he stepped down from the carriage, two men in citizens' clothes skulked down from the doorway and hid in the shadow of the wall. Stopping a moment to look around, he saw several other similar figures on both sides in the shadow. But neither Anna Mikhaïlovna nor the lackey nor the coachman, though they could not have helped seeing these men, paid any attention to them.

"Why, of course it must be all right," said Pierre to himself, and followed Anna Mikhaïlovna.

Anna Mikhaïlovna with hurried steps tripped up the dimly lighted, narrow stone stairway, and beckoned to Pierre, who loitered behind her. He could not seem to realize why it was necessary for him to go to the count, and still less why they had to enter by the rear door, but concluding by Anna Mikhaïlovna's assurance and haste that it was absolutely necessary, he decided to follow her.

Half-way up the stairs they almost ran into some men with buckets, who came clattering down and pressed up close to the wall to let them pass, but showed not the slightest surprise to see them there.

"Is this the way to the princesses' apartments?" asked Anna Mikhaïlovna of one of them.

"Yes," replied the lackey, in a loud, insolent voice, as if now anything were permissible. "The door at the left, matushka."

"Perhaps the count did not call for me," said Pierre, when they reached the landing. "I would better go to my room."

Anna Mikhaĭlovna waited till Pierre overtook her:—

"Ah, my dear," said she, laying her hand on his arm, just as she had done that morning to her son, "believe that I suffer as much as you, but be a man!"

"Really, had I better go?" asked Pierre, looking affectionately at Anna Mikhaĭlovna through his spectacles.

"Ah, my dear," said she, still in French, "forget the wrongs that may have been done you; remember he is your father — perhaps even now dying." She sighed. "I have loved you from the very first, like my own son. Trust in me, Pierre. I will not forget your interests."

Pierre did not in the least comprehend, but again with even more force it came over him that all this must necessarily be so, and he submissively followed Anna Mikhaĭlovna, who had already opened the door.

The door led into the entry of the rear apartments. In one corner sat an old man-servant of the princesses, knitting a stocking. Pierre had never before been in this part of the house; he was not even aware of the existence of such rooms.

Anna Mikhaĭlovna spoke to a maid whom she saw hurrying along with a carafe on a tray, and calling her by various familiar terms of endearment, asked how the princesses were, and at the same time beckoned Pierre to follow her along the stone corridor.

The first door on the left led into the princesses' private rooms. The chambermaid with the carafe, in her haste (everything was done in haste at this time in this mansion), failed to close the door, and Pierre and Anna Mikhaĭlovna, as they passed by, involuntarily glanced into the room, where sat the oldest of the nieces in close conference with Prince Vasíli. See-

ing them passing, Prince Vasíli made a hasty movement and drew himself up; the princess sprang to her feet, and in her vexation slammed the door to with all her might.

This action was so unlike the princess's habitual serenity, the apprehension pictured on the prince's face was so contrary to his ordinary expression of self-importance, that Pierre paused and looked inquiringly at his guide through his spectacles. Anna Mikhaïlovna manifested no surprise; she merely smiled slightly and sighed, as if to signify that all this was to be expected.

"Be a man, my dear! I will watch over your interests," said she, in answer to his glance, and tripped along the corridor even more hastily than before.

Pierre did not comprehend what the trouble was and still less her words, "watch over your interests," but he came to the conclusion that all this must be so. They went from the corridor into a dimly lighted hall which adjoined the count's reception-room. It was one of those cold and magnificent front apartments Pierre knew so well. But even in this room, right in the middle, stood a forgotten bath-tub, from which the water was leaking into the carpet. A servant, and a clergyman carrying a censer, came toward them on their tiptoes, but paid no attention to them. Then they entered the reception-room, with its two Italian windows, its door leading into the "winter garden," and adorned with a colossal bust and a full-length portrait of the Empress Catherine.

The room was filled with the same people in almost the same attitudes, sitting and whispering together. They all stopped talking, and stared at Anna Mikhaïlovna as she entered with her pale, tear-stained face, followed by the stout, burly Pierre, submissively hanging his head.

Anna Mikhaïlovna's face expressed the consciousness that a decisive moment was at hand; and with the bearing of a genuine Petersburg woman of affairs, she marched into the room, not allowing Pierre to leave her, and showing even more boldness than in the morning.

She was conscious that, as she was bringing the person whom the dying count desired to see, her reception was assured. With a quick glance she surveyed all that were in the room, and perceiving the count's priest, she, without exactly courtesying but suddenly diminishing her stature, sailed with a mincing gait up to the confessor and respectfully received the blessing first of one and then of the other priest.

"Thank God! we are in time," said she to the priest; "we are his relatives and were so much alarmed lest we should be too late. This young man here is — the count's son." She added, in a lower tone — "A terrible moment."

When she had spoken these words, she went over to the doctor: —

"Dear doctor," said she to him, "this young man is the count's son. .... Is there any hope?"

The doctor, silently, with a quick movement shrugged his shoulders and cast his eyes upward. Anna Mikhaïlovna, exactly imitating him, also raised hers, almost closing them, and drew a deep sigh; then she went from the doctor to Pierre. She addressed him very respectfully and affectionately, with a shade of sadness.

"Have confidence in His mercy," said she in French, pointing him to a small divan where he should sit and wait for her, while she noiselessly directed her steps toward the door which was the attraction for all eyes, and, noiselessly opening it, disappeared from sight.

Pierre, making up his mind in all things to obey his guide, went to the divanchik which she had pointed out to him. As soon as Anna Mikhaïlovna was out of sight, he noticed that the eyes of all that were in the room were fastened on him with more curiosity than sympathy. He noticed that all were whispering together, nodding toward him with a sort of aversion and even servility. He was shown a degree of respect which he had never been shown before: a lady whom he did not know, the one that had been talking with the two priests, got up from her place and made room for him to sit down; the adjutant picked up a glove which he

had dropped, and handed it to him; the doctors preserved a respectful silence as he passed by them, and fell back to make way for him.

At first, Pierre was inclined to sit down in another place so as not to disturb the lady, was inclined to pick up his own glove, and to turn out for the doctors, though they were not at all in his way; but on second thought, it suddenly occurred to him that this would not be becoming; he felt that this night he was a person expected to fulfil some terrible and obligatory ceremony, and therefore he was in duty bound to accept the services of all these people.

He silently received the glove from the adjutant, took the lady's place, laying his huge hands on his evenly planted knees in the naïve poise of an Egyptian statue, and saying to himself that all this was just as it was meant to be, and that, lest he should lose his presence of mind and commit some absurdity, it behooved him this evening above all to give up all idea of self-guidance, but commit himself wholly to the will of those who assumed the direction of him.

Not two minutes had passed, when Prince Vasíli in his kaftan, with three stars on his breast, carrying his head majestically, came into the room. He seemed thinner than when Pierre had last seen him; his eyes opened larger than usual when he glanced about the room and caught sight of Pierre. He went straight up to him, took his hand (a thing which he had never done before), and bent it down as if trying by experiment whether it had any power of resistance.

"Courage, courage, my dear fellow! he has asked to see you. That is good...." and he started to go away. But Pierre felt that it was suitable to ask: —

"How is he?" He stammered, not knowing exactly how to call the dying count; he was ashamed to call him father.

"He had another stroke half an hour ago. Courage, *mon ami*."

Pierre was in such a dazed condition of mind that at the word *coup* he imagined that some one had hit him.

He looked at Prince Vasíli in perplexity, and it was only after some time that he was able to gather that "*coup*" meant an attack of apoplexy.

Prince Vasíli, as he went by, said a few words to Lorrain, and went into the bedroom on his tiptoes. He was not used to walking on his tiptoes and his whole body jumped awkwardly as he walked. He was immediately followed by the oldest princess; then came the confessor and priests; some of the domestics also passed through the door. There was heard some stir in the next room, and finally Anna Mikhaĭlovna, with the same pale countenance, firmly bent on the fulfilment of her duties, came running out, and, touching Pierre on the arm, said: "The goodness of God is inexhaustible; the ceremony of divine unction is about to begin. Come!"

Pierre passed into the room, treading on the soft carpet, and noticed that the adjutant and the strange lady and one more of the servants all followed him, as if now it were no longer necessary to ask permission to go in.

CHAPTER XXII

Pierre well knew this great room, divided by columns and an arch, and all hung with Persian tapestries. The part of the chamber behind the columns, where on one side stood a high mahogany bedstead with silken curtains, and on the other a monstrous *kiot* or shrine with images, was all brightly and beautifully lighted, just as churches are usually lighted for evening service.

Under the glittering decorations of this shrine stood a long Voltaire reclining-chair, and in the chair, supported by snowy-white unruffled cushions, apparently only just changed, lay the majestic form of Pierre's father, Count Bezukhoĭ, with his hair heaped up on his lofty forehead like a lion's mane, as Pierre remembered it so well, and the same strong deep wrinkles on his handsome, aristocratic face, reddish yellow in color. He was wrapped to the waist in a bright green quilt,

and lay directly under the holy pictures; both of his great stout arms were uncovered and lay on the quilt. In his right hand, which lay palm down, a wax taper was placed between the thumb and forefinger, and an old servant, bending over the chair, held it upright.

Around the chair stood the clergy in their magnificent glittering robes, with their long locks streaming down over their shoulders, with lighted tapers in their hands, performing their functions with slow solemnity.

A little back of them stood the two younger princesses with handkerchiefs in their hands, pressed to their eyes, and just in front of them was the oldest sister, Katish, with a spiteful resolute expression, not for a moment letting her eyes wander from the ikon, as if she were saying to all that she would not be responsible for her actions if she looked around.

Anna Mikhaïlovna, with an expression of sanctified grief and universal forgiveness on her face, stood near the door with the strange lady. Prince Vasíli, on the other side of the door, nearer the count, stood behind a carved chair, upholstered in velvet, which he had turned back to and was leaning on it his left hand with a taper, and crossing himself with his right hand, raising his eyes each time that his fingers touched his forehead. His face expressed calm devoutness and submission to the will of God. "If you cannot comprehend these feelings, so much the worse for you," his countenance seemed to say.

Behind him stood the adjutant, the doctors, and the men-servants; just as in church, the men and women took opposite sides. No one spoke; all kept crossing themselves; the only sound was the reading of the service, the low subdued chanting of the priests' deep bass, and during the intervals of silence the restless movement of feet and deep sighs.

Anna Mikhaïlovna, with that significant expression of countenance that showed she knew what she was doing, crossed the whole width of the chamber to where Pierre was and gave him a taper. He lighted it, and then, growing confused under the glances of those around

him, began to cross himself with the hand that held the taper.

The youngest of the sisters, the rosy and fun-loving princess Sophie, the one with the mole, was looking at him. She smiled and hid her face in her handkerchief, and did not expose it for some time; whenever she caught sight of Pierre, her amusement again overcame her. Then, evidently feeling that she had not the self-control sufficient to allow her to look at him without smiling and that she could not keep from looking at him, she fled from temptation by quietly retreating behind a column.

In the midst of the service the voices of the clergy suddenly ceased, the priests whispered something to one another; the old waiting-man who held the candle in the count's hand straightened up and went over to the ladies' side. Anna Mikhaïlovna stepped forward, and bending over the sick man, beckoned to Dr. Lorrain without turning round. The French doctor had been standing without a lighted taper, leaning against one of the pillars, in that reverent attitude by which one who, though a stranger and belonging to a different communion, shows that he appreciates all the solemnity of the ceremony and even assents to it. With the noiseless steps of a man possessed of perfect vigor he answered Anna Mikhaïlovna's call, went over to the sick man, lifted in his white, slender fingers the hand that lay on the green quilt, and bending over, began to count the pulse and grew grave.

Something was given to the invalid to drink, there was a slight stir about him; then once more they all took their places and the service proceeded.

At the time of this interruption, Pierre noticed that Prince Vasíli left his position behind the carved chair, and, with an expression of countenance that seemed to say that he knew what he was doing, and that it was so much the worse for others if they did not understand him, went, not to the sick man, but past him, and being joined by the oldest of the princesses, retired with her into the depths of the alcove, to the high bedstead under the

silken hangings. From there both the prince and the princess disappeared through a rear door, but before the end of the service both resumed their places, one after the other. Pierre gave this strange action no more thought than to anything else, having once for all made up his mind that all that took place that evening was absolutely essential.

The sounds of the church chant ceased, the voice of the priest was heard respectfully congratulating the sick man on his having received the mystery. The count lay as before, motionless, and apparently lifeless. Around him there was a stir; footsteps and a whispering were heard; Anna Mikhaïlovna's voice could be distinguished above the rest. Pierre listened, and heard her say: —

"He must be carried instantly to bed; it will never do in the world for him here to...."

The doctors, princesses, and servants crowded around the invalid so that Pierre could no longer see that reddish-yellow face with the gray mane of hair, which ever since the service began had constantly filled his vision to the exclusion of everything else. He surmised by the guarded movements of those who crowded around the arm-chair that they were lifting and carrying the dying man.

"Hold by my arm! You 'll drop him so," said one of the servants in a frightened whisper. "Take him lower down!" "One more," said different voices, and the labored breathing, and shuffling of feet growing more hurried, seemed to indicate that the load that the men were carrying was beyond their strength.

As the bearers, among their number Anna Mikhaïlovna, came opposite the young man, he caught a momentary glimpse, over their heads and backs, of his father's strong, full chest uncovered, his stout shoulders, lifted above the people carrying him under their arms, and his leonine head with its curly mane. The face, with its extraordinary high forehead and cheek-bones, handsome, sensitive mouth, and majestic, cold eyes, was undisfigured by the nearness of death. It was just

the same as when Pierre had seen it three months previously when the count sent him to Petersburg. But the head rolled helplessly under the uneven steps of the bearers, and the cold, indifferent eyes gave no sign of recognition.

There followed a few moments of bustle around the high bedstead; those who had been carrying the sick man withdrew. Anna Mikhaïlovna touched Pierre on the arm and said, "Come."

Pierre went with her to the bed whereon the sick man had been placed in solemn attitude, evidently in some manner connected with the sacrament just accomplished. He lay with his head propped high on pillows. His hands were placed side by side, palm downward, on the green silk quilt. As Pierre went to him, the count was looking straight at him, but his look had a meaning and significance which it is impossible for a man to read. Either that look had simply nothing to say and merely fastened upon him because those eyes must needs look at something, or they had too much to say.

Pierre paused, not knowing what was expected of him, and glanced inquiringly at his guide. Anna Mikhaïlovna made him a hasty motion with her eyes toward the sick man's hand, and with her lips signified that he should kiss it. Pierre bent over carefully so as not to disturb the quilt, and in accordance with her advice touched his lips to the broad, brawny hand. Neither the hand nor a muscle of the count's face moved. Pierre again looked questioningly at Anna Mikhaïlovna to find what he should do next. She signed to him with her eyes to sit down in an arm-chair which stood near the bed. Pierre submissively sat down, his eyes mutely asking if he were doing the right thing. Anna Mikhaïlovna approvingly nodded her head. Pierre again assumed the symmetrically simple attitude of the Egyptian statue, and evidently really suffered because his awkward, huge frame took up so much space, though he strove with all his might to make it seem as small as possible.

He looked at the count. The count was staring at the spot where Pierre had just been standing. Anna Mikhaĭlovna showed by her actions that she realized the pathetic importance of this final meeting of father and son. This lasted two minutes, which seemed an hour to Pierre. Suddenly a tremor appeared in the deep, powerful muscles and lines of the count's face. It grew more pronounced; the handsome mouth was drawn to one side (this caused Pierre for the first time to realize how near to death his father was) and from the drawn mouth proceeded an indistinguishable hoarse sound.

Anna Mikhaĭlovna looked anxiously into the sick man's eyes and tried to make out what he wanted, pointing first at Pierre, then at the tumbler; then she asked in a whisper if she should call Prince Vasíli, then pointed at the quilt. The sick man's face and eyes expressed impatience. He mustered force enough to look at the man-servant who never left his master's bedside.

"He wants to be turned over on the other side," whispered the servant, and proceeded to lift and turn the count's heavy body, face to the wall.

Pierre got up to help the servant.

Just as they were turning the count over, one of his arms fell back helplessly, and he made a futile effort to raise it. Did the count notice the look of terror in Pierre's face at the sight of that lifeless arm? or did some other thought flash across his dying brain at that moment? At all events, he looked at his disobedient hand, then at Pierre's terror-stricken face, and back to his hand again, and over his lips played a martyr's weak smile, out of character with his powerful features, and seeming to express a feeling of scorn for his own lack of strength.

At the sight of this smile, Pierre unexpectedly felt an oppression around the heart, a strange pinching in his nose, and the tears dimmed his eyes.

The sick man lay on his side toward the wall. He drew a long sigh.

"He is going to sleep," said Anna Mikhaïlovna, to one of the nieces who returned to watch. "Let us leave him."

Pierre left the room.

CHAPTER XXIII

THERE was no one in the reception-room except Prince Vasíli and the oldest princess, and these two were sitting under the empress's portrait, talking eagerly about something. As soon as they caught sight of Pierre and his guide, they stopped, and it seemed to the young man that the princess hid something and whispered: —

"I cannot abide the sight of that woman."

"Katish has had tea made in the little drawing-room," said Prince Vasíli in French, addressing Anna Mikhaïlovna. "Come, my poor Anna Mikhaïlovna, you had better take something to eat; else you might be the worse for it."

He said nothing to Pierre, but gave his arm a sympathetic pressure just below the shoulder. Pierre and Anna Mikhaïlovna went into what he called *le petit salon.*

"There is nothing so refreshing as a cup of this excellent Russian tea, after a sleepless night," said Dr. Lorrain, with an expression of restrained liveliness, as he stood in the small, circular drawing-room, sipping his tea from a delicate porcelain cup. Just back of him was a table with the tea service and a cold supper. Around the table were gathered for refreshments all those who were spending this night in Count Bezukhoï's mansion.

Pierre well remembered this little circular drawing-room, with its mirrors and small tables. In days gone by, when the count gave balls, Pierre, who did not know how to dance, liked to sit in this little room of mirrors and watch the ladies in their ball toilets, with diamonds and pearls on their bare necks, as they passed through, glance at themselves in the brightly illuminated mirrors, which reflected back their beauties.

Now, the room was dimly lighted by a pair of candles, and at this midnight hour there stood on one of the

small tables a disorderly array of tea-things, while a motley throng of people in anything but ball dresses were scattered about in it talking in whispers, by every motion, every word, evincing how little they could forget what was now taking place or going to take place in that chamber of death.

Pierre did not eat anything, though he was very hungry. He glanced inquiringly at his guide, and saw that she was tiptoeing back to the reception-room, where they had left Prince Vasíli and the oldest niece. Pierre took it for granted that this, also, was as it should be, and after waiting a little while, he followed her.

Anna Mikhaïlovna was standing in front of the young lady, and both were talking at once in angry undertones.

"Permit me, princess, to decide what is necessary and what is not necessary," the Princess Katish was saying, evidently still in the same angry frame of mind as she had been when she slammed the door of her room.

"But, my dear young princess," said Anna Mikhaïlovna, in a sweet but conclusive manner, barring the way to the count's chamber, and not allowing the young lady to pass, "will this not be too great an effort for poor uncle at this time, when he so much needs rest? At this time any conversation about worldly matters, when his soul has already been prepared...."

Prince Vasíli still sat in the arm-chair in his familiar posture, with one leg thrown over the other. His cheeks twitched violently, and seemed to grow flabbier than usual, but he preserved the attitude of a man to whom the altercation of the two women was of no consequence.

"Come, my good Anna Mikhaïlovna, let Katish have her way. You know how fond the count is of her."

"I don't even know what is in this paper," said the young princess, turning to Prince Vasíli, and pointing to the mosaic portfolio which she had in her hand. "I only know that his last will is in his bureau, but this is a paper which he has forgotten."

She tried to pass by Anna Mikhaïlovna, but Anna Mikhaïlovna, springing forward, again barred her way.

"I know, my dear good princess," said Anna Mikhaïlovna, grabbing the portfolio, and so firmly that it was evident she would not let go in a hurry. "My dear princess, I beg of you, I beseech you, have pity upon him. *Je vous en conjure.*"

The young princess said not a word. All that was heard was the noise of the struggle for the possession of the portfolio.

It was plain to see that if she had opened her mouth to speak, what she said would not have been flattering for Anna Mikhaïlovna. The latter clung to the portfolio unflinchingly, but nevertheless her voice preserved all its softness, sweetness, and gentleness.

"Pierre, my dear, come here. I think he will not be in the way in this family council, will he, prince?"

"Why don't you speak, cousin?" suddenly cried the young princess, so loud that those in the little drawing-room heard it, and were startled. "Why don't you speak, when this impertinent creature permits herself to meddle in matters that don't concern her, and make scenes on the very threshold of the death-chamber! *Intrigantka!*" she hissed in a loud whisper, and snatched at the portfolio with all her force; but Anna Mikhaïlovna took two or three steps forward so as not to let go her hold of it, and succeeded in keeping it in her hand.

"Oh!" cried Prince Vasíli, with a look of surprise and reproach. He stood up.

"It is absurd! Come, now, let go, I tell you!"

The Princess Katish obeyed. "You, also!"

Anna Mikhaïlovna paid no attention to him.

"Drop it, I tell you. I will assume the whole responsibility. I will go and ask him. I.... That ought to satisfy you."

"But, prince," said Anna Mikhaïlovna, "after this great mystery allow him a moment of rest. Here, Pierre, give us your opinion," said she, turning to the young man, who, coming close to them, looked in

amazement at the young princess's angry face, from which all dignity had departed, and at Prince Vasíli's twitching cheeks.

"Remember that you will answer for all the consequences," said Prince Vasíli, angrily; "you don't know what you are doing."

"You vile woman," screamed the young princess, unexpectedly darting at Anna Mikhaïlovna, and snatching away the portfolio. Prince Vasíli hung his head and spread open his hands.

At this juncture the door, that terrible door at which Pierre had been looking so long, and which was usually opened so gently, was hastily and noisily flung back, so that it struck against the wall, and the second sister rushed out, wringing her hands.

"What are you doing?" she cried, in despair. "He is dying, and you leave me alone."

The Princess Katerina dropped the portfolio. Anna Mikhaïlovna hastily bent over, and, picking up the precious object, hastened into the death-chamber. The Princess Katerina and Prince Vasíli, coming to their senses, followed her. In a few moments Princess Katerina came out again, the first of all, with a pale, stern face, and biting her lower lip. At the sight of Pierre her face expressed uncontrollable hatred.

"Yes, now you can swell round," said she. "You have been waiting for this," and, beginning to sob, she hid her face in her handkerchief and ran from the room.

The princess was followed by Prince Vasíli. Reeling a little he went to the sofa on which Pierre was sitting, and flung himself on it, covering his face with his hands. Pierre noticed that he was pale, and that his lower jaw trembled and shook as if from an attack of ague.

"Ah, my friend," said he, taking Pierre by the elbow, and there was in his voice a sincerity and gentleness which Pierre had never before noticed in it. "How we sin and how we cheat and all for what? I am sixty years old, my dear..... Look at me..... Death is the end of all, all! Death is horrible!"

He burst into tears.

Anna Mikhaĭlovna came out last of all. She went straight up to Pierre, with slow, quiet steps: —

"Pierre!" said she.

Pierre looked at her inquiringly. She kissed the young man on the forehead, which she wet with her tears. Then after a silence she added: —

"He is dead."

Pierre looked at her through his glasses.

"Come, I will lead you away. Try to weep. Nothing is so consoling as tears."

She led him into the dark drawing-room, and Pierre was relieved that no one was there to see his face. Anna Mikhaĭlovna left him there, and when she returned he was sound asleep, with his head resting on his arm.

The next morning, Anna Mikhaĭlovna said to Pierre in French: —

"Yes, my dear, it is a great loss for all of us. I am not speaking of you. But God will give you support; you are young, and at the head of an immense fortune, I hope. The will has not been opened yet. I know you well enough to believe that this will not turn your head, but new duties will devolve upon you, and you must be a man."

Pierre made no reply.

"Perhaps later I will tell you, my dear, that if I had not been here, ... God knows what might have happened. You know uncle, only the day before, promised me that he would not forget Borís. But he did not have the time; I hope, my dear friend, that you will fulfil your father's desire."

Pierre entirely failed to see what she was driving at, and, without saying anything and reddening with mortification, looked at the Princess Anna Mikhaĭlovna. Having thus spoken with Pierre, she drove back to the Rostofs' and lay down to rest. After her nap, that same morning, she began to tell the Rostofs and all her acquaintances the particulars of the death of Count Bezukhoï.

She declared that the count had died as she herself would wish to die, that his end had been not only pathetic but even edifying; the last meeting of father and son had been so touching that she could not think of it without tears, and that she could not tell which had borne himself with the more composure during these dreadful moments, the father who had had a thought for everything and every one during those last hours, and had spoken such affectionate and touching words to his son, or Pierre, whom it was pitiful to see, he was so overcome, and yet in spite of it struggled so manfully to hide his grief, so as not to pain his dying father.

"Such scenes are painful, but they do one good; it is elevating to the soul to see such men as the old count and his worthy son."

She also spoke of the actions of the Princess Katerina and Prince Vasíli, but in terms of reprobation, and under the promise of the strictest secrecy.

CHAPTER XXIV

The arrival of the young Prince Andreï and his wife at Luísiya Gorui (Bald Hills), Prince Nikolaï Andreyevitch Bolkonsky's estate, was daily expected. But this made no break at all in the strenuous routine according to which life in the old prince's mansion was regulated. Prince Nikolaï Andreyevitch, a former general-in-chief, called in society *le roi de Prusse*, had been banished to his estates during the reign of the Emperor Paul, and had lived like a hermit there ever since with his daughter, the Princess Maríya, and her hired companion, Mlle. Bourienne.

Even after the new reign had begun, although he was free to go wherever he pleased, he still continued to live exclusively in the country, saying that if any one wanted him, it was only half a hundred versts from Moscow to Luísiya Gorui, and he himself wanted nothing and nobody.

He declared that there were only two sources of

human vice, idleness and superstition; and only two virtues, activity and intelligence.

He himself undertook his daughter's education, and in order to inculcate both these virtues he had given her lessons up to the age of twenty in algebra and geometry, and had apportioned her life into an uninterrupted system of occupations.

He was constantly engaged in writing his memoirs, or in solving problems in the higher mathematics, or in turning snuff-boxes on a lathe, or in working in his garden and superintending the erection of buildings which were always going up on his estate. As the chief condition of activity is order, order in his scheme of life was carried to the last degree of minuteness. His appearance at meals invariably took place under the same circumstances, and at not only the same hour but the same moment each day.

The prince was sharp and scrupulously exacting with the people around him, from his daughter to the humblest menial, and therefore, while he was not cruel, he inspired an awe and deference such as it would have been difficult for even the cruelest man to exact.

Although he was living in seclusion, and had now no influence in matters of state, every nachalnik of the government in which he lived considered it his duty to pay his respects to him, and, precisely the same as the architect or the gardener or the Princess Maríya, waited the designated hour for the prince's appearance in the lofty hall. And each one of those waiting in this hall experienced the same feeling of awe and fear as soon as the massive door of his cabinet swung open, and the form of the little old man appeared, in his powdered wig, with his small, dry hands and pendulous gray eyebrows, which sometimes when he frowned concealed the gleam of his keen and youthfully glittering eyes.

On the morning of the day when the young couple were expected, the Princess Maríya, as usual, at the regular hour, came down into the hall to wish her father good-morning, and with fear and trembling crossed herself and repeated an inward prayer. Each morning she

came the same way, and each morning she prayed that their daily meeting might be propitious.

An aged servant in a powdered wig, who was sitting in the hall, got up quietly and addressed her in a respectful whisper: "I beg of you."

Beyond the door could be heard the monotonous hum of the lathe. The princess timidly opened the door, which moved easily and noiselessly on its hinges, and stood at the entrance. The prince was working at his lathe. He looked round and then went on with his work.

The great cabinet was full of things, apparently in constant use: a huge table, whereon lay books and plans; the lofty bookcases, with keys in the mirror-lined doors; a high reading-desk on which lay an opened copy-book; a cabinet-maker's lathe, with various kinds of tools and shavings and chips scattered around, — all this indicated a constant, varied, and regular activity.

By the motion of his small foot, shod Tatar fashion in a silver-embroidered boot, by the firm pressure of his sinewy, thin hand, it could be seen that the prince had still the tenacious and not easily impaired strength of a green old age.

Having made a few more turns, he took his foot from the treadle of the lathe, wiped his chisel, put it in a leather pocket attached to the lathe, and going to the table called his daughter to him. He never wasted caresses on his children, and therefore, merely offering his bristly cheek, which had not as yet been shaven for the day, he said, with a severe and at the same time keenly affectionate look: —

"Are you well?.... Now then, sit down."

He took a copy-book of geometrical work written out in his own hand, and pushed his chair along with his foot.

"For to-morrow," said he, briskly, turning the page, and marking the paragraphs with his stiff nail. The princess leaned over the table toward the note-book. "Wait, here's a letter for you," said the old man, abruptly, taking an envelope addressed in a feminine

hand from the pocket fastened to the table, and tossing it to her.

The princess's face colored in blotches at the sight of the letter. She hastily picked it up and examined it intently.

"From your Heloïse?" asked the prince, with a chilling smile that showed his sound, yellow teeth.

"Yes, from Julie," said the princess, timidly glancing up and timidly smiling.

"I shall allow two more letters to pass, but I shall read the third," said the prince, severely. "I fear you write much nonsense. I shall read the third."

"You may read this, father," replied the princess, with a still deeper flush, and holding the letter toward him.

"The third, I said, the third," rejoined the prince, laconically, pushing away the letter; then, leaning his elbow on the table, he laid the note-book with the geometrical designs before her.

"Well, young lady,"[1] began the old man, bending over toward his daughter and laying one arm on the back of her chair, so that the young princess felt herself surrounded by that peculiar acrid odor of tobacco and old age which she had so long learned to associate with her father. "Well, young lady, these triangles are equal; if you will observe, the angle ABC...."

The princess gazed in dismay at her father's glittering eyes so near to her; the red patches again overspread her face, and it was evident that she had not the slightest comprehension of what he said, and was so overcome with fear that it really prevented her from comprehending any of her father's instructions, no matter how clearly they were expressed.

The teacher may have been at fault, or the pupil may have been, but each day the same thing recurred; the princess's eyes pained her; she could not see anything or hear anything; all that she felt was the consciousness of her stern father's withered face, the consciousness of his breath and peculiar odor, and her single

[1] *Nu sudáruinya.*

thought was to escape as soon as possible from the cabinet and solve the problem by herself in peace. The old man would lose all patience; noisily push back the chair in which he was sitting, and then draw it forward again; then he would exert his self-control so as not to break out into a fury, but rarely succeed, and sometimes he would fling the note-book down on the floor.

The princess made a mistake in her answer.

"Now, how can you be so stupid!" stormed the prince, throwing aside the note-book and hastily turning away; then he rose to his feet, walked up and down, laid his hand on her hair, and again sitting down, drew close to her and proceeded with his instructions.

"No use, princess, no use," said he, as the young lady took the lesson-book, and closing it started to leave the room; "mathematics is a great thing, my girl, and I don't wish you to be like our stupid, silly women. By dint of perseverance one learns to like it," he patted her on the cheek; "the dulness will vanish from your brain."

She started to go; he detained her by a gesture, and took down from the high table a new book with uncut leaves.

"Here, your Heloïse has sent you something else; some 'Key to the Mystery,' a religious work. I don't interfere with any one's belief. I looked it over. Take it. Now, be off, be off."

He patted her on the shoulder and, as she went out, closed the door himself.

The young Princess Marîya returned to her chamber with the pensive, scared expression that rarely left her and rendered her plain, sickly face still more unattractive. She sat down at her writing-table, covered with miniature portraits and cluttered with note-books and volumes. The princess was just as disorderly as her father was systematic: she threw down her book of problems and hastily broke the seal of the letter, which was from her most intimate friend from childhood; this was no other than the Julie Karagina who was at the Rostofs' on the day of the reception.

Julie read as follows:[1] —

Chère et excellente amie: — What a terrible and frightful thing is absence! It is in vain that I tell myself that half of my existence and happiness is in you, that, in spite of the distance that lies between us, our hearts are bound to each other by indissoluble ties; mine rebels against my fate, and, notwithstanding all the pleasures and attractions that surround me, I cannot overcome a certain lurking sadness which I have felt in the depths of my heart ever since our separation. Why are we not together as we were this past summer in your great cabinet, on the blue sofa, — that *confidential-sofa!* Why can I not now, as I did three months ago, draw fresh moral strength from your eyes, so sweet, so calm, so penetrating, the eyes which I loved so much and which I imagine I see before me as I write.

Having read to this point, the Princess Maríya sighed and glanced at the pier-glass that stood over against her, reflecting her slight, homely form and thin face. Her eyes, which were generally melancholy, just now looked with a peculiarly hopeless expression at her image in the glass.

"She is flattering me," said the princess to herself, turning away and continuing her reading of the letter. Julie, however, had not flattered her friend: in reality, the princess's eyes were large, deep, and luminous; sometimes whole sheaves, as it were, of soft light seemed to gleam forth from them; and then they were so beautiful that they transformed her whole face, notwithstanding the plainness of her features, and gave her a charm that was more attractive than mere beauty.

But the young princess had never seen the beautiful expression of her own eyes, the expression which they had at times when she was not thinking of herself. Like most people, her face assumed an affectedly unnatural and ill-favored expression as soon as she looked into the glass.

She went on with the letter: —

All Moscow is talking of nothing but the war. One of my two brothers has already gone abroad; the other is with the

[1] The letters in this chapter are in French in the original.

Guard, which is just about to set out for the frontier. Our beloved emperor has left Petersburg, and, according to what they say, is intending to expose his precious life to the perils of war. God grant that the Corsican monster, who is destroying the peace of Europe, may be laid low by the angel whom the Almighty, in His mercy, has sent to rule over us.

Not to speak of my brothers, this war has deprived me of one who is nearest and dearest to my heart; I mean the young Nikolaï Rostof, who was so enthusiastic that he was unable to endure inactivity, and has left the university to join the army. Ah, well, my dear Marie, I will confess to you that, notwithstanding his extreme youth, his departure for the army is a great grief to me. The young man — I told you about him last summer — has so much nobility, so much of that genuine youthfulness that we find so rarely in this age of ours, among our old men of twenty! He has really so much candor and heart! he is so pure and poetic, that my acquaintance with him, slight as it has been, must be counted as one of the sweetest enjoyments of my poor heart, which has already suffered so keenly. Some day I will tell you of our parting and what passed between us. As yet, it is still too fresh in my memory.

Ah! dear friend, how happy you are not to experience these joys and these pangs so keen! You are fortunate, because the latter are usually the keenest. I know very well that Count Nikolaï is too young ever to be anything to me more than a friend, but this sweet friendship, these relations, so poetic and so pure, have become one of the necessities of my heart. But enough of this!

The chief news of the day, which all Moscow is engaged in talking about, is the death of the old Count Bezukhoï and his inheritance. Just imagine: the three princesses get very little, Prince Vasíli nothing, and it is Monsieur Pierre who has inherited everything. He has, moreover, been declared legitimate, and is, therefore, Count Bezukhoï, and the possessor of the finest fortune in Russia. It is claimed that Prince Vasíli has played a very poor part in this whole business, and that he has gone back to Petersburg very much crestfallen.

I confess I have very little understanding of this matter of the bequests and the will; all I know is that since this young man whom we knew under the name of Monsieur Pierre, pure and simple, has become Count Bezukhoï and master of one of the greatest fortunes of Russia, I am greatly amused to notice the changed tone and behavior of mammas burdened with

marriageable daughters, and even the young ladies themselves, toward this individual, who, parenthetically, has always seemed to me to be a poor specimen. As it has been the amusement of many people for the past few years to marry me off, and generally to men whom I do not even know, *la Chronique matrimoniale* of Moscow now makes me out Countess Bezukhova. You know perfectly well that I have no desire of acquiring that position!

Speaking of marriage, do you know that quite recently the Universal Auntie, Anna Mikhaïlovna, has confided to me, under the seal of the strictest secrecy, a marriage project for you; this is neither more nor less than Prince Vasíli's son, Anatol, whom it is proposed to bring to order by marrying him to a young lady of wealth and distinction, and you are the one on whom the choice of the relatives has fallen. I know not how you will look upon the matter, but I felt that it was my duty to inform you. They say he is very handsome and a great scapegrace; that is all that I have been able to find out about him.

But a truce to gossip like this. I am at the end of my second sheet, and mamma is calling me to go to dine at the Apraksins'. Read the mystic book which I send you, and which is all the rage with us. Although there are things in this book difficult for the feeble mind of man to fathom, it is an admirable work, the reading of which soothes and elevates the mind. Adieu. My respects to your father, and my compliments to Mlle. Bourienne. I embrace you with all my heart.

JULIE.

P.S. Tell me the news about your brother and his charming little wife.

The princess sat thinking, a pensive smile playing over her lips; her face, lighted up by her luminous eyes, was perfectly transfigured; then, suddenly jumping up, she walked briskly across the room to her table. She got out some paper and her hand began to fly rapidly over it. This was what she wrote in reply: —

Chère et excellente amie: — Your letter of the thirteenth caused me great delight. So then, you still love me, my poetic Julie. And absence, of which you say such hard things, has not had its usual effect upon you. You complain of absence — what should I have to say if I *dared* complain, bereft as I am of

all those who are dearest to me? Ah! if we had not religion to console us, life would be very sad.

Why should you suspect me of looking stern, when you speak to me of your affection for the young man? In this respect, I am lenient to all except myself. I appreciate these sentiments in others, and if I cannot approve of them (never having myself experienced them), I do not condemn them. It only seemed to me that Christian love, love for our neighbor, love for our enemies, is more meritorious, and, therefore, sweeter and more beautiful, than those sentiments inspired in a poetic and loving young girl like you by a young man's handsome eyes.

The news of Count Bezukhoï's death reached us in advance of your letter, and my father was very much moved by it. He says that he was the last representative but one of the "*grand siècle*," and that now it is his turn, but that he shall do his best to put it off as long as possible. God preserve us from such a terrible misfortune!

I cannot agree with you in your judgment of Pierre, whom I knew as a boy. He always seemed to me to have an excellent heart, and that is the quality I most value in people. As to his inheritance and the *rôle* played by Prince Vasíli, it is very sad for both of them. Ah, dear friend! our divine Saviour's saying, that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God, is terribly true; I pity Prince Vasíli and I am still more sorry for Pierre. So young, and to be loaded down with this wealth; what temptations will he not have to undergo! If I were asked what I should desire most in this world, it would be to be poorer than the poorest of beggars.

A thousand thanks, dear friend, for the work which you send me and which is so much the rage with you in Moscow. However, as you say that while there are many good things in it, there are others which the feeble mind of man cannot fathom, it seems to me quite idle to waste one's time in reading what is unintelligible, and which, therefore, can be productive of no good fruit. I have never been able to understand the passion which some people have for disturbing their minds by devoting themselves to mystical books that arouse nothing but doubts, kindling their imaginations, and giving them a love for exaggeration utterly contrary to Christian simplicity. Let us read the Apostles and the Gospels. Let us give up trying to penetrate the mysteries they contain, for how should we, miserable

sinners that we are, presume to investigate the terrible secrets of Providence, while we carry with us this garment of flesh which forms an impenetrable veil between us and the Eternal? Then let us confine ourselves to a studying of the sublime principles which our divine Saviour has left for our guidance here below; let us seek to conform to them and follow them, being persuaded that the less rein we give to our feeble human minds, the more pleasing it is to God, Who repudiates all knowledge not proceeding from Him; that the less we seek to explore what it has seemed best to Him to hide from our comprehension, the sooner He will grant us to discover it by His divine spirit.

My father has not said anything to me of a suitor; he has merely told me of having received a letter and of expecting a visit from Prince Vasíli. As far as the project of marriage concerns me, I will tell you, *chère et excellente amie*, that in my opinion, marriage is a divine institution to which it is necessary to conform. However painful it might be to me, if the Almighty should ever impose upon me the duties of a wife and mother, I shall endeavor to fill them as faithfully as I can, without disturbing myself by inquiring into the nature of my feelings toward him whom He shall give me as a husband.

I have had a letter from my brother, announcing his speedy arrival at Luísiya Gorui with his wife. This will be a joy of short duration, for he will leave us to take part in this unhappy war, into which we are dragged God knows why and how. Not alone with you, at the center of business and society, is the war the only topic of conversation, but here amid the labors of the fields, and that calm of nature which the inhabitants of cities ordinarily imagine to be peculiar to the country, the rumors of the war make themselves painfully heard and felt. My father can talk of nothing else but marches and countermarches, things of which I have no comprehension; and day before yesterday, while taking my usual walk down the village street, I witnessed a heartrending scene: it was a party of recruits, enlisted on our estate, and on their way to the army. You ought to have seen the state in which were the mothers, wives, and children of the men who were off, and to have heard their sobs. You should think that humanity had forgotten the precepts of their divine Saviour, Who taught love, and the forgiveness of offenses; one would think that they imputed their greatest merit to the art of killing one another.

Adieu, *chère et bonne amie!* May our divine Saviour and His Holy Mother keep you in their holy and powerful keeping.

MARIE.

"Ah, you are sending off a letter, princess; I have already sent mine; I have written to my poor mother," said the smiling Mlle. Bourienne, speaking rapidly and swallowing her R's, and altogether bringing into the Princess Maríya's concentrated and melancholy atmosphere what seemed like the breath of another world, where reigned gayety, light-heartedness, and complacency.

"Princess, I must warn you," she added, lowering her voice, "the prince has had a quarrel with Mikhaïl Ivanof. He is in a very bad humor; very morose. I warn you, — you know."

"Ah, my dear friend," replied the Princess Maríya, "I have asked of you never to speak to me of the humor in which my father happens to be. I do not allow myself to make remarks about him and I do not wish others to."

The princess glanced at her watch and noticing that she was already five minutes behind the time when it was required of her to practise on the clavichord, she hurried from the room with dismay pictured on her face. Between twelve o'clock and two the prince took his nap, and it was the immutable rule of the house that the princess then should practise.

CHAPTER XXV

THE gray-haired man-servant was sitting in the cabinet, dozing and listening to the prince's snoring. From a distant part of the house, through the closed doors, came the notes of a difficult phrase of a Dussek sonata, repeated for the twentieth time.

At this time, a coach and a britchka drove up to the entrance door, and from the coach descended Prince Andreï, who handed his little wife down and allowed

her to pass ahead of him. The gray-haired Tikhon, in a wig, thrust his head out of the hall door and informed them in a whisper that the prince was asleep and then softly closed the door. Tikhon was well aware that not even the arrival of the son, or any other event, however out of the common, should be allowed to interrupt the order of the day. Prince Andreï knew this as well as Tikhon; he looked at his watch, as if to convince himself that there had been no change in his father's habits since he had seen him, and having satisfied himself on that score, turned to his wife.

"He will be awake in twenty minutes. Let us go to the Princess Maríya," said he.

The little princess had grown stouter, but her eyes, and her short, downy lip, and her sweet smile were just the same as ever as she exclaimed: —

"Why, it is a palace!"

And she looked around with an expression such as people have in congratulating a host on a ball: —

"Come along quick, quick!".... She smiled at Tikhon and her husband and the footman who was leading the way.

"Is it Marie practising? let us go softly, so as to surprise her."

Prince Andreï followed her, with a civil but bored expression.

"You have grown older, Tikhon," said he to the old man-servant, who, as he passed by, kissed his hand.

Just before they reached the room where the clavichord was heard, the pretty little fair-haired Frenchwoman came tripping out from a side door. Mlle. Bourienne seemed overjoyed to see them.

"Ah! What a pleasure for the princess!" she cried; "you are here at last. I must go and tell her."

"No, no, I beg of you! You are Mlle. Bourienne; I know you already from the friendship which my sister-in-law has for you," said the princess, kissing her; "she is not expecting us?"

They went to the door of the divan-room, where the phrase was being repeated again and again. Prince

Andreï paused and frowned, as if he were expecting something disagreeable.

The princess went in. The phrase was broken off in the middle; a cry was heard, followed by the sound of hasty footsteps and kisses. When Prince Andreï went in, the two sisters-in-law, who had only met once for a short time, at Prince Andreï's wedding, were still locked in a fond embrace, just as at the first moment of their meeting. Mlle. Bourienne was standing near them, with her hand on her heart and a beatific smile on her lips, evidently as ready to cry as to laugh. Prince Andreï shrugged his shoulders and frowned, just as lovers of music frown when they hear a discord. Both the women stood apart; then once again, as if fearing that a moment would be lost, they seized each other by the hand and began to kiss them; and not satisfied with kissing each other's hands, they began to kiss each other in the face, and, to Prince Andreï's unqualified surprise, they both burst into tears and again began to kiss each other. Mlle. Bourienne was also melted; it was awkward enough for Prince Andreï, but to the women it seemed perfectly natural to weep; indeed, they could never have dreamed of a meeting without such an accompaniment.

"Ah, *chère!*".... "Ah, Marie!".... they kept exclaiming, amid laughter and tears. "I dreamed last night." .... "And so you were not expecting us?".... "Ah, Marie, you have grown thin." .... "And you have grown so stout!"

"I knew the princess the moment I saw her," put in Mlle. Bourienne.

"And here was I not thinking of such a thing!" cried the Princess Maríya.... "Ah, Andreï, I did not see you!"

Prince Andreï kissed his sister's hand, and told her that she was as great a cry-baby as ever. The Princess Maríya turned to her brother, and through her tears, her eyes, now large and beautiful and luminous, rested on him with a fond, gentle, and sweet expression.

The young wife chattered incessantly. Her short,

downy upper lip every instant drew down and touched the rosy under lip, and then curled again with the brilliant smile that made her eyes and her teeth shine. She told about an accident at Spaskaya Gora which threatened to be seriously dangerous in her condition, and the next instant she informed them that she had left all her dresses in Petersburg and God knew what she should have to wear while here, and that Andreï had greatly changed, and that Kitty Oduíntsova had married an old man, and that she really had a husband for Marie, but that they would talk about that afterwards.

The Princess Maríya stood looking silently at her brother, and her lovely eyes beamed with affection and melancholy. It was evident that she was now following her own course of thought, quite independent of her sister-in-law's prattle. Right in the midst of a description of the last reception at Petersburg, she turned to her brother: —

"And are you really going to the war, André," she asked, with a sigh. Lise also sighed.

"Yes, and I must be off by to-morrow," replied her brother.

"He leaves me, and God knows why, when he might have been promoted."

The Princess Maríya paid no attention to this remark, but, following the thread of her thoughts, gave her sister-in-law a significant glance from her affectionate eyes.

"You are sure of it?"

The young wife's face changed. She sighed again.

"Certainly I am," said she. "Ah, it is terrible."

Her lip went down. She brought her face near to the young princess's, and again unexpectedly burst into tears.

"She needs to rest," said Prince Andreï, scowling; "don't you, Liza? Take her to her room and I will go to my father. How is he? Just the same as ever?"

"Just the same; but perhaps your eyes will see some change in him," replied the princess, cheerfully.

"The same regular hours, the same walks in the garden, the lathe?" asked Prince Andreï, with a barely

perceptible smile, which proved that notwithstanding all his love and reverence for his father, he was not blind to his weaknesses.

"Yes, just the same hours, and the lathe, and the mathematics, and my geometry lessons," replied the princess, merrily, as if her geometry lessons were among the great delights of her life.

When the twenty minutes which remained for the prince's nap were over, Tikhon came to summon the young man to see his father. The old man allowed a variation in his mode of life in honor of his son; he commanded to have him come to him in his own room, while he was dressing (before dinner). The prince dressed in the old-time costume of a kaftan and powered wig. When Prince Andreï — not with the peevish face and manners which he assumed in society, but with a lively expression, such as he had when he was talking with Pierre — went into his father's room, the old man was at his toilet, sitting in a wide morocco-upholstered arm-chair in a wrapper, while Tikhon was putting the last touches to his head.

"Ah, my soldier! so you are going to conquer Bonaparte?" cried the old prince, and he shook his powdered head, so far as he was allowed by the pigtail which Tikhon was busy plaiting. "You do well to go against him; otherwise, he would soon be calling us his subjects! .... Are you well?" and he offered his son his cheek.

The old man awoke from his noon nap in an excellent frame of mind (he was accustomed to say that a nap after dinner was silver, but one before dinner was golden). He squinted cheerily at his son from under his thick, beetling brows. Prince Andreï went and kissed his father on the spot designated. He made no reply to his father's favorite topic of conversation or to his sarcasms on the military men of the present time and especially on Napoleon.

"Yes, I have come to you, batyushka, and with my wife, who expects to be confined soon," said Prince Andreï, watching with eager and reverent eyes all the play of his father's features. "How is your health?"

"Only fools and rakes ever need to be unwell, my boy, and you know me; busy from morning till night, and temperate, and of course I'm well."

"Thank God," said the son, smiling.

"God has nothing to do with it. Well," continued the old man, returning to his favorite hobby, "tell us how the Germans and Bonaparte have taught us to fight, according to this new science of yours, that you call 'strategy'?"

Prince Andreï smiled.

"Let me have time to collect my wits, batyushka," said he, and his expression showed that his father's foibles did not prevent him from reverencing and loving him. "Why, you see I have not even been to my room yet."

"Nonsense, nonsense," cried the old man, pulling at his little pigtail to assure himself that it was firmly plaited, and grasping his son by the arm. "The quarters for your wife are all ready. The Princess Maríya will take her there and show them to her, and they will chatter their three basketfuls! that's their woman's way. I'm glad to have her here. Sit down and talk. I understand Michelson's army and Tolstoï's, too. It's a simultaneous descent. But what's the Southern army going to do? Prussia remains neutral, I know that; but how about Austria?" he asked, as he got up from his chair and began to walk up and down the room, with Tikhon running after him to give him the various parts of his attire. "What's Sweden going to do? How will they get across Pomerania?"

Prince Andreï, perceiving the urgency of his father's inquiries, began, at first unwillingly, but gradually warming up more and more, to explain the plan of operations determined upon for the campaign. As he spoke, he involuntarily, from very force of habit, kept dropping from Russian into French. He explained how an army of ninety thousand was to threaten Prussia and force her to abandon her neutrality and take part in the war; how a portion of this army was to go to Stralsund and unite with the Swedish forces; how two hundred and

twenty thousand Austrians, with a hundred thousand Russians, were to engage in active operations in Italy and on the Rhine; and how fifty thousand Russians and fifty thousand English were to disembark at Naples, and how this army, with a total of five hundred thousand men, was to make an attack simultaneously from different sides on the French.

The old prince did not manifest the least interest in the description, any more than if he had not heard it, and continued to dress himself as he walked up and down; though three times he unexpectedly interrupted him. Once he stopped him by crying, "The white one! the white one!"

That meant that Tikhon had not given him the waistcoat that he wished. The second time he stopped and asked, "And is the baby expected soon?" and reproachfully shaking his head, said, "That's too bad, — go on, go on!"

The third time, when Prince Andreĭ had finished his description, the old man sang in a high falsetto, with the cracked voice of age: —

"*Malbroug s'en va-t-en guerre.*
Dieu sait quand reviendra."[1]

The son merely smiled.

"I don't say that I approve of this plan," said he; "I am only telling you what it is. Napoleon, of course, has his plan, which is probably as good as ours."

"Well, you have n't told me anything that is in the least new," and the old man thoughtfully continued to hum the refrain: "*Dieu sait quand il reviendra.*" — "Go into the dining-room."

CHAPTER XXVI

At the appointed hour, the prince, powdered and shaved, went to the dining-room, where his daughter-in-law, the Princess Maríya, and Mlle. Bourienne and the

[1] Marlborough is going to the war. God knows when he 'll come back again.

architect were waiting for him. The latter was allowed at the table through a strange caprice of the prince, though from his position this insignificant man would never have been shown such an honor. The prince, who had a firm belief in the gradations of rank, and rarely admitted to his table even the important functionaries of the province, had suddenly selected Mikháïl Ivánovitch (who blew his nose in the corner on a checked handkerchief) as a living example of the theory that all men were equal, and more than once assured his daughter that the architect was as good as they were. At the table the prince was very apt to address his conversation mainly to the speechless Mikhaïl Ivanovitch.

In the dining-room, tremendously lofty, like all the rest of the rooms in the mansion, the prince's butlers and serving-men, each standing behind a chair, were waiting his coming. The dvoretsky, or house-steward, with a napkin over his arm, glanced to see that the table was properly set, beckoned to the waiters, and constantly let his troubled eyes wander from the wall-clock to the door where the prince was expected to enter.

Prince Andreï was looking at a huge gilded frame, which he had never before seen, containing a representation of the genealogical tree of the Bolkonskys, which hung opposite a similar frame with a badly executed painting, evidently perpetrated by some domestic artist, and meant to be a portrait of a reigning prince, in a crown, showing that he was descended from Rurik, and was the originator of the house of Bolkonsky. Prince Andreï was studying this genealogical tree, and shaking his head and laughing, as if the portrait struck him as something ludicrous.

"How like him this all is!" he was saying to the Princess Maríya, as she came up to him.

The Princess Maríya looked at her brother in amazement. She could not understand what he could find to amuse him. All that her father did inspired in her a reverence which removed it beyond criticism.

"Every man has his Achilles' heel," continued Prince

Andreï. "With his tremendous intellect, the idea of going into this absurdity!"

The Princess Maríya could not approve of this audacious judgment of her brother's, and was just about to reprove him, when the steps which they were awaiting were heard coming from the cabinet. The prince came in briskly, even gayly, as was his universal custom, as if he meant by his lively ways to make a contrast with the stern routine of the house.

Just at the instant that the great clock struck two, and was answered by the feebler tone of another in the reception-room, the prince made his appearance. He paused. From under his thick, overhanging brows, his keen, flashing, stern eyes surveyed all who were present, and then rested on his son's young wife. The young princess instantly experienced that feeling of fear and reverence which this old man inspired in all those around him, — a feeling akin to that experienced by courtiers at the coming of the Tsar.

He smoothed the princess's head, and then, with a clumsy motion, patted her on the back of the neck.

"I am glad to see you, glad to see you," said he; and, after looking into her face steadily once more, he turned away and sat down in his place.

"Sit down, sit down! Mikhaïl Ivanovitch, sit down."

He assigned his daughter-in-law the place next him; the waiter pushed the chair up for her.

"Ho! ho!" said the old man, looking at her critically, "your time is coming! too bad!"

He smiled dryly, coldly, disagreeably, with his lips alone, as usual, and not with his eyes. "You must walk, walk, as much as possible; as much as possible," said he.

The little princess did not hear, or did not wish to hear, his words. She said nothing, and seemed dispirited. The prince asked after her father, and she replied and smiled. He asked about common acquaintances; the princess grew more animated, and began to deliver messages, and tell the prince the gossip of the town.

"The Countess Apraksina, poor woman, has lost her husband, and quite cried her eyes out," said she, growing still more lively.

The livelier she became, the more sternly the prince looked at her, and suddenly, as if he had studied her enough, and had formed a sufficiently clear idea of her mental caliber, he turned abruptly away and began to talk with Mikhaïl Ivanovitch.

"Well, now, Mikhaïla Ivanovitch, it is going to go hard with our Bonaparte. As Prince Andreï has been telling me," — he always spoke of his son in the third person, — "great forces are collecting against him. But then, you and I have always considered him to be a wind-bag."

Mikhaïl Ivanovitch really did not know when he and the prince had ever said any such things about Bonaparte, but perceiving that this was necessary as a preliminary for the prince's favorite subject of conversation, looked in surprise at the young prince, and wondered what would be the outcome of it.

"He is great at tactics," said the old prince to his son, referring to the architect; and again the conversation turned on the war, on Bonaparte, and the generals of the present day, and the great men of the reign. The old prince, it seemed, was persuaded in his own mind that all the men at the head of affairs at the present day were mere school-boys, who did not know even the *a b c* of war and civil administration, and that Bonaparte was an insignificant Frenchman, who had been successful simply from the fact that there were no Potemkins or Suvorofs to meet him; but he was persuaded, also, that no political complications, of any account, existed in Europe; that the war did not amount to anything, but was a sort of puppet-show, at which the men of the present day were playing, while pretending to do something great.

Prince Andreï took his father's sarcasms at the "new men" in good part, and with apparent pleasure led him on, and heard what he had to say.

"The past always seems better than the present,"

said the young man; "yet did n't that same Suvoróf fall into the trap which Moreau laid for him, — fell in, and had n't the wit to get himself out of it?"

"Who told you that? who told you?" cried the prince. "Suvorof!" and he flung away his plate, which Tikhon was quick enough to catch. "Suvorof! .... Consider, Prince Andreï! Friedrich and Suvorof were a pair; .... Moreau! Moreau would have been taken prisoner if Suvorof's hands had been free; but he had on his hands a *Hofskriegswurstschnapsrath.*[1] The devil himself could not have done anything. Now if you go on you will find out what these *Hofskriegswurstschnapsraths* are like. Suvorof was no match for them; what chance do you suppose Mikhaïl Kutuzof will have? No, my dear young friend," he went on to say; "there 's no chance for you and your generals against Bonaparte; you must needs take Frenchmen, so that birds of a feather may fight together. You have sent the German Pahlen to New York, to America, after the Frenchman Moreau," said he, referring to the overtures that had been made that same year to Moreau to enter the Russian service. "It 's marvelous! Were the Potemkins, Suvorofs, Orlofs, Germans, pray? No, brother, either all of you have lost your wits, or I have gone into my dotage! God give you good luck! but we shall see. Their Bonaparte a great general! hm!"

"I don't pretend to say that all our arrangements are wise," returned Prince Andreï, "only I can't understand how you have such a low opinion of Bonaparte. Laugh as much as you please, but Bonaparte is, nevertheless, a great general."

"Mikhaïla Ivanovitch," cried the old prince to the architect, who was giving his attention to the roast, and devoutly hoping that he was quite forgotten, "I have told you, have I not, that Bonaparte was a great tactician? And he says so, too."

"How, your illustriousness?" replied the architect.

The prince again laughed his chilling laugh.

"Bonaparte was born with a silver spoon in his

[1] Court-War-Sausage-Schnaps-Council.

mouth.[1] His soldiers are excellent. And then again, he had the good luck to fight with the Germans first. Only a lazy man would fail to whip the Germans. Ever since the world began, the Germans have always been whipped. And they have never whipped any one. Oh, yes, one another! He made his reputation by fighting them."

And the prince began to expatiate on all the blunders that Napoleon, in his opinion, had made in all his wars, and even in his act of administration. His son did not dispute what he said, but it was evident that, whatever arguments were employed against him, he was just as little inclined to alter his opinion as the old prince himself. Prince Andreï listened, refraining from engaging in any discussion, and only smiling as he involuntarily wondered how it was possible for this old man, who had lived for so many years like a hermit in the country, to know so thoroughly and accurately all the military and political occurrences that had taken place in Europe during the last years, and was able to form such an opinion of them.

"You think, do you, that I am too old to understand the present state of affairs? Well, this is all there is of it: I can't sleep o' nights. Now, wherein is this general of yours so great? Where has he ever shown it?"

"It would take too long to tell," replied the son.

"Well, then, go off to your Bonaparte! Mlle. Bourienne, here, is another admirer of your clodhopper of an emperor," he cried, in excellent French.

"You know that I am not a Bonapartist, prince."

"*Dieu sait quand il reviendra*," hummed the prince, in his falsetto; and with a smile that was still more falsetto, he got up and left the table.

The little princess, during the whole time of the discussion and the rest of the meal, sat in silence, looking in alarm, now at her husband's father, now at the Princess Maríya. After they left the table she took her sister-in-law's arm and drew her into the next room.

[1] Russ: "Was born in his shirt."

"How bright your father is," said she; "that's probably the reason that he makes me afraid of him."

"Ah, he is so good!" exclaimed the princess.

CHAPTER XXVII

The next evening Prince Andreï was about to take his departure. The old prince, not making any change in his routine, had gone to his room immediately after dinner. The young wife was with the Princess Maríya. Prince Andreï, having put on a traveling coat without epaulets, was engaged in his room, with his valet, in packing up. He himself had personally looked after the carriage, and the arrangement of his luggage, and ordered the horses to be put in. In the chamber remained only those things that he always took with him: his dressing-case, a huge silver bottle-holder, two Turkish pistols, and a saber which his father had captured at Ochakof and presented to him. All these appurtenances had been put in the most perfect order; all were bright and clean, in woolen bags, carefully strapped.

If men are ever inclined to think about their actions, the moment when they are about to go away and enter upon some new course of life is certain to induce a serious frame of mind. Generally, at such moments, the past comes up for review, and plans are made for the future.

Prince Andreï's face was very thoughtful and tender. With his hands behind his back, he was walking briskly, from corner to corner, up and down the room, with his eyes fixed, and occasionally shaking his head. Was it terrible for him to be going to the war, or was he a little saddened at the thought of leaving his wife? Perhaps there was a trifle of each feeling. However, hearing steps in the entry, and evidently not wishing to be seen in any such state, he hurriedly dropped his hands and paused by the table, as if engaged in fastening the cover of his dressing-case, and his face became,

as usual, serene and impenetrable. The heavy steps that he heard were those of the Princess Maríya.

"I was told that you had ordered the horses put in," said she, panting, — she had evidently been running, — "and I did so want to have a little talk with you, all alone. God knows how long it will be before we see each other again. You are not angry with me for coming? You have changed very much, Andryusha," she added, as if in explanation of such a question.

She smiled as she called him by the pet diminutive, "Andryusha." Evidently it was strange for her to think that this stern, handsome man was the same Andryusha, the slender, frolicsome lad who had been the playmate of her childhood. A smile was his only reply to her question.

"Where is Lise?" he asked.

"She was so tired that she fell asleep on the divan in my room! Oh, André, what a treasure of a wife you have," she said, as she sat down on the sofa, facing her brother. "She is a perfect child, such a sweet, merry-hearted child. I have learned to love her dearly!"

Prince Andreï made no reply, but the princess noticed the ironical and scornful expression which her words called forth on his face.

"But you must be indulgent to her little weaknesses; who is there that is without them, André? You must not forget that she was educated and brought up in society. And besides, her position is now not all roses. We ought always to put ourselves in the place of another. To understand is to forgive. Just think how hard it is on the poor little woman, after the gay life to which she is accustomed, to be parted from her husband, and to be left alone in the country, and in her condition! It is very hard!"

Prince Andreï smiled and looked at his sister, as we smile when we look at people whose motives are perfectly transparent to us.

"You live in the country and don't find this life so horrible, do you?"

"I? — but that 's another thing. Why should you speak about me? I have no desire for any other life, because I have never known any other life. But you think, André, what it is for a fashionable young woman to be buried for the best years of her life in the country, alone, too, — for pápenka is always busy, and I, — you know what poor company I am for a woman who has been accustomed to the best society. There 's only Mlle. Bourienne."

"Your Bourienne does not please me very much," said Prince Andreï.

"Oh, how can you say so? She is very kind and good, and, what is more, is greatly to be pitied. She has no one, no one at all. To tell you the truth, she is not at all necessary; if anything, she is in my way. You know that I have always been somewhat of a misanthrope, and now more than ever I love to be alone. *Mon père* is very fond of her. She and Mikhaïl Ivanovitch are two people to whom he is always polite and kind, because both of them are under obligations to him; as Sterne says, 'We do not love men so much for the good that they do us, as for the good that we do them.' *Mon père* took her in as an orphan from the street, and she is very good, and *mon père* loves her way of reading. She always reads aloud to him in the evening. She reads beautifully."

"Now truly, Marie, I am afraid father's temper must be very trying to you sometimes, — is n't it so?" asked Prince Andreï suddenly. The Princess Maríya was at first dumfounded, then terrified, at this question.

"To me — me — trying?" she stammered.

"He has always been harsh, but now he has become desperately trying, I should think," said Prince Andreï, speaking lightly of his father, apparently for the sake of perplexing or testing his sister.

"You're good to every one, André, but you have such pride of intellect," said the princess, following the trend of her own thoughts rather than the course of the conversation. "And that is a great sin. Have we any right to judge our father? And even if we had, what

other feeling besides veneration could such a man as *mon père* inspire? And I am so happy and content to live with him. I only wish that all were as happy as I am."

Her brother shook his head incredulously.

"There is only one thing that is hard for me — I will tell you the truth about it, André — it is father's ways of thinking of religious things. I cannot understand how a man with such an immense intellect can fail to see what is as clear as day, and can go so far astray. This is the one thing that makes me unhappy. But even in this I have noticed lately a shade of improvement. Lately his sarcasms have not been quite so pronounced, and there is a monk whom he allowed to come in and have a long talk with him."

"Well, my dear, I am afraid that you and the monk wasted your powder," said Prince Andreï, in a jesting but affectionate way.

"Ah! my dear! All I can do is to pray to God and hope that he will hear me. André," she said timidly, after a moment's silence, "I have one great favor to ask of you."

"What is that, my dear?"

"Promise me that you will not refuse me. It won't be any trouble to you at all, and nothing unworthy of you in doing it; but it will be a great comfort to me. Promise me, Andryusha," said she, thrusting her hand into her reticule and holding something in it but not yet showing it, as if what she held constituted the object of her request, and she were unwilling to take this *something* from the reticule, until she were assured of his promise to do what she desired. She looked at her brother with a timid, beseeching glance.

"Even if it required great trouble, I would," replied Prince Andreï, evidently foreseeing what the request was.

"Think whatever you please, — I know that you are exactly like *mon père*, — think whatever you please, but do this for my sake. Please do! My father's father, our grandfather, wore it in all his battles." Not even

now did she take from the reticule what she held in her hand. "So, will you promise me?"

"But what is it?"

"André, I give you this little picture with my blessing, and you must promise me that you will never take it off. Will you promise?"

"If it does not weigh two poods[1] and won't break my neck, I will do it if it will give you any pleasure," but at that instant, noticing the pained expression which passed over his sister's face at this jest, he regretted it. "With pleasure, really with pleasure, my dear," he added.

"He will save and pardon you against your own will; He will bring you to Himself, because in Him alone are truth and peace," she said, in a voice trembling with emotion, and with a gesture of solemnity held up before her brother, with both hands, an ancient oval medallion of the Saviour, with a black face in a silver frame, attached to a silver chain of delicate workmanship.

She made the sign of the cross, kissed the medallion, and held it out to Andreï.

"Please, André, for my sake."

Her large eyes were kindled by the rays of a soft and kindly light which transfigured her thin, sickly face and made it beautiful. Her brother was about to take the medallion, but she stopped him. He understood what she meant, and crossed himself and kissed the image. His face was both tender (for he was touched) and, at the same time, ironical.

"Thanks, my dear."

She kissed him on the brow and again sat down on the divan. Both were silent.

"As I was saying to you, André, be kind and magnanimous as you always used to be. Don't judge Lise harshly," she began after a little. "She is so sweet, so good! and her position is very hard just now."

"Why, Masha, I have not told you that I have found

[1] A pood is thirty-six pounds avoirdupois.

any fault with my wife, or been vexed with her. Why do you say such things to me?"

The Princess Maríya flushed in patches and was silent as if she felt guilty.

"I have not said anything to you, but some one has been talking to you. And I am sorry for that."

The red patches flamed still more noticeably on the Princess Maríya's forehead, neck, and cheeks. She tried to say something, but speech failed her. Her brother had guessed right; his little wife after dinner had wept, and confessed her forebodings about the birth of her baby, and how she dreaded it, and poured out her complaints against her fate and her father-in-law and her husband. And after she had cried, she fell asleep.

Prince Andreï was sorry for his sister.

"I wish you to know this, Masha, that I find no fault with my wife, I never have found fault with her and never shall, and there is nothing for which I can reproach myself; and this shall always be so, no matter in what circumstances I find myself. But if you wish to know the truth .... do you wish to know whether I am happy? I tell you, No. Is she happy? No! Why is it? I don't know." ....

As he said this, he got up, went over to his sister, and bending down kissed her on the forehead. His handsome eyes showed an unwonted gleam of sentiment and kindliness, though he looked not at his sister, but over her head at the dark opening of the door.

"Let us go to her, it is time to say good-by. Or, rather, you go ahead and wake her, and I will follow you. Petrushka," he cried to the valet, "come here; pick up those things. This goes under the seat; this at the right."

The Princess Maríya got up and directed her steps toward the door; then she paused:—

"André," said she, in French, "if you had faith, you would have implored God to give you the love which you do not feel, and your prayer would have been heard."

"Yes, perhaps so," said Prince Andreï. "Go on, Masha, I will follow immediately."

On the way to his sister's room, in the gallery which connected one part of the house with the other, Prince Andreï met the sweetly smiling Mlle. Bourienne. It was the third time that she had crossed his path that day in the corridor, and with the same enthusiastic and naïve smile.

"Ah, I thought you were in your own room," said she, blushing a little, and dropping her eyes.

Prince Andreï looked at her sternly. His face suddenly grew wrathful. He gave her no answer, but looked at her forehead and hair, not into her eyes, with such a scornful expression that the little Frenchwoman flushed scarlet and turned away without another word.

When he reached his sister's room, the princess, his wife, was already awake, and her blithe voice was heard through the open door. She was chattering as fast as her tongue would let her, as if she were anxious to make up for lost time, after long repression: —

"No, Marie, but just imagine the old Countess Zubova, with her false curls and a mouth full of false teeth, as if she were trying to cheat old age! ha! ha! ha!"

Prince Andreï had heard his wife get off exactly the same phrase about the Countess Zubova, and the same joke,[1] at least five times. He went quietly into the room. The princess, plump and rosy, was sitting in an easy-chair, with her work in her hands, and was talking an incessant stream, repeating her Petersburg reminiscences, and even the familiar Petersburg phrases. Prince Andreï went up to her, smoothed her hair, and asked if she felt rested from her journey. She answered him and went on with her story.

A coach with a six-in-hand was waiting at the front entrance. It was a dark, autumn night. The coachman could not see the pole of the carriage. Men with

[1] *Zub*, from which the name Zúbova is derived, means "tooth."

lanterns were standing on the door-steps. The great mansion was alive with lights, shining through the lofty windows. The domestics were gathered in the entry to say good-by to the young prince; all the household were collected in the hall: Mikhaïl Ivanovitch, Mlle. Bourienne, the Princess Maríya, and her sister-in-law. Prince Andreï had been summoned to his father's cabinet, where the old prince wished to bid him good-by privately. All were waiting for their coming.

When Prince Andreï went into the cabinet, the old prince, with spectacles on his nose and in his white dressing-gown, in which he never received any one except his son, was sitting at the table and writing. He looked around.

"Are you off?" and he went on with his writing.

"I have come to bid you good-by."

"Kiss me here." He indicated his cheek. "Thank you, thank you."

"Why do you thank me?"

"Because you don't dilly-dally, because you don't hang on to your wife's petticoats. Service before all! Thank you! thank you!"

And he went on with his writing so vigorously that the ink flew from his sputtering pen. "If you have anything to say, speak. I can attend to these two things at once," he added.

"About my wife — I am so sorry to be obliged to leave her on your hands."

"What nonsense is that? Tell me what you want."

"When it is time for my wife to be confined, send to Moscow for an *accoucheur*. Have him here early."

The old prince paused, and pretending not to understand, fixed his stern eyes on his son.

"I know that no one can help, if nature does not do her work," said Prince Andreï, evidently confused; "I am aware that out of millions of cases only one goes amiss; but this is her whim and mine. They have been talking to her, she had a dream, and she is afraid."

"Hm! hm!" growled the old prince, taking up his pen again. "I will do so." He wrote a few more lines,

suddenly turned upon his son, and said with a sneer, "Bad business, hey?"

"What is bad, batyushka?"

"Wife!" said the old prince, with laconic significance.

"I don't understand you," said Prince Andreï.

"Well, there's nothing to be done about it, little friend," said the prince; "they 're all alike, there 's no way of getting unmarried. Don't be disturbed, I won't tell any one, but you know 't is so."

He seized his son's hand in his small, bony fingers and shook it, looking him straight in the face with his keen eyes, which seemed to look through a man, and then once more laughed his cold laugh.

The son sighed, thereby signifying that his father read him correctly. The old man continued to fold and seal his letters with his usual rapidity, and when he had finished he caught up and put away the wax, the seal, and the paper.

"What can you do? She's a beauty! I will see that everything is done. Be easy on that score," said he, abruptly, as he sealed the last letter.

Andreï made no reply: it was both pleasant and disagreeable to have his father understand him so well. The old man stood up and handed a letter to his son.

"Listen," said he, "don't worry about your wife. Whatever can be done, shall be done. Now listen: give this letter to Mikhaïl Ilarionovitch.[1] I have written him to employ you in the good places, and not keep you too long as aide, — it 's a nasty position. Tell him I remember him with affection, and write me how he receives you. If all goes well, stay and serve him. Nikolaï Andreyitch Bolkonsky's son must not serve any one from mere favoritism. Now, come here."

He spoke so rapidly that he did not finish half of his words, but his son understood him; he led him to a desk, threw back a lid, opened a little box, and took out a note-book, written in his own large, angular, but close hand.

"I shall probably die before you do. Remember,

[1] Kutúzof.

these are my memoirs; they are to be given to the emperor, after my death. Now, see here, take this banknote and this letter: this is a prize for the one who shall write a history of the wars of Suvorof; send it to the Academy. Here are my notes; after I am gone you may read them, you will find them worth your while."

Andreï did not tell his father that he would probably live a long time yet. He felt that it was not necessary to say that.

"I will do it all, bátyushka," said he.

"Well, then, good-by." He offered him his hand to kiss, and then gave him an embrace. "Remember one thing, Prince Andreï; if you are killed it will be hard for me to bear; I am an old man...." He unexpectedly paused, and then as suddenly proceeded, in a tempestuous voice: "But if I should hear that you had behaved unworthy of a son of Nikolaï Bolkonsky, I should be — ashamed," he hissed.

"You should not have said that to me, batyushka," replied the son, with a smile.

The old man was silent.

"I have still another request to make of you," Prince Andreï went on to say. "If I should be killed, and if a son should be born to me, don't let him go from you, as I was saying last evening. Let him grow up under your roof, please."

"Not let your wife have him?" asked the old man, and tried to laugh.

Both stood in silence for some moments, facing each other. The old man's keen eyes gazed straight into his son's. There was a slight tremor in the lower part of the old prince's face.

"We have said good-by, now go!" said he, suddenly. "Go!" he cried in a stern, loud voice, opening his cabinet door.

"What is it? what's the matter?" asked Prince Andreï's wife and sister, as the young man came out, and they caught a momentary glimpse of the old prince, in his white dressing-gown, and without his wig, and in

his spectacles, as he appeared at the door, screaming at his son.

Prince Andreï sighed, and made no answer.

"Well?" said he, turning to his wife, and this "well (*nu*)" sounded chillingly sarcastic, as if he had said, "Now begin your little comedy."

"André, already?" said the little wife, turning pale, and fixing her terror-stricken eyes on her husband. He took her in his arms; she gave a cry, and fell fainting on his shoulder.

He carefully disengaged himself from her form, looked into her face, and tenderly laid her in an arm-chair.

"Adieu, Marie," said he, gently, to his sister, kissed her hand, and hastened out of the room.

The fainting princess lay in the chair; Mlle. Bourienne chafed her temples. The Princess Maríya, holding her up, was still looking, with her lovely eyes dim with tears, at the door through which Prince Andreï had disappeared, and her blessing followed him.

In the cabinet the old prince was heard repeatedly blowing his nose, with sharp, angry reports, like pistol-shots. Prince Andreï had hardly left the room when the cabinet door was hurriedly flung open, and the prince's stern figure appeared in the white khalát.

"Has he gone?" he asked; "well, it is just as well," said he. Then, looking angrily at the unconscious little princess, he shook his head reproachfully, and clapped the door to after him.

PART SECOND

CHAPTER I

IN October, 1805, the Russian army were cantoned in certain villages and towns in the archduchy of Austria, making a heavy burden for the inhabitants, and still new regiments were on the way from Russia, and concentrating around the fortress of Braunau, where Kutuzof, the commander-in-chief, had his headquarters.

On the twenty-third of October of that year, one of the many regiments of infantry that had just arrived stopped about half a mile from the city, waiting to be reviewed by the commander-in-chief. Notwithstanding the un-Russian landscape — orchards, stone walls, tiled roofs, and mountains on the horizon — and the un-Russian aspect of the people, who gathered to look with curiosity at the soldiers, this regiment presented exactly the same appearance as every other Russian regiment getting ready for inspection anywhere in the center of Russia.

The evening before, during their last march, word had been received that the commander-in-chief would review the regiment. The words of the order had not seemed altogether clear to the regimental commander, and the question having arisen, how it was to be taken, — were they to be in marching order or not? — he called a council of officers, at which it was decided that the regiment should be presented in parade dress, on the principle that it is always better to go beyond than not to come up to the requirements. And the soldiers, after a march of three hundred versts, during which they had not once closed their eyes, were kept all night mending and cleaning; the aides and captains classified and enrolled their men, and by morning the regiment, instead of a straggling, disorderly mob, such as it had

been during the last stage of their march, presented a compact mass of two thousand men, each one of whom knew his place and his duty; every button and every strap were in order, and shining with neatness.

Not only were all the externals put into perfect order, but if the commander-in-chief should take it into his head to look under the uniforms, then he would have found that each man had on a clean shirt, and that in each knapsack were the required number of things, "*shíltse i míltse*" — awl and soap — as the soldiers express it.

There was only one particular in regard to which no one could be satisfied; that was the footwear. The shoes of more than half of the men were in tatters. But this lack was not the fault of the regimental commander, since, notwithstanding his repeated demands, the necessary goods had not been furnished by the Austrian commissariat, and, moreover, the regiment had marched a thousand versts.

The regimental commander was an elderly general, of sanguine complexion, with gray brows and side-whiskers; he was stout and broad; the distance from his chest to his back was greater than across his shoulders. He wore a brand-new uniform, which showed the creases caused by the garments having been folded, and on his shoulders were heavy gold epaulets, which raised his fat shoulders still higher.

The regimental commander had the aspect of a man who had happily accomplished one of the most important functions of life. He marched up and down in front of the line, and as he marched he shook at every step, slightly bending his back. It could be seen that the regimental commander was very fond of his regiment, and felt happy at the idea that all his mental faculties were absorbed in it. But, nevertheless, his pompous gait seemed to insinuate that over and above his military interests there was still left no small room in his heart for the affairs of society and the female sex.

"Well, batyushka, Mikhaïlo Mitritch," said he, turning to one of the battalion commanders, who stepped forward

with a smile (it was evident that they were all happy), "we had a pretty tough tussle last night, did n't we? However, according to my idea our regiment is n't one of the worst, hey?"

The battalion commander appreciated the jocund irony and laughed.

"No, we should not be driven off from the Empress's Field."[1]

"What is it?" asked the commander, catching sight of two horsemen galloping along the road to the city, lined with signal men. It was an aide with a Cossack riding behind him.

The aide had been sent from headquarters to explain what had been enigmatical in the last evening's order, and especially to insist upon it that the commander-in-chief wished to review the regiment in exactly the condition in which it had arrived — in cloaks, gun-covers, and without any preparations whatever!

The evening before, it had happened that a member of the Hofkriegsrath had arrived from Vienna, asking and urging that Kutuzof should make all haste to join the allied armies under the Archduke Ferdinand and General Mack; and Kutuzof, considering that this junction was not advantageous, desired to exhibit in support of his own theories, and to have the Austrian general see for himself, the pitiable state in which the army from Russia had arrived. With this end in view he was anxious to find the regiment in marching order, and therefore the worse the situation of the men the more agreeable it would be to him. The aide knew nothing about these reasons, but he transmitted to the regimental commander the general-in-chief's urgent desire that the men should be in marching order, and added that if it were otherwise the commander-in-chief would be very much offended.

On hearing these words, the regimental commander hung his head, silently shrugged his shoulders, and spread his hands with a despairing gesture.

"This is great doings!" he cried. "It 's what I told

[1] *Tsaritsuin Lug*, a famous parade ground near St. Petersburg. — Tr.

you, Mikhaïlo Mitritch — in marching order, in cloaks," said he, turning reproachfully to the battalion commander. "Akh! my God," he exclaimed, and stepped resolutely forward. "Gentlemen! Company commanders!" he cried in a voice accustomed to command. "Sergeants! — Will they be here soon?" he asked, turning to the aide with an expression of deferential politeness evidently proportioned to the dignity of the personage of whom he was speaking.

"Within an hour, I think."

"Shall we have time to make the change?"

"I don't know, general."

The regimental commander, hastening into the ranks, made the dispositions for changing back into marching costume again. The company commanders ran to their companies, the sergeants bustled about (the cloaks had not yet been put in perfect order) and in an instant the solid squares, which had just been standing silently and orderly, stirred, stretched out, and began to buzz with busy voices. Soldiers were running in every direction, getting their knapsacks on their shoulders and over their heads, taking down their cloaks and lifting their arms high in the air, trying to get them into their sleeves.

Within half an hour the whole regiment was in the same order as before; only the squares were transformed from black to gray. The regimental commander was again walking up and down in front of the regiment with the same tottering gait, and inspecting it from a distance.

"What does that mean? What is that?" he cried, suddenly halting. "Commander of the third company!"

"The general wants the commander of the third company...."

"The general wants the commander of the third!".... "The general wants the commander of the third company!" cried various voices along the ranks, and an aide hastened to discover the missing officer.

Even while the sounds of gruff voices commingling, and some even crying "The company wants the gen-

eral," rang along the lines, the missing officer appeared from behind his company, and, although he was well on in years and not used to running, he came toward the general at an awkward dog-trot on his tiptoes.

The captain's face expressed such anxiety as a schoolboy feels when he is called upon to recite a lesson which has not been learned. His nose was red and covered with blotches (evidently caused by intemperance) and his mouth twitched nervously. The regimental commander surveyed the delinquent captain from head to foot, as he came up, panting, and slackening his pace as he approached.

"Do you let your men wear women's sarafans? What does that mean?" cried the regimental commander, thrusting out his lower jaw and pointing to a soldier in the ranks of the third company who wore a colored capote of broadcloth in violent contrast with the cloaks of the other soldiers. "Where have you been? The commander-in-chief is expected, and here you are out of your place! — Hey? — I will teach you to dress your men in Cossack coats for review! — Hey!"

The company commander, not taking his eyes from his chief, kept his two fingers at his visor, as if he found his salvation now in this one position alone.

"Well, why don't you speak? Whom have you there, in that Hungarian costume?" sternly demanded the regimental commander, with grim facetiousness.

"Your excellency...."

"Well, what of *your excellency?* 'Your excellency'! and 'your excellency'! But what does .... do you mean by 'your excellency'?[1] Nobody knows what you mean!"

"Your excellency, that is Dolokhof, cashiered," stammered the captain.

"Well, was he cashiered to be a field-marshal, or a private? If as a private, then he ought to be dressed like the others, in uniform!"

"Your excellency, you yourself allowed him to dress so on the march."

"Allowed him? Allowed him? That's always the

[1] *Vâshe prevaskhodîyelstvo.*

way with you young men," said the regimental commander, cooling down a little. "Allowed him? We tell you one thing and you...." The regimental commander paused. "We tell you one thing and you.... well!" said he, with a fresh access of temper, "be good enough to have your men dressed decently."....

And the regimental commander glanced at the aide and proceeded along the line with his faltering gait. It could be seen that his outburst of temper had given him great satisfaction, and that as he passed along the line he wanted to find some excuse for further violence. Berating one officer for not having a clean gorget, and another for having his company "dressed" unevenly, he proceeded to company three. "H-o-o-o-ow are you standing? Where is your leg? Your leg! where is it?" screamed the regimental commander, with a suggestion of keen suffering in his voice, passing by half a dozen men to come to Dolokhof, who was dressed in a blue cloak.

Dolokhof slowly straightened his bended leg, and, with his keen, bold eyes, stared into the general's face.

"Why that blue cloak? Off with it! Sergeant! strip him. The blun...."

He did not have time to finish.

"General, I am bound to fulfil orders, but I am not bound to put up with...." began Dolokhof, hastily.

"No talking in the ranks! No talking, no talking!"

"I am not bound to put up with insults," cried Dolokhof, in a loud, ringing voice. The eyes of the general and the private met.

The general said no more, but angrily pulled down his tight belt.

"Have the goodness to change your coat, I beg of you," said he, as he turned away.

CHAPTER II

"He is coming," cried one of the signalmen.

The regimental commander, flushing scarlet, ran to his horse, adjusted the stirrup with trembling hands, threw himself into the saddle, straightened himself up, drew his saber, and, with a radiant, resolute face, drew his mouth to one side, ready to shout his order. A shiver ran through the regiment, as if it were a bird about to spread its wings; then it became motionless.

"Eyes fr-r-r-r-ront!" cried the regimental commander, in a voice trembling with emotion; pleasant as it sounded to himself, it was peremptory toward the regiment, and suggestive of welcome to the approaching chief.

Along the broad highway, unpaved, shaded with trees, came a high Viennese calash, painted blue, and swinging easily on its springs, as its six horses trotted briskly along. Behind it galloped the suite and an escort of Kroatians. Next Kutuzof sat the Austrian general, in a white uniform, contrasting strangely with the dark Russian ones. The calash drew up near the regiment. Kutuzof and the Austrian general were engaged in conversation in low tones, and Kutuzof smiled slightly, as he slowly and heavily stepped down from the carriage, exactly as if the two thousand men who were breathlessly gazing at him, and the regimental commander, did not exist.

The word of command rang out, again the regiment stirred into life, and presented arms. In the dead silence the commander-in-chief's weak voice was heard.

The regiment shouted, "Long life to your hi-i-ighness!" and again all was still.

At first Kutuzof stood where he was and watched the regiment go through its evolution; then, side by side with the general in the white uniform, and accompanied by his suite, he started to walk down the line.

By the way in which the regimental commander had saluted his chief, and kept his eyes fastened upon him, and now followed behind the two generals as they

walked down the lines, and by the way that he drew himself up and bent forward to listen to every word that fell from their lips, it was evident that he fulfilled his duties as a subordinate with even greater satisfaction than he did those of a commander. The regiment, thanks to the commander's stern discipline and strenuous endeavors, was in excellent condition compared to the others which had come to Braunau at the same time; there were only two hundred and seventeen sick and stragglers; and all things were in excellent order, with the exception of the shoes.

Kutuzof proceeded down the ranks, occasionally stopping to say a few friendly words to officers or even privates whom he had known during the war with Turkey. Glancing at their shoes, he more than once shook his head mournfully and directed the Austrian general's attention to them with an expression which meant to imply that he would not blame any one for it, but that he could not avoid seeing how wretched it was.

The regimental commander, each time that he did so, pushed forward, fearing to lose a single word that his chief might speak regarding his regiment.

Behind Kutuzof, just near enough to be able to catch every word, however lightly spoken, that might fall from his lips, followed the twenty men of his suite, talking among themselves and occasionally laughing. Nearest to the commander-in-chief walked a handsome aide; this was Prince Bolkonsky. Next him went his messmate, Nesvitsky a tall and remarkably stalwart staff-officer, with a kindly, smiling, handsome face and liquid eyes. Nesvitsky could hardly refrain from laughing at the antics of a dark-complexioned officer of hussars who was walking near him. The hussar officer, without smiling, and not changing the serious expression of his eyes, was staring at the regimental commander's back and mimicking his every motion. Every time that the general tottered and pushed forward, the young hussar officer would, in almost precisely the same way, totter and push forward. Nesvitsky was amused, and nudged the others to look at the mimic.

Kutuzof walked slowly and lazily in front of the thousands of eyes that were starting from their sockets to follow the motions of the chief. As he came along to company three, he suddenly halted. The suite, not anticipating this halt, involuntarily crowded up close to him.

"Ah, Timokhin!" cried the commander-in-chief, recognizing the red-nosed captain, — the one who had been obliged to suffer on account of the blue cloak.

It would seem as if it were impossible for him to draw himself up higher than he had done during the scolding administered by the regimental commander. But now that the commander-in-chief stopped to speak to him, the captain put such a strain upon himself, that it seemed as if he could not stand it should the commander-in-chief stay a moment longer; and, accordingly, Kutuzof, evidently appreciating his position and being anxious to show every kindness to the captain, hastened to turn away, a scarcely perceptible smile flitting over his plump, scarred face.

"Another comrade of Izmaïlo!" said he. "A brave officer! Are you satisfied with him?" asked Kutuzof of the regimental commander.

The regimental commander, who, unknown to himself, was mimicked as in a mirror by the officer of hussars, started as if stung, sprang forward, and replied: —

"Very well satisfied, your high excellency." [1]

"We all of us have our weaknesses," continued Kutuzof, smiling and turning away. "His used to be his devotion to Bacchus."

The regimental commander was alarmed lest he were to blame for this and found no words to reply. The hussar at this instant caught sight of the captain with the red nose and rounded belly and perpetrated such an exact imitation of his face and pose that Nesvitsky laughed outright. Kutuzof turned around. It was evident that the young officer had perfect command of his features; for at the instant that Kutuzof turned round

[1] *Vâshe vuisokoprevaskhodityelstvo.*

the officer's face had assumed the most serious, deferential, and innocent of expressions.

The third company was the last and Kutuzof paused, evidently trying to recollect something. Prince Andreï stepped out from the suite and said in French in an undertone: —

"You ordered me to remind you of Dolokhof, who was cashiered to this regiment...."

"Where is this Dolokhof?"

Dolokhof, who now wore the gray military cloak, did not wait to be summoned. Kutuzof saw a well-built soldier with light curly hair and bright blue eyes come forth from the ranks and present arms.

"A grievance?" asked Kutuzof, slightly frowning.

"That is Dolokhof," said Prince Andreï.

"Ah!" exclaimed Kutuzof, "I hope that you will profit by this lesson. Do your duty. The emperor is merciful. And I will not forget you, if you deserve well."

The clear blue eyes looked into the chief's face with the same boldness as at the regimental commander's, their expression seeming to rend the veil of rank that so widely separated the commander-in-chief from the private soldier.

"I should like to ask one favor, your high excellency," said he, deliberately, in his firm, ringing voice; "I beg that you give me a chance to wipe out my fault and show my devotion to his majesty the emperor, and to Russia."

Kutuzof turned away. The same sort of smile flashed over his face and through his eyes as at the time when he turned away from Captain Timokhin. He turned away and frowned, as if he wished to express by this that all that Dolokhof had said to him and all that he could possibly say to him he had known long, long ago, and that it was all a bore to him and that it was so much wasted breath. He turned away and went back to the calash.

The regiment broke up into companies and marched to the quarters assigned them not far from Braunau,

where they hoped to get shoes and clothes and rest after their hard marches.

"You will not complain of me, will you, Prokhor Ignatyitch," asked the regimental commander, galloping after the third company, which was going to quarters, and overtaking Captain Timokhin, who rode at their head. The regimental commander's face shone with unrestrained delight at the successful outcome of the review. "The service of the Tsar.... one can't help.... another time, if you happen to be out of line.... I am the first to apologize. You know me..... Thank you very much!"

And he held out his hand to the captain.

"I beg of you, general! how could I think of such a thing," replied the captain; his nose grew scarlet and he smiled, the smile betraying the lack of two front teeth which had been knocked out by the butt-end of a gun at Izmaïlo.

"And assure Mr. Dolokhof that I shall not forget him — let him rest easy on that score. And tell me, please, I have been wanting for some time to ask you, how does he behave? And always...."

"He is very regular in his duty, your excellency — but his temper...." said Timokhin.

"Well, what of his temper?" demanded the regimental commander.

"Some days, your excellency, he goes it," said the captain, "but otherwise he is intelligent and well-informed and quiet. And then again he is a wild beast. In Poland he almost killed a Jew; you must know...."

"Yes, yes," said the regimental commander. "We must always be easy on a young man in misfortune. You see he has influential connections.... so you had better...."

"I understand, your excellency," rejoined Timokhin, with a smile that showed that he understood his chief's desires.

"Yes, yes, just so!"

The regimental commander sought out Dolokhof in the ranks and reined in his horse.

"Epaulets at the first engagement!" said he.

Dolokhof looked up, but made no answer and did not alter the expression of the ironical smile that curled his lips.

"Well, this is very good," continued the regimental commander; "a glass of vodka to the men from me," he added, loud enough to be heard by the soldiers. "I thank you all! Slava Bohu — glory to God!" And he rode on and overtook the next company.

"Well, it 's a fact, he 's a good man and not hard to serve under," said Timokhin to a subaltern riding next him.

"In a word, very hearty," said the subaltern officer, laughing at his own joke. The regimental commander was nicknamed, "The King of Hearts."

The cheerful frame of mind felt by the officers after the review was shared also by the men. The regiment marched along merrily. On all sides were heard the voices of the soldiers talking.

"How is it? They say Kutuzof is blind of one eye?"

"Well, so he is, quite blind."

"Nay, brother, he can see better than you can. He inspected our boots and leg-wrappers and everything."

"How he looked at my legs! It seemed to me ...."

"And that other one, the *Avstriak* who was with him! I should think he was whitewashed! White as flour! Think what a job to clean that uniform!"

"Say, Fedeshou, did he say when we should begin to be on our guard? You were standing nearer to him! I was told that *Bunaparte* himself is at *Brunova*."

"Bunaparte here! what a lie, you fool! Don't you know anything? Now the *Prusak* is up in arms; and the *Avstriak*, of course, have got to put him down. And when he 's put down then there 'll be war with Bunaparte. And they say Bunaparte is here at Brunova! Anybody could see you was a fool! Keep your ears peeled, you idiot!"

"The devil! what sort of quartermasters these are! see! there 's the fifth company turning off into the

village; they 'll have their kasha-pots boiling, and here we are n't in yet!"

"Give me a biscuit, you devil!"

"Did n't I gie you some tobacky, last evening? Too thin, brother! Well, then, God be with you!"

"Oh! I wish they 'd call a halt! the idea of marching five versts more on an empty stomach!"

"What you 'd like 'd be for those Germans to give us a lift in their carriages. Then you 'd go easy enough; that would be fine!"

"But here, brother, see all these beggarly people come out! We had back there the *Polyaks*, they belonged to the Russian crown, but here, brother, there 's nothing but Germans come out."

"Singers to the front!" cried the captain.

A score of men from the different companies ran to their places at the head of the column. The drummer who led the singing faced the singers and waved his arm and struck up the drawling soldier's song beginning with the words: —

"*Is it the dawn, and has the red sun risen?*"

and ending: —

"*Well, boys, what glory we shall win with Father Kamyensky.*"

This song had been composed in Turkey, and was now sung in Austria, with simply this variation, that in place of "Father Kamyensky," Father Kutuzof was substituted.

The drummer, a stalwart, handsome fellow, forty years old, having sung these last words in a soldierly style, made a gesture with his hands as if he were throwing something to the ground, looked sternly at his singers, and frowned. Then, feeling the consciousness that all eyes were fastened upon him, he lifted his arms high above his head, as if he were carrying with the greatest care some invisible and precious object, and, holding them so for several moments, he suddenly flung it down with a despairing gesture, singing: —

"Akh vui séni, moï séni," [1]

while twenty voices took up the refrain, "my new cottage," and a spoonmaker, disregarding the weight of his equipment, friskily danced ahead and walked backwards before the company, shrugging his shoulders and making gestures of defiance with his spoons.

The soldiers, clapping their hands in time with the measure of the song, marched on in step.

Behind them were heard the rattle of wheels, the creaking of springs, and the trampling of horses' feet. It was Kutuzof and his suite, on their way back to the city. The commander-in-chief signified that the men should keep on as they were, and he and all his suite showed by their faces how much they enjoyed the music of the songs, the sight of the dancing soldier, and the bold and buoyant appearance of the company.

Conspicuous in the second file of the right flank, near which the calash passed, was Dolokhof, the blue-eyed soldier, who was marching along with an extraordinarily bold and graceful gait, keeping time to the song and looking into the faces of those who passed, with an expression as if he pitied all who did not march with his company. The cornet of hussars in Kutuzof's suite, who had mimicked the regimental commander, fell behind the calash and drew up alongside of Dolokhof.

Zherkof, this cornet of hussars, had at one time belonged to the same wild set in Petersburg of which Dolokhof was the leader. Here, abroad, Zherkof met Dolokhof in the ranks, but did not find it expedient to recognize him at first. Now, however, since Kutuzof had set the example by talking with the degraded officer, he went to him with all the cordiality of an old friend.

"My dear fellow, how are you?" said he, right in the midst of the song, as he walked his horse abreast of the company.

"How am I?" repeated Dolokhof, coldly. "As you see."

[1] Ah, my cottage, my cottage.

The military song gave a special significance to the tone of easy good fellowship in which Zherkof spoke, and the pronounced coolness of Dolokhof's answer.

"And how do you get along with your chiefs?" asked Zherkof.

"All right; good fellows. How did you manage to get on the staff?"

"I am attached — on duty."

Neither spoke.

"Vuipuskála sokolá
Da iz právava rukavá"[1]

rang out the song, involuntarily inspiring a bold, blithe feeling. Their talk would probably have been different, if they had not spoken while the singing was in progress.

"Is it true that the Austrians are beaten?" asked Dolokhóf.

"The devil only knows; so they say."

"I am glad of it," exclaimed Dolokhof, curtly and distinctly, as if the song demanded it of him.

"Say, come to us this evening. You 'll have a chance at faro," said Zherkof.

"Did you bring much money with you?"

"Come."

"Can't. I 've sworn off. I neither drink nor play till I 'm promoted."

"Well, that 'll come the first engagement."

"We shall see."

Again they relapsed into silence.

"Look in, anyway; if you need anything, the staff will help you."

Dolokhof laughed.

"You 'd better not trouble yourself. If I need anything, I shall not ask for it; I 'll take it."

"Well, I mean...."

"Well, and so do I mean."

"Good-by."

"Farewell."

[1] She unleashed the falcon, and from the right sleeve.

"I vuisokó i dalekó,
Na rodómu storanú."[1]

Zherkof put spurs to his horse, which pranced and danced not knowing with which foot to start, and then, with a spring, galloped off, leaving the company far behind, and overtook the calash, while still the rhythm of the song seemed to wing its feet.

CHAPTER III

On his return from the review, Kutuzof, accompanied by the Austrian general, went into his private room, and calling his aide bade him bring certain papers relating to the state of the troops, and some letters received from the Archduke Ferdinand, the commander of the army of the van. Prince Andreï Bolkonsky came into the commander-in-chief's office with the desired papers. Kutuzof and the member of the Hofkriegsrath were sitting at a table on which was spread a map.

"Ah," said Kutuzof, with a glance at Bolkonsky, signifying by this exclamation that the adjutant was to wait, while at the same time he went on in French with the conversation that he had begun.

"I have only one thing to say, general," proceeded Kutuzof, with a pleasing elegance of diction and accent which constrained one to listen to each deliberately spoken word.

It was evident that Kutuzof took pleasure in hearing himself.

"I have only one thing to say, general; if the matter depended solely on me, then the desire of his majesty the Emperor Franz would long ago have been fulfilled. I should long ago have joined the archduke. And I assure you, on my honor, that for me personally, I should have been rejoiced to give over the supreme command of the armies to a general so much more

[1] "High and far in our fatherland."

learned and more experienced than myself, — and such men abound in Austria, — and to be relieved of the heavy responsibility; but circumstances are often beyond our control, general."

And Kutuzof smiled, with an expression which seemed to say: 'You are at perfect liberty not to put any confidence in what I say, and it is absolutely of no consequence to me whether you believe me or not, but you have no need to tell me so. And that 's all there is of it.'

The Austrian general looked dissatisfied, but could not do otherwise than reply in the same tone.

"On the contrary," said he, in a querulous and angry tone, that gave the lie to the flattering intention of his words, "on the contrary, his majesty highly appreciates the part that your excellency has taken in the common cause; but we think that the present delay will rob the brave Russian army and their generals of those laurels which they are in the habit of winning in war," he rejoined, in a phrase evidently prepared beforehand.

Kutuzof bowed, but still continued to smile.

"Well, such is my idea of it, and relying upon the last letter which his highness the Archduke Ferdinand has done me the honor of writing me, I have no doubt that the Austrian army, under the command of such an experienced coadjutor as General Mack, has already won a decisive victory and no longer needs our aid," said Kutuzof.

The general frowned. There was indeed no accurate information about the condition of the Austrians, yet there was a preponderating weight of circumstantial evidence in favor of the unfavorable rumors that were in circulation, and, therefore, Kutuzof's assumption of an Austrian victory seemed very much like a jest. But Kutuzof smiled blandly, with an expression which seemed to affirm his right to make this assumption. In fact, the last letter that he had received from Mack's army informed him of a probable victory, and of the very advantageous strategical position of his army.

"Give me that letter," said Kutuzof, addressing

Prince Andreï. "Have the goodness to listen to this," and Kutuzof, with an ironical smile hovering on his lips, read in German to the Austrian general the following passage from the Archduke Ferdinand's letter: —

"We have our forces perfectly concentrated — nearly seventy thousand strong — so that we can attack and defeat the enemy should he attempt to cross the Lech. Since we are masters of Ulm, we cannot lose the advantage of having control of both banks of the Danube; moreover, should the enemy not cross the Lech, we can at any moment take the other side of the Danube, attack his line of communication, and, by recrossing the Danube lower down, instantly nullify his plans, if he should think of turning the main body of his forces against our faithful allies. Thus we can confidently wait the moment when the imperial Russian army is ready to join us, and then easily find an opportunity in common to inflict upon the enemy the fate that he deserves." [1]

Kutuzof drew a long breath, when he had finished this passage, and looked with a sympathetic and kindly expression at the member of the Hofkriegsrath.

"But you know, your excellency, that the proverb advises to be prepared for the worst," said the Austrian general, evidently anxious to have done with jokes and take up serious business. He involuntarily glanced at the aide.

"Excuse me, general," exclaimed Kutuzof, interrupting him and also turning to Prince Andreï. "See here, my dear fellow, get from Kozlovsky all the reports from our scouts. Here are two letters from Count Nostitz, and here 's a letter from his highness the Archduke Ferdinand, — another still," said he, handing him several papers. "Have an abstract of these made out neatly in French, as a memorandum, so that we can see at a glance all the facts that we have in regard to the doings of the Austrian army. Now then, when it is done you will hand it to his excellency."

Prince Andreï inclined his head as a sign that he comprehended from the very first word not only all that

[1] In German in the original.

Kutuzof had said, but all that he intended to say to him. He gathered up the papers and with a general salutation went into the reception-room, stepping noiselessly over the soft carpet.

Notwithstanding the fact that not much time had elapsed since Prince Andreï had left Russia, he had greatly changed. In the expression of his face, in his motions, in his gait, there was almost nothing to be recognized of his former affectation, lassitude, and laziness. He had the appearance of a man who has no time to think about the impression that he produces upon others, but who is occupied with pleasant and interesting work. His face showed more of contentment with himself and his surroundings; his smile and glance were more cheerful and attractive.

Kutuzof, whom he joined in Poland, had received him very warmly and promised not to forget him; treated him with more distinction than his other aides, and had taken him to Vienna with him and intrusted him with the most important duties. From Vienna Kutuzof sent a letter to his old comrade, Prince Andreï's father: —

"Your son," he wrote, "bids fair to become an officer who will be distinguished for his quickness of perception, his firmness, and his faithfulness. I count myself fortunate in having such an assistant."

Among the officers of Kutúzof's staff and in the army generally, Prince Andreï bore two diametrically opposite reputations, just the same as in Petersburg society. One party, the minority, regarded Prince Andreï as in some way different from themselves and all other people, and expected him to achieve the most brilliant success; they listened to him, praised him, and imitated him, and Prince Andreï was on pleasant and easy terms with these men. The other party, the majority, were not fond of Prince Andreï; they considered him haughty, cold, and disagreeable. But Prince Andreï had conducted himself toward these men in such a way as to win their respect and even their fear.

Coming into the reception-room from Kutuzof's cabinet, Prince Andreï took his papers to his colleague, the

aide Kozlovsky, who was on duty and was sitting with a book at the window.

"Well, what is it, prince?" asked Kozlovsky.

"You are ordered to draw up a memorandum, to account for our not advancing."

"But why?"

Prince Andreï shrugged his shoulders.

"Any news of Mack?" asked Kozlovsky.

"No."

"If it were true that he is defeated, the news would have come by this time."

"Probably," rejoined Prince Andreï, and started for the outer door; but at that very instant the door was flung almost into his face, and a tall Austrian general, in an overcoat, and with his head swathed in a dark handkerchief, and with the ribbon of Maria Theresa around his neck, hurried into the room, having evidently just arrived from a journey.

Prince Andreï paused.

"General-in-chief Kutuzof?" hurriedly asked the newly arrived general, with a strong German accent, and, looking anxiously on all sides, started without delay for the door of the general's private room.

"The general-in-chief is engaged," said Kozlovsky, hastening toward the unknown general and barring the way to the cabinet. "Whom shall I announce?"

The unknown general looked scornfully down on the diminutive Kozlovsky, and seemed to be amazed that he was not recognized.

"The general-in-chief is engaged," repeated Kozlovsky, calmly.

The general's face contracted, his lips drew together and trembled.

He drew out a note-book, quickly wrote something in pencil, tore out the leaf, and handed it to the aide; then, with quick steps, he walked over to the window, threw himself into a chair, and surveyed those in the room, as if to ask why they stared at him so. Then the general lifted his head, stretched out his neck, as if he were about to say something, and then,

affecting to hum to himself, produced a strange sound, instantly swallowed. The office door opened, and Kutuzof himself appeared on the threshold. The general with the bandaged head, who had apparently escaped from some peril, bowed, and hastened, with long swift strides of his thin legs, across the room, toward Kutuzof.

"You see the unfortunate Mack!" said he, in a broken voice.

Kutuzof's face, as he stood at his office door, remained perfectly unchangeable for several moments. Then a frown ran like a wave across his brow, and passed off, leaving his face as serene as before. He respectfully bent his head, shut his eyes, silently allowed Mack to pass in front of him into the office, and then closed the door behind him.

The rumor, already spread abroad, as to the defeat of the Austrians and the surrender of the whole army at Ulm, was thus proved to be correct. Within half an hour aides were flying about in all directions with orders for the Russian army, till now inactive, to prepare with all haste to meet the enemy.

Prince Andreï was one of those uncommon staff-officers who devote their chief interest to the general operations of the war. On seeing Mack, and learning the particulars of his defeat, he realized that half of the campaign was lost, realized the difficult situation of the Russian army, and vividly pictured the fate that was awaiting the army, and the part which he was about to play in it. In spite of himself he experienced a strong feeling of delight at the thought of the shame that Austria had brought upon herself, and that perhaps within a week he would have a chance to witness and take part in an encounter between the Russians and the French, the first since the time of Suvorof.

But he feared lest Bonaparte's genius should show itself superior to all the valor of the Russian troops, and at the same time he could not bear the thought of his hero suffering disgrace.

Agitated and stirred by these thoughts, Prince An-

dreï started for his room to write his father, to whom he sent a daily letter. In the corridor he fell in with his roommate, Nesvitsky, and the buffoon Zherkof; as usual, they were laughing and joking.

"Why are you so down in the mouth?" asked Nesvitsky, noticing Prince Andreï's pale face and flashing eyes.

"There 's nothing to be gay about," replied Bolkonsky.

Just as Prince Andreï joined Nesvitsky and Zherkof, there came toward them from the other end of the corridor the Austrian general, Strauch, who was attached to Kutuzof's staff to look after the commissariat of the Russian army. He was with the member of the Hofkriegsrath, who had arrived the evening before.

There was plenty of room in the wide corridor for the generals to pass without incommoding the three officers; but Zherkof, giving Nesvitsky a push, exclaimed in a hurried voice: —

"They are coming!.... they are coming!.... Stand aside, please! Please make room!"

The generals came along, evidently desiring to avoid embarrassing etiquette. A stupid smile of pleasure spread over the buffoon Zherkof's face; it was plain that he could not repress it.

"Your excellency," said he, in German, as he stepped forward and addressed the Austrian general, "I have the honor of congratulating you."

He made a low bow, and, awkwardly, like a child learning to dance, began to scrape first with one foot, then with the other.

The member of the Hofkriegsrath gave him a stern look; but, concluding by his idiotic smile that he was in earnest, he was constrained to listen for a moment. He frowned, to show that he was listening.

"I have the honor of congratulating you! General Mack has come; he 's perfectly well, save for a slight wound here," said he, with a radiant smile, pointing to his head.

The general frowned, and turned away, — and went on his way.

"Gott! what simplicity!" said he, angrily, after he had gone a few steps.

Nesvitsky, with a laugh, threw his arms around Prince Andreï; but the latter, paler than ever, and with a wrathful look on his face, pushed him aside, and turned to Zherkof. The nervous excitement induced by the sight of Mack, by the news of his defeat, and the thoughts of what was awaiting the Russian army, found its outlet in wrath at this ill-timed jest of Zherkof's.

"If you, my dear sir," he exclaimed scornfully, while his lower jaw twitched a little, "choose to be a buffoon, why, I cannot hinder you; but I assure you that if you *dare* a second time to act like a fool in my presence, I will teach you how to behave."

Nesvitsky and Zherkof were so amazed at this outburst that all they could do was to look in silence at Bolkónsky, with wide-open eyes.

"Why, I only congratulated them!" said Zherkof.

"I am not jesting with you; be good enough to hold your tongue!" cried Bolkonsky, and taking Nesvitsky by the arm he drew him away from Zherkof, who found nothing to say.

"Well, now, what's the matter, brother?" asked Nesvitsky, in a soothing tone.

"What's the matter?" repeated Prince Andreï, pausing in his excitement. "Why, you know well enough, either we are officers in the service of our Tsar and our country, rejoicing at our common success and grieving over our common failure, or we are 'lackeys,' who have no interest in our master's concerns. Forty thousand men massacred and the army of our allies destroyed, and still you find it something to laugh at!" said he, as if these last sentences, which were spoken in French, added to the effect of what he was saying. "It is well enough for a trifler like that fellow whom you have made your friend, but not for you, not for you. Only silly boys could find amusement in such things," said Prince Andreï, suddenly changing to Russian again, but pronouncing the Russian word for silly boys with a French accent. Noticing that Zherkof was still within hearing,

he waited to see if the cornet had any answer to make. But Zherkof had turned away and was going down the corridor.

CHAPTER IV

The Pavlograd regiment of hussars was encamped two miles from Braunau. The squadron in which Nikolaï Rostof served as yunker was quartered in the German village of Salzeneck. The squadron commander, Captain Denísof, who was known to the entire cavalry division as Vaska Denísof, had been assigned to the best house in the village. Yunker Rostof had shared the captain's quarters ever since he joined the regiment in Poland.

On the very same October day, when at headquarters all had been thrown into excitement by the news of Mack's defeat, the camp life of the squadron was going on in its usual tranquil course. Denísof, who had been playing a losing game of cards all night long, had not yet returned to his rooms, when Rostof early in the morning rode up on horseback from his foraging tour. He was in his yunker uniform, and, as he galloped up to the doorstep and threw over his leg with the agile dexterity of youth, he paused a moment in the stirrup, as if sorry to dismount, but at last sprang lightly from the horse and called the orderly.

"Hey! Bondarenko, my dear fellow," he shouted to the hussar who hurried forward to attend to the horse. "Lead him about a little, my friend," said he, with that fraternal geniality with which handsome young men are apt to treat everybody when they are happy.

"I will, your illustriousness," replied the little Russian,[1] gayly shaking his head.

"See that you walk him about well."

Another hussar also hastened up to attend to the horse, but Bondarenko had already taken the bridle. It was evident that the yunker gave handsome fees and that it was a pleasure to serve him. Rostof smoothed

[1] *Khokhól*, literally Topknot, a nickname of the Malo-Russians.

the horse's neck, then his flank, and turned and looked back from the step.

"Excellent! He 'll be a horse worth having!" said he to himself, and then smiling and picking up his saber he mounted the steps with clinking spurs.

The German who owned the house glanced up as he worked in his shirt-sleeves and nightcap, pitching over manure in the cow-house. The German's face always lighted at the sight of Rostof. He gayly smiled and winked: —

"Good-morning, good-morning!" he reiterated, evidently taking great satisfaction in giving the young man his morning greeting.

"Busy already?" asked Rostof, with the same good-natured, friendly smile, which so well became his animated face. "Hurrah for the Austrians! hurrah for the Russians! hurrah for the Kaiser Alexander!" he shouted, repeating the words which his German host was fond of saying. The German laughed, came out from the door of the cow-house, took off his nightcap, and waving it over his head, cried, "Hurrah for the whole world!"

Rostof, following the German's example, waved his forage cap around his head, and with a merry laugh shouted, "*Und vivat die ganze Welt!* — Long live the whole world!"

Although there was no special reason for rejoicing, either on the part of the German who was engaged in pitching manure, or of Rostof, who had been on a long ride with his men after hay, nevertheless both of these men looked at each other with joyous enthusiasm and brotherly love, nodded their heads to show that they understood each other, and then separated with a smile, the German to his cow-house, and Rostof to the cottage which he and Denísof shared together.

"What is your master doing?" he asked of Lavrushka, Denísof's rascally valet, who was known to the whole regiment.

"He has n't been in since evening. Probably been losing at cards," replied Lavrushka. "I have learned

that, if he has good luck, he comes in early and in high spirits, but if he does not get in before morning, it means he 's been losing, and he 'll come in mad enough. Will you have coffee ? "

" Yes, give me some."

In less than ten minutes, Lavrushka brought the coffee. " He 's coming," said he, " now we 'll get it ! "

Rostof glanced out of the window and saw Denísof meandering home. He was a little man, with a red face, brilliant black eyes, and black mustache, and hair all in disorder. He wore a hussar's pelisse unbuttoned, wide, sagging pantaloons, and a hussar's cap, crumpled on the back of his head. He came up the steps in a gloomy mood, with hanging head.

" Lav'ushka," he cried in a loud, surly voice, " here, you blockhead — take this off ! "

" Don't you see I am taking it off ? " replied Lavrushka's voice.

" Ah, you are up alweady ? " asked Denísof, as he came into the cottage.

" Long ago ! " replied Rostof. " I have been after hay and I saw Fräulein Mathilde ! "

" So ho ! and there I have been, bwother, losing howibly all night, like a son of a dog ! " cried Denísof, swallowing his R's. " Such howid bad luck ! Peffectly howid ! The moment you left, luck changed. Hey there, tea ! "

Denísof snarled with a sort of smile, which showed his short, sound teeth, and began to run the short fingers of both hands through his thick, black hair, that stood up like a forest.

" The devil himself dwove me to that Wat " (the officer's nickname was the Rat), said he, rubbing his forehead and face with both hands. " Just imagine ! Did n't have a single cahd, not one, not a single one ! "

Denísof took the pipe which had been handed to him already lighted, grasped it in his fist, and knocked it on the floor, scattering the fire, shouting all the time : —

" Simple stakes, lose the doubles, simple stakes, lose the doubles." He scattered the fire, broke his pipe in

two, and flung it away. Then, after a silence, he suddenly looked up at Rostof with his bright, black eyes full of merriment:—

"If there were only some women here. But here there's nothing to do but dwink. If we could only have a wound of fighting!.... Hé! who's there?" he cried, going to the door, on hearing the sound of heavy boots and the jingling of spurs in the next room.

"The quartermaster," announced Lavrushka. Denísof frowned still more portentously.

"Dwat it," he exclaimed, flinging his friend a purse containing a few gold pieces. "Wostof, count it, chicken! see how much is left, then put it under my pillow," said he, and went out to see the quartermaster.

Rostof took the money, and mechanically making little heaps of the new and old coins, according to their denominations, began to count them.

"Ah! Telyanin! How d'e? Got done up last night!" Denísof was heard saying in the next room.

"Where? At Buikof's — at the Rat's — I heard about it," said a second, thin voice, and immediately after, Lieutenant Telyánin, a young officer of the same squadron, came into the room.

Rostof thrust the purse under the pillow and pressed the little moist hand that was held out to him. Telyanin had been removed from the Guards, shortly before the campaign, for some reason or other. He now conducted himself very decently in the regiment, but he was not liked, and Rostof, especially, could not conquer, or even conceal, his unreasonable antipathy to this officer.

"Well, young cavalier, how does my Grachik suit you?" (Grachik, or Young Rook, was a saddle-horse which Telyanin had sold Rostof). The lieutenant never looked the man with whom he was talking straight in the eye; his eyes were constantly wandering from one object to another. "I saw you riding him this morning."

"First-rate, he's a good horse," said Rostof, in spite of the fact that the animal, for which he had given seven

hundred rubles, was worth only half the price he had paid. "He 's begun to go lame of the left fore leg."

"Hoof cracked! That 's nothing. I will teach you or show you what kind of a rivet to put on."

"Yes, show me, please," said Rostof.

"I will show you, certainly I will; it 's no secret. And you will thank me for the horse."

"I'll have him brought right round," said Rostof, anxious to get rid of Telyanin, and went out to give his orders.

In the entry, Denísof, with a pipe in his mouth, was sitting cross-legged on the threshold in front of the quartermaster, who was making his report. When he saw Rostof, Denísof made up a face and, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder into the room where Telyanin was, scowled still more darkly, and shuddered with aversion.

"Okh! I don't like that young fellow," said he, undeterred by the quartermaster's presence.

Rostof shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say, 'Nor I, either, but what is to be done about it,' and, having given his orders, returned to Telyanin.

The latter was still sitting in the same indolent position in which Rostof had left him, rubbing his small, white hands.

"What repugnant people one has to meet," said Rostof to himself, as he went into the room.

"Well, did you order the horse brought round?" asked Telyanin, getting up and carelessly looking around.

"I did."

"Come on, then. I just went out to ask Denísof about to-day's orders; that was all. Have they come yet, Denísof?"

"Not yet. Where are you going?"

"Oh, I am just going to show this young man how to have his horse shod," replied Telyánin.

They went out down the front steps to the stable. The lieutenant showed Rostof how to have a rivet made, and then went home.

When Rostof returned, he found Denísof sitting at

the table with a bottle of vodka and a sausage before him, and writing with a sputtering pen. He looked gloomily into Rostof's face.

"I 'm witing to her," said he.

He leaned his elbow on the table, with his pen in his hand, and told his friend what his letter was to be, evidently taking real delight in the chance of saying faster than he could write all that he had in his mind to put on the paper.

"Do you see, my fwiend," said he, "we are asleep when we are not in love. We are childwen of the dust; but when you are in love, then you are like God, you are as pure as on the first day of kweation. — Who is there now? Send him to the devil. I have no time!" he cried to Lavrushka, who came up to him, not in the least abashed.

"What can I do? It 's your own order. It 's the quartermaster come back for the money."

Denísof scowled, opened his mouth to shout something, but made no sound.

"Nasty job," he muttered to himself. "How much money was there left in that purse?" he asked of Rostof.

"Seven new pieces and three old ones."

"Akh, dwat it! — Well, what are you standing there for like a booby; fetch in the quartermaster," cried Denísof to Lavrushka.

"Please, Denísof, take some of my money; you see I have plenty," said Rostof, reddening.

"I don't like to bowow of my fwiends, I don't like it," declared Denísof.

"But if you don't let me lend you money, comrade fashion, I shall be offended!" insisted Rostof. "Truly, I have plenty."

"No, indeed, I shan't," and Denísof went to the bed to get the purse from under the pillow.

"Where did you put it, Wostof?"

"Under the bottom pillow."

"It is n't here." Denísof flung both pillows on the floor. There was no purse there. "That 's stwange."

"Hold on, did n't you throw it out?" asked Rostof, picking up the pillows and shaking them, and then hauling off the bedclothes and shaking them. But there was no purse.

"I could not have forgotten it, could I? No, I remember very well thinking how you kept it like a treasure trove, under your pillow. — Where is it?" he demanded, turning to Lavrushka.

"I have n't been into the room. It must be where you put it."

"But it is n't."

"That is always the way with you. You throw it down, and then forget all about it. Look in your pockets."

"No, if I had not thought about the treasure trove" .... said Rostof, "and I remember putting it there."

Lavrushka tore the whole bed apart, looked under it, under the table, searched everywhere in the room, and then stood still in the middle of the room. Denísof silently followed all his motions, and when Lavrushka in amazement spread open his hands, he glanced at Rostof.

"Wostof, stop your school-boy twicks....."

Rostof, conscious of Denísof's gaze fixed upon him, raised his eyes and instantly dropped them again. All the blood, till then contained somewhere below his throat, rushed in an overmastering flood into his face and eyes. He could not get a breath.

"There has been no one in the room except the lieutenant and yourselves. It 's nowhere to be found," said Lavrushka.

"Now, you devil's puppet, fly awound, hunt for it," suddenly cried Denísof, growing livid, and starting toward the valet with a threatening gesture. "Find me that purse or I 'll soak you! I 'll soak you all!"

Rostof, avoiding Denisof's glance, began to button up his jacket, adjusted his saber, and put on his cap.

"I tell you, give me that purse," cried Denísof, shaking his man by the shoulders and pushing him against the wall.

"Denísof, let him go, I know who took it," said Rostof, going toward the door and not lifting his eyes.

Denísof paused, considered a moment, and evidently perceiving whom Rostof meant, he seized him by the arm. "Wubbish!" he cried, the veins on his face and neck standing out like cords. "I tell you, you are beside yourself and I won't have it. The purse is here. I 'll take the hide off this waskal and I 'll get it."

"I know who took it," repeated Rostof, in a trembling voice, and went to the door.

"But I tell you, don't you dare to do it!" cried Denísof, throwing himself on the yunker, to hold him back. But Rostof freed his arm, and, with as much anger as if Denísof were his worst enemy, gave him a direct and heavy blow right between the eyes.

"Do you realize what you are saying?" he cried in a trembling voice. "He is the only person besides myself who has been in the room. Of course if it was not he, then...."

He could not finish, and rushed from the room.

"Akh! the devil take you and all the west," were the last words that Rostof caught.

He went straight to Telyanin's rooms.

"My master 's not at home; he went to headquarters," said Telyanin's man. "Why, has anything happened?" he added, surprised at the yunker's distorted face.

"No, nothing!"

"You just missed him," said the man.

Headquarters were three versts[1] from Salzeneck. Rostof, without returning home, took a horse and galloped off to headquarters. In the village occupied by the staff was a tavern where the officers resorted. Rostof went to this tavern; at the doorsteps he saw Telyanin's horse.

The lieutenant himself was sitting in the second room of the tavern with a plate of sausages and a bottle of wine.

[1] A verst is 3500 feet, 1067 kilometers.

"Ah! so you have come too, young man," said he, smiling and lifting his brows.

"Yes," said Rostof, though it required the greatest effort to speak this monosyllable; and he sat down at the next table.

Neither said more; two Germans and a Russian officer were the other occupants of the room. All were silent, and the only sounds were the rattle of knives and forks and the lieutenant's munching.

When Telyanin had finished his breakfast, he pulled out of his pocket a double purse, and, with his delicate white fingers which turned up at the ends, slipped up the ring, took out a gold piece, and, lifting his brows, gave it to the waiter.

"Please make haste," said he.

The gold piece was new. Rostof got up and went to Telyanin.

"Allow me to look at your purse," said he, in a quiet, almost inaudible voice.

With wandering eyes and still lifted brows, Telyánin handed him the purse.

"Yes, it 's a handsome little purse, is n't it? Yes...." said he, and suddenly turned pale. "Look at it, youngster," he added.

Rostof took the purse into his hand and looked at it and at the money that was in it and at Telyanin. The lieutenant glanced around in his usual way, and apparently became suddenly very merry.

"If we ever get to Vienna I shall leave all this there, but there 's nothing to get with it in these filthy little towns," said he. "Well, give it back to me, youngster, I must be going."

Rostof said nothing.

"And you? Are n't you going to have some breakfast? Pretty good fare," continued Telyanin. "Give it to me."

He stretched out his hand and took hold of the purse. Rostof let it go. Telyanin took the purse and began to let it slip into the pocket of his riding-trousers and his brows went up higher than usual, and his mouth slightly

parted as much as to say: 'Yes, yes, I will put my purse in my pocket, and it is a very simple matter, and it is no one's business at all.'

"Well, what is it, youngster," said he, sighing and glancing into Rostof's eyes from under his raised brows. Something like a swift electric flash darted from Telyanin's eyes into Rostof's and was darted back again and again and again all in a single instant.

"Come here with me," said Rostof, taking Telyanin by the arm. He drew him almost to the window. "This money is Denísof's! You took it," he whispered in his ear.

"What?.... What?.... How do you dare? What?".... exclaimed Telyanin. But his words sounded like a mournful cry of despair and a prayer for forgiveness. As soon as Rostof heard this note in his voice it seemed as if a great stone of doubt had fallen from his heart. He was rejoiced, and at the same time felt sincere pity for the unhappy man standing before him; but he was obliged to carry the matter to the end. "There are men here; God knows what they will think," stammered Telyanin, seizing his cap and starting for a small unoccupied room. "We must have an explanation. ...."

"I know this and can prove it," said Rostof.

"I...."

All the muscles of Telyanin's scared pale face began to tremble, his eyes kept wandering, though they were fixed on the floor, and never once raised to Rostof's, and something like a sob escaped from him.

"Count!.... don't ruin a young man. Here 's that wretched money, take it." He threw it on the table. "I have a father who 's an old man; I have a mother!"

Rostof took the money, avoiding Telyanin's gaze, and, not saying a word, started to leave the room. But at the door he paused and turned back. "My God!" said he, with tears in his eyes; "how could you have done it?"

"Count!" said Telyanin, coming toward the yunker.

"Don't touch me," cried Rostof, drawing himself up. "If you need this money, take it." He tossed him the purse, and hurried out of the tavern.

CHAPTER V

On the evening of the same day a very lively discussion took place in Denísof's rooms among some of the officers of the squadron.

"But I tell you, Rostof, that it 's your business to apologize to the regimental commander," said the second cavalry-captain, a tall man, with grayish hair, enormous mustache, and big features and a wrinkled skin.

This Captain Kirsten had twice been reduced to the ranks for affairs of honor, and twice promoted again.

"I will not allow any one to call me a liar," cried Rostof, who flushed crimson and was in a great state of excitement. "He told me that I lied, and I told him that he lied. And there the matter rests. He may keep me on duty every day; he may put me under arrest; but neither he nor any one else can force me to apologize. If he, as regimental commander, considers it improper to give me satisfaction, then ...."

"Yes, yes, calm yourself, bátyushka, listen to me," interrupted Captain Kirsten, in his deep bass voice, calmly twirling his mustaches. "You told the regimental commander, in the *presence of other officers*, that an officer had stolen ...."

"It was n't my fault that the conversation took place before other officers. Maybe it was not best to have spoken before them, but I am not a diplomat. That 's why I joined the hussars; I thought that here, at least, such fine distinctions were not necessary, and he told me that I lied.... So let him give me satisfaction. ...."

"That 's all very good; no one thinks that you are a coward, but that is n't the point. Ask Denísof — put it to any one — if a yunker can demand satisfaction of his regimental commander."

Denísof, chewing his mustache, was listening to the discussion with a gloomy expression of countenance, evidently not wishing to take any part in it. In reply to the captain's question, he shook his head.

"In the presence of other officers, you spoke to the

regimental commander about this rascality," continued the second captain. "Bogdanuitch"[1] (so the regimental commander was called), "Bogdanuitch shut you up."

"He did not shut me up; he told me that I was telling a falsehood."

"Well, have it so, but you said foolish things to him and you ought to apologize."

"Not for the world!" cried Rostof.

"I did not think that of you," said the captain, seriously and sternly. "You are unwilling to apologize, and yet, batyushka, you are in fault, not only toward him, but toward the whole regiment, toward all of us. This is the way of it: if you had only thought, if you had only taken advice as to how to move in this matter, but no; you out with it, — right before other officers too. Well, then, what can the regimental commander do? Must he bring the officer before a court-martial and disgrace the whole regiment? Insult the whole regiment on account of a single rogue? Is that your idea of it? Well, it is n't ours! And Bogdanuitch was a brave fellow; he told you that you were not telling the truth. Disagreeable, but what else could he do? You found your match. And now, when we want to hush it up, you — out of sheer obstinacy and pride — are n't willing to apologize, but want to have everybody know about it. You are offended because you are put on extra duty, because you are required to apologize to an old and honored officer! Even if it were not Bogdánuitch, our honorable and brave old colonel, even then you would be offended and would be willing to insult the whole regiment, would you?" The captain's voice began to tremble. "Yes, batyushka, you, who will perhaps not be in the regiment a year from now, to-day here, to-morrow transferred somewhere as aide, you don't care a fig if it is said: *thieves* among the Pavlograd officers. But it is n't all the same to us. What do you say, Denísof? It is n't a matter of indifference, is it?"

[1] Karl Bogdánovitch Schubert, sportively called, in imitation of peasant usage, by the diminished form of the patronymic, Bogdánuitch, son of Bogdan (Deodat or Theodore).

Denísof had kept silent all the time, and did not move, though he occasionally glanced at Rostof from his brilliant black eyes.

"Your pride is so dear to you that you are n't willing to apologize," continued the captain. "We old men who have grown up and are going to die, if God grant, in the regiment, guard its honor dearly, and Bogdanuitch knows it. Oh! how we love it, batyushka! And this is not good of you, not good at all! Get mad if you please, but I shall always stick to mother truth. You 're all wrong."

And the captain got up and turned his back on Rostof.

"Wight! Devil take it!" screamed Denísof, jumping up. "Now then, Wostof, now then!"

Rostof, flushing and turning pale, looked first at one and then at the other officer.

"No, gentlemen, no .... you do not think .... I see that you are perfectly mistaken in your opinion of me .... I .... for my own sake .... for the honor of the regiment — what am I saying? And I will prove it, that for my own sake also honor is dear. — Well, it 's all the same, you 're right, I was to blame!" Tears stood in his eyes. "I was to blame, to blame all round. .... Now what more do you want?" ....

"That 's the way to do it," cried the captain, turning round and slapping him on the shoulder with his big hand.

"I tell you!" cried Denísof, "he 's a glowious young fellow!"

"That 's the best way, count," repeated the captain, as if giving him his title was a reward for his concession. "Go and apologize, your illustriousness,[1] that 's it."

"Gentlemen, I will do anything. No one shall ever hear another word from me," declared Rostof in a low, supplicating voice, "but I cannot apologize; by God, I cannot! how can you expect it? How can I apologize like a little boy, begging forgiveness?"

Denísof laughed.

[1] *Vashe siydtelstvo.*

"So much the worse for you. Bogdánuitch is spiteful. You will pay for your stubbornness," said Kirsten.

"By God! 't is not stubbornness! I cannot describe to you what my feelings are, I assure you, I cannot."

"Well, do just as you please," said the captain. "By the way, what has become of that worthless scamp?" asked he, of Denísof.

"He weported himself ill. He 's to be stwuck off the list in to-mowow's orders," replied Denísof.

"Well, it is a kind of illness, there 's no other way of explaining it," said the captain.

"Whether illness or not, he 'd better not come into my sight, I 'd kill him," cried Denísof, in a most bloodthirsty manner.

At this instant, Zherkof came into the room.

"How come you here?" exclaimed the officer, addressing the newcomer.

"Active service, gentlemen. Mack and his army have surrendered; it 's all up with them."

"Nonsense!"

"I saw him myself."

"What! you saw Mack alive — with his hands and his feet?"

"Active service! active service! give him a bottle, for bringing such news! — But how come you here?"

"I am sent back to my regiment on account of that devil of a Mack! The Austrian general complained of me. I congratulated him on Mack's arrival.... How are you, Rostof? just out of a bath?"

"My dear boy, we 've been having such a stew here, these two days!"

The regimental adjutant came in and confirmed the news brought by Zherkof. The regiment was ordered to break camp the next day.

"Active service, gentlemen."

"Well, glory to God for that, we 've lain here long enough!"

CHAPTER VI

Kutuzof was retreating toward Vienna, destroying the bridges behind him over the river Inn (at Braunau), and over the river Traun at Linz. On the fourth of November, the Russian army were crossing the river Enns. At noon, the baggage-wagons, the artillery, and the columns of the army stretched through the city of Enns, at both ends of the bridge. It was a mild autumn day, but showery. The wide prospect, commanded by the height where stood the Russian batteries protecting the bridge, was now suddenly veiled by a muslin-like curtain of slanting rain, then again was suddenly still further broadened so that distant objects stood out distinctly, gleaming in the sunlight as if they were varnished.

At their feet lay the little city, with its white houses and red roofs, its cathedral, and the bridge, on both ends of which the Russian troops could be seen, pouring along in dense masses. Down the bend of the Danube, where it was joined by the waters of the Enns, could be seen boats and an island with a castle and park ; farther still was the left bank of the river, with bold rocks and overgrown with evergreens, while in the mysterious distance arose green mountains with purplish ravines. The turrets of a nunnery stood out above the wild and apparently impenetrable pine forest, and far away, on a height in front, on the same side of the river Enns, the enemy's scouts could be discerned.

On the brow of the hill, among the field-pieces, stood the general in command of the rear-guard, with an officer of his suite, making observations of the landscape with a glass. A little behind them, astride of a gun-carriage, sat Nesvitsky, who had been sent to the rear-guard by the commander-in-chief. The Cossack who accompanied him was handing out a lunch-bag and flask, and Nesvitsky was inviting the officers to share his tarts and genuine doppel-kümmel. The officers gayly crowded around him, some on their knees, others sitting Turkish fashion on the wet grass.

"Certainly that Austrian prince was no fool in building his castle there. Glorious place! — You are not eating anything, gentlemen," said Nesvitsky.

"Thank you cordially, prince," returned one of the officers, glad of the chance to exchange a word with such an important member of Kutuzof's suite. "Yes, it's a splendid place. We rode by that very park, saw a couple of deer — and it's a magnificent house!"

"Look, prince," said another, who would very gladly have accepted another tart, but was ashamed to do so, and was, therefore, pretending to examine the landscape. "Look yonder, our infantry have got in already. Look there, on that meadow, behind the village, three men are dragging something along. They'll clear out that little place, quick enough!" said he, with evident approval.

"Yes, that's so," said Nesvitsky. "Ah! but what I should like," he added, stuffing a tart into his handsome moist mouth, "I should like to get in yonder!"

He pointed to the turreted convent which could be seen on the mountain side. He smiled, and his eyes contracted and flashed. "That would be some fun, gentlemen!"

The officers laughed.

"How I should like to frighten those little nuns! Italians, they say, and some of them young and pretty. Truly, I would give five years of my life!"

"Well, they must find it a bore," said an officer, bolder than the rest, with a laugh.

Meantime, the officer of the suite, standing on the brow of the hill, was pointing out something to the general, who scrutinized it with his field-glass.

"Yes, that is so, that is so," said the general, gravely, taking the glass from his eyes and shrugging his shoulders. "You are right, they are going to fire at them as they cross the river. Why do they dawdle so?"

In that direction, even with the naked eye, could be seen the enemy and his battery, from which arose a milk-white puff of smoke. After a while followed the

distant report, and it could be seen how the Russian troops were hastening to get across the river.

Nesvitsky, having got his breath, dismounted from the cannon and, with a smile, went up to the general: —

"Would n't your excellency like to have a bite of luncheon?" he asked.

"It 's all wrong," said the general, not answering him. "Our men are so slow."

"Shall I not go down to them, your excellency?" asked Nesvitsky.

"Yes, do go down, please," replied the general, reiterating orders which he had already given. "And tell the hussars to cross last and burn the bridge, as I commanded, and see to it that they collect combustible materials on it."

"Very good," said Nesvitsky.

He called the Cossack to bring up his horse, bade him pack up the bag and flask, and lightly swung his heavy body into the saddle.

"Truly, I 'm going to that nunnery," said he to the officers, who were looking at him with a smile, and then galloped off down the path that skirted the hill.

"Now, then, captain, try if you can reach them — take good aim," said the general, turning to the artillery officer. "You 'll relieve the monotony by a little fun."

"Serve the guns," commanded the officer, and in a minute the gunners were running with a will from their bivouac fires, and beginning to load.

"Number one," rang the command.

"Number one" rushed spitefully away. With a deafening metallic ring, the cannon resounded and the whizzing, whirling shell flew far away over the head of the Russians in the valley, and then a spurt of smoke showed where it had fallen and burst long before it reached the enemy.

The faces of officers and men grew radiant at the noise of it; all leaped to their feet and watched with intense curiosity the motions of their troops in the valley below them, and the approach of the enemy, all spread out before them "as on the palm of the hand."

At the moment the gun had been fired, the sun came out entirely from under the clouds, and the report of the cannon and the brilliancy of the unclouded sun mingled in one single martial and joyous impression.

CHAPTER VII

Two of the enemy's shots had already been fired at the men as they crossed the river, and on the bridge there was a jam. Half way across stood Prince Nesvitsky, who had dismounted from his horse, and was leaning with his stout body against the parapet. Laughing, he looked back at his Cossack, who stood a short distance behind him, holding the bridles of their two horses. As soon as Prince Nesvitsky tried to force his way forward, the throng of soldiers and baggage-wagons crowded him and forced him up against the parapet, and nothing was left for him but to wait.

"Look out there, my boy!" cried the Cossack to a soldier who was driving a baggage-wagon and forcing his way right into the infantry, as they thronged under the horses' feet and among the wheels. "Look out there! Have a little patience, don't you see the general wants to pass?"

But the driver, paying no heed to the title of general, only cried to the soldiers who blocked his way: "Hey there, boys! keep to the left, hold on!"

But the Russian soldiers, crowding shoulder to shoulder, and clutching their bayonets, moved on across the bridge in one unbroken mass.

As Nesvitsky looked down over the parapet, he could see the swift babbling ripples of the Enns chase one another along as they bubbled, curled, and foamed around the piers of the bridge. Looking at the bridge he saw the almost incessant living waves of soldiery, tassels, shakoes with covers, knapsacks, bayonets, and long muskets, and under the shakoes, faces with wide cheek-bones, sunken cheeks, and careless weary eyes,

and legs trampling through the sticky mud that covered the planks of the bridge.

Sometimes among the monotonous waves of the infantry, like a spurt of white foam on the ripples of the Enns, an officer in riding-cloak would force his way through, his face noticeable for its refinement in contrast to the men. Then again, like a chip borne along on the river, a hussar on foot, an officer, a servant, or a civilian, would be carried across the bridge by the tide of troops; and sometimes, like a log floating downstream, an officer, a company, or a baggage-wagon loaded to the top and covered with leather, would roll across the bridge, submerged in the throng.

"See, it's like a freshet breaking through a dyke," said the Cossack, hopelessly blocked. "Say! are there many more of you to come?"

"A million, minus one," replied a jolly soldier in a torn overcoat, winking as he passed. In an instant he was carried by; behind him came an old soldier.

"When *he*" (*he*, that is the enemy) "takes to making it hot for us on the bridge," said the old soldier, glumly, in his Tambof dialect, addressing a comrade, "we shan't stop to scratch ourselves." And the Tambof soldier and his comrade passed beyond.

Following them, came a soldier riding on a baggage-wagon.

"Where the devil did I put my leg wrappers?" exclaimed a servant, hurrying behind the wagon and rummaging into the rear of it. And he in turn was borne past with the wagon.

Behind them came a jovial band of soldiers, who had evidently been drinking. "My dear fellow, he hit him with the butt-end of his gun, right in the teeth," gayly said one of the soldiers, who wore the collar of his overcoat turned up and was eagerly gesticulating.

"Good for him, a regular milksop!"[1] said the other, with a loud laugh. And they too passed by. So that Nesvitsky did not find out who was struck in the teeth and to whom the epithet applied.

[1] Russ: the sweet ham.

"Bah! they 're in such a hurry! Because he fired a blank cartridge one would think they were all in danger of being killed," said a non-commissioned officer, in an angry, reproachful tone.

"When it flew by me — that round shot," said a young soldier with a monstrous mouth, "I thought I was dead. Fact! I was that frightened, by God," added the soldier, scarcely restraining himself from laughing outright with pleasure at the thought of being so frightened. And he too passed on.

Behind him came a vehicle unlike any that had passed so far. This was a German *Vorspann*, loaded apparently with the effects of a whole household; behind the cart, which was drawn by a pair of horses driven by a German, was a handsome brindled cow, with an enormous udder. On a pile of feather-beds sat a woman with a baby at the breast, an old granny, and a young, healthy-looking German girl, with flaming red cheeks. Evidently these natives were availing themselves of the general permission to remove with all their possessions. The eyes of the soldiers were fixed upon the women, and as the cart moved forward at a slow pace, step by step, all sorts of remarks were directed at the two young women. Almost all the faces wore the peculiar smile suggested by unseemly thoughts concerning them.

"Look ye, that sausage there! she 's moving too."

"Sell me the little woman," cried another soldier to the German, who with downcast eyes walked with long strides, frightened and solemn.

"Eh! ain't she gay! They 're fine little devils!"

"There 's a chance for you to make up to 'em, Fyedotof!"

"Did you ever see anything like it, old fellow?"

"Where are you going?" asked an infantry officer, who, as he munched an apple, looked up at the pretty German girl with a half-smile.

The German shut his eyes, signifying that he did not understand.

"If you 'd like it, take it," said the officer, giving the girl an apple. She took it and thanked him with a smile.

Nesvitsky, like all the rest who were on the bridge, kept his eyes on the women till they vanished from sight. After they had passed beyond, came the same kind of soldiers with the same interchange of repartee, and then at length they all came to a halt. As often happens, the horses attached to some company's baggage-wagon became entangled at the end of the bridge, and the whole line was obliged to halt.

"What are they waiting for? There's no order," said the soldiers. "Don't crowd!" — "The devil!" "Why can't you have patience!" — "It will be worse than this when *he* sets the bridge on fire." — "You're crushing that officer!"

Such were the remarks made on all sides among the halting columns, as the men looked at one another and still kept trying to push forward toward the outlet.

As Nesvitsky looked under the bridge at the water of the Enns, he suddenly heard a sound that was new in his ears — of something swiftly approaching him, ... of something huge, and something that splashed into the water.

"Did you see where that flew to?" gravely asked a soldier who was standing near and trying to follow the sound.

"They are encouraging us to move a little faster," said another uneasily. Again the throng began to move along. Nesvitsky realized that it had been a cannon-ball.

"Hé! Cossack! bring me my horse!" he said. "You there! make way, get out of the way! Clear the road!"

By main force he managed to swing himself on his horse. By shouting constantly, he succeeded in forcing his way forward. The soldiers crowded together so as to let him pass, but immediately after pressed on his heels so that they squeezed his leg, and those who were nearest could not help themselves because they were pushed on from behind.

"Nesvitsky! Nesvitsky! is it you, you old fwight?" cried a hoarse voice just behind him.

Nesvitsky turned round and saw, twenty paces away but separated from him by this living mass of hurrying infantry, the handsome Vaska Denísof, shaggy as ever, with his cap on the back of his head, and with his hussar's pelisse jauntily flung back over his shoulder.

"Tell these devils, these fiends, to give us woom," cried Denísof, going into a paroxysm of rage, his coal-black eyes, with their bloodshot whites, rolling and flashing while he brandished his unsheathed saber, in his bare little hand, as red as his face.

"Hé! Vasya," replied Nesvitsky, delighted, "is that you?"

"Can't get thwough the sqwadwon," cried Vaska Denísof, angrily, showing his shining teeth and spurring on his handsome coal-black Bedouin, which pricked back his ears at the touch of the bayonets, and, snorting and scattering around him the froth from his bit, was pawing impatiently the planks of the bridge, apparently ready to leap over the parapet, if only his rider gave the permission. "What does this mean? Like sheep! Just like sheep! Out of the way!—give us woom to pass! Hold on there, you man dwiving that wagon! dwat it! I'll cut you into mince-meat," he cried, actually drawing his saber and beginning to flourish it.

The soldiers, with frightened faces, crowded closer together, and Denísof managed to reach Nesvitsky.

"So you are n't drunk to-day?" said Nesvitsky, as Denísof joined him.

"They don't give us time to get dwunk," replied Vaska. "The wegiment has been wunning this way and that way all day long. If we 're going to fight, then let us fight. But the devil knows what all this means."

"How fine you are these days!" said Nesvitsky, glancing at his new pelisse and housings.

Denísof smiled, took his scented handkerchief from his sabretash, and held it to Nesvitsky's nose.

"Can't help it! I 'm going into action, pe'haps! and so I shaved, bwushed my teeth, and perfumed myself!"

Nesvitsky's imposing figure, with his Cossack in at-

tendance, and Denísof's determination, as he flourished his saber and shouted at the top of his voice, enabled them to get to the farther end of the bridge and halt the infantry. Nesvitsky there found the colonel, to whom he was obliged to deliver the message, and having accomplished his errand he rode back.

After the way was cleared, Denísof reined up his horse at the exit of the bridge. Carelessly holding in his stallion, which stood pawing with one hoof anxious to join his fellows, he gazed at the squadrons that were moving in his direction. The hoof-beats of the eager horses sounded hollow on the flooring of the bridge, and the squadrons, with the officers riding in advance, hastened across the bridge, four men abreast, and began to pour off from the other end.

The infantry, which had halted in the mud and were packed together, gazed at the neat, jaunty hussars, riding by in good order, with that peculiar malevolent feeling of jealousy and scorn with which different branches of the service are apt to regard each other.

"Very tidy lads! but only fit for the Podnovinskoye."

"What 's the use of them? They 're merely for show," said another.

"You infantrymen, don't kick up such a dust!" jestingly shouted a hussar, whose horse playfully spattered the foot-soldier with mud.

"If you 'd been forced to march two stages with a knapsack, your gold lace would be tarnished," said the infantryman, wiping the mud from his face with his sleeve. "You 're not a man, but a bird, on that horse!"

"Well now, Zikin, if they should put you on a horse, you 'd have an easy time of it; you 'd make a graceful rider," jestingly remarked the corporal, aiming his jest at the lean little soldier who was bent almost double under the weight of his knapsack.

"Take a broomstick between your legs; that would be a good enough horse for you," retorted the hussar.

CHAPTER VIII

The rest of the infantry hurriedly marched across the bridge, though they were crowded in the tunnel-like passage at the end. At last all the baggage-wagons had crossed, the crush became less, and the last battalion marched upon the bridge.

Only the hussars of Denísof's command were left at the end of the bridge toward the enemy. The enemy, though plainly visible from the heights opposite, could not as yet be seen from the level of the bridge, since from the valley, through which flows the river Enns, the horizon is bounded by an eminence lying about half a verst distant.

Directly in front was a plot of waste land, over which here and there moved bands of Cossack patrols.

Suddenly, on the height opposite the road, appeared troops in blue capotes and accompanied by artillery.

It was the French!

A patrol of Cossacks came galloping down the road. All the officers and men of Denísof's squadron, though they tried hard to talk of different things and to look in other directions, nevertheless were unable to keep out of their thoughts what was there before them on the hill, and their eyes constantly turned to those patches which were moving against the horizon, and which they knew were the troops of the enemy.

It was now afternoon, and the weather had cleared; the sun was sinking brilliantly over the Danube and the forest-clad mountains that walled him in. There was no wind, and occasionally from that hilltop rang the notes of bugles and the shouts of the enemy. Between the squadron and the enemy there was now no one except the scattered scouts. The space between them was only a little more than two thousand feet. The enemy had ceased to fire, and all the more distinctly was felt that solemn, ominous gap, unapproachable and inexorable, that divides two hostile armies.

"One step beyond that line, which is like the bourn that divides the living from the dead, and there is the Unknown of suffering and of death. And what is there? Who is there? there, beyond that field, beyond that tree, and that roof, glittering in the sun? No one knows, and no one wishes to know, and it is terrible to pass across that line, and I know that sooner or later I shall have to cross it, and shall then know what is there on that side of the line, just as inevitably as I shall know what is on the other side of death. And yet I am strong, full of life, joy, and exuberant spirits, and surrounded by other men, just as full of health and exuberant spirits."

Thus every man feels, even if he does not formulate it in his thought, when he comes in sight of the enemy, and this feeling lends a peculiar vividness and distinctness of impression to everything that occurs at such moments.

On the hill where the enemy were arose a puff of smoke, and a cannon-ball, whistling, flew over the heads of the squadron of hussars. The officers, who had been standing together, scattered to their posts; the hussars began to get their horses into regular line. No one spoke in the ranks. All looked intently at the enemy and at the commander, and awaited the word of command.

A second, a third shot flew over them. Evidently, the enemy were firing at the hussars, but the cannon-balls, whistling as they flew swiftly by, went far over their heads and fell somewhere in the rear.

The hussars did not look up, but each time that they heard the whizz of the ball, the whole squadron, with their monotonously diverse faces, holding their breaths until the cannon-shot had passed over, raised themselves in their stirrups as if by orders, and then settled back again. The soldiers, not turning their heads, looked at one another out of the corners of their eyes, each curious to know what impression was produced upon his neighbor. On every face, from Denísof's to the trumpeter's, there was around the lips and chin a common expression of internal struggle, excitement, and agitation. The

quartermaster frowned, and looked at the men as if he meditated inflicting punishment upon them. The yunker, Mironof, ducked his head each time that the ball flew over. Rostof, posted on the left flank, on his prancing Grachik, had the delighted look of a school-boy called out before a great audience to pass his examination, in which he believes that he is going to distinguish himself. He looked at every one with a face unclouded and bright, as if asking them to bear him witness that he was perfectly calm under fire. But in even his face, the same expression, indicative of something new and solemn, showed itself around his mouth, against his will.

"Who 's that making a bow, there? Yunker Miwonof, you? It is n't wight, look at me!" cried Denísof, who could not keep still, but kept riding up and down in front of the squadron.

Vaska Denísof, with his snub nose and black hair, his little bent figure, his sinewy hand with short, hairy fingers, grasping the hilt of his drawn sword, was just the same as usual, or, rather, just the same as he was apt to be in the evening, after he had been drinking a couple of bottles. Only he was a trifle ruddier than ordinary, and, carrying his head very high, like a bird when it is drinking, he pitilessly plunged the spurs into the flanks of his good Bedouin, and galloped back to the other flank of the squadron, and cried out in a hoarse voice his orders that they should examine their pistols.

Then he rode off toward Kirsten, the second captain, who came up to meet Denísof, walking his broad and steady-going mare. The captain, with his long mustaches, was as grave as usual, but his eyes flashed with unwonted brilliancy.

"Well, how is it?" said he to Denísof. "It won't come to a fight. You 'll see, we shall be ordered back."

"The deuce only knows what they 'll do," replied Denísof.

"Ah! Wostof!" he cried to the yunker, noticing his radiant face. "Well, now 's your chance!" and he smiled approvingly, evidently feeling proud of the yunker.

Rostof felt perfectly happy. At this moment, an offi-

cer of high rank appeared on the bridge. Denísof spurred off to meet him.

"Your excellency, let us attack 'em! I will dwive 'em back!"

"Attack them!" cried the officer, showing his annoyance in his voice, and frowning as if at a persistent fly. "And why are you delaying here? Don't you see the flankers are withdrawing. Order your squadron back."

The squadron crossed the bridge and retired beyond reach of the shots, not having lost a single man. Behind them came a second squadron which had formed the rear-guard, and, last of all, the Cossacks crossed to the farther side.

The two squadrons of the Pavlograd regiment, crossing the bridge, one after the other, galloped up the road. The regimental commander, Karl Bogdanovitch Schubert, overtook Denísof's squadron, and walked his horse along, not far from Rostof, but without giving him the slightest notice, although it was the first time that they had met since their quarrel about Telyanin.

Rostof, who realized, now that he was in line, that he was in the power of the man toward whom he felt guilty, did not take his eyes from the colonel's athletic back, the light hair at the back of his head, and his red neck. Sometimes, it seemed to Rostof that Bogdanuitch was merely pretending not to notice him, and that his whole aim now was to try the yunker's courage, and he straightened himself up and looked around him gayly; then, again, it seemed to him that Bogdánuitch rode close to him to display his own courage. Now, it occurred to him that his opponent was going to send the squadron into some forlorn hope, in order to punish him. And then again, it occurred to him that after the affray he would come to him and magnanimously extend to him the hand of reconciliation, in honor of the wound which he should receive.

The high-shouldered Zherkof, well-known to the Pavlograd boys, having not long since been in their regiment, came riding up to the regimental commander.

Zherkof, after his dismissal from the general's staff, had not remained in the regiment, saying that he was not such a fool as to put on the "tugging-collar" in the ranks, when, by serving on the staff and having nothing to do, he could gain greater rewards, and so he had succeeded in getting himself appointed as special orderly to Prince Bagration. He now came up to his former chief with a message from the commander of the rear-guard.

"Colonel," said he, with his most melancholy assumption of gravity, turning to Rostof's opponent, and glancing at his comrades, "you are ordered to halt and burn the bridge."

"Who orders it?" asked the colonel, testily.

"Well, I don't know, colonel, who orders it," replied the cornet, gravely, "but the prince said to me: 'Go and tell the colonel that the hussars are to return as quickly as possible and burn the bridge.'"

Immediately after Zherkof, an officer of the suite rode up to the colonel of hussars, with the same order. And immediately after the officer of the suite, came the stout Nesvitsky, galloping up with all his might, on his Cossack's horse, which could hardly carry him.

"How is it, colonel," he cried, while still at a distance. "I told you to burn the bridge, but now some one has mistaken the order; everybody here has lost his wits, and there 's nothing done right."

The colonel took his time in halting the regiment, and turned to Nesvitsky: —

"You told me to burn up the combustibles," said he, "but as to burning that, you did not say a word."

"What 's that, batyushka," exclaimed Nesvitsky, reining in his horse, taking off his cap, and with his fat hand brushing back his hair, dripping with perspiration. "How 's that? Did n't I say that the bridge was to be burned, when you burned all the combustibles?"

"I won't be called batyushka by you, Mister Staff Officer, and you did not tell me to burn the bridge. I know my duties, and I am accustomed faithfully to carry out what I am commanded to do. You said the bridge

was to be burned, but who was to do it, by the Holy Ghost, I could not tell." ....

"Well, that 's always the way," cried Nesvitsky, with a wave of the hand. "What are you doing here?" he asked, turning to Zherkof.

"Exactly the same thing as you are! but how wet you are! let me wring you out!"

"You said, Mister Staff Officer".... proceeded the colonel, in an offended tone.

"Colonel," interrupted the officer from the suite, "you must make haste, or else the enemy will be pouring grape-shot into us."

The colonel silently looked at the officer from the suite, at stout Prince Nesvitsky, and at Zherkof, and frowned.

"I will burn the bridge," said he, in a solemn voice, as if to express by it that in spite of all the disagreeable things that happened to him, he was always prepared to do his duty.

Spurring his horse with his long, muscular legs, as if the animal were to blame for everything, the colonel started forward, and ordered the second squadron, in which Rostof served, to return, under the command of Denísof, and burn the bridge.

"Well, that 's the way it is," said Rostof to himself. "He wants to try me." His heart beat and the blood rushed to his face. "Let him see if I am a coward," he thought.

Once more, over all the happy faces of the men in the squadron appeared that same serious expression which they had worn at the time that they were under fire. Rostof, not taking his eyes from his opponent, the regimental commander, tried to discover in his face a confirmation of his suspicions; but the colonel did not once look at Rostof, but as usual gazed sternly and solemnly along the line. The word of command was heard.

"Lively! lively!" cried voices around him. With their sabers catching in the reins, with rattling spurs, the hussars dismounted in all haste, not knowing what

they were to do. They crossed themselves. Rostof now looked no more at the colonel, he had no time. He was afraid, afraid with a real sinking of the heart, lest he should be left behind by the hussars. His hand trembled as he turned his horse over to the groom, and he felt how the blood was rushing back to his heart. Denísof, on his way back, shouted something to him as he passed. Rostof saw nothing except the hussars running by his side, with impeding spurs and rattling sabers.

"The stretchers!" cried some voice behind him, but Rostof did not stop to think what that demand for stretchers meant; he ran on, striving only to be in advance of the others, but at the very bridge, not looking where he stepped, slipped in the slimy, sheeted mud, stumbled, and fell on his hands and knees. The others dashed ahead of him.

"At both sides, captain," shouted the regimental commander, who, having ridden ahead, had reined in his horse not far from the bridge, and sat looking on with a triumphant and radiant expression.

Rostof, wiping his soiled hands on his riding-trousers, glanced at his opponent and determined to go on, thinking that the farther forward he went, the better it would be. But Bogdanuitch, without looking at him, or even noticing that it was Rostof, cried to him:—

"Who is that in the middle of the bridge? Take the right side! Yunker, come back!" he shouted testily, and then turned to Denísof, who, making a show of his foolhardiness, was riding upon the bridge.

"Why run such risks, captain? You'd better dismount," cried the colonel.

"Hé! he always finds some one in fault," replied Vaska Denísof, turning in his saddle.

Meantime, Nesvitsky, Zherkof, and the staff-officer stood in a little group, out of range, and watched now the little band of hussars, in yellow shakoes, dark-green roundabouts embroidered with gold lace, and blue trousers, who were swarming over the bridge; and now, in

the other direction, looked at the blue capotes marching down from the distant hill, and the groups with horses, which could easily be recognized as field-pieces.

"Will they get the bridge burnt, or not?" — "Who is ahead?" — "Will they have time to set the bridge on fire, or will the French turn grape on them and drive them back?"

Such questions as these, every man in the great band of soldiers that was stationed near the bridge involuntarily asked himself, as he looked that bright afternoon at the bridge, and at the hussars, and then again, on the other side, at the blue-coats approaching with bayonets and field-pieces.

"Okh! the hussars will catch it!" exclaimed Nesvitsky. "They 're within range of grape now."

"It was useless to send so many men," said the staff-officer.

"That 's a fact," returned Nesvitsky. "If he 'd only sent two smart young fellows, it would have been just as well."

"Akh! your illustriousness," remarked Zherkof, not taking his eyes from the hussars, but still speaking in his own peculiar fashion, which left it in doubt whether he were serious or in earnest, "akh! your illustriousness, how can you think so! The idea of sending two men! How then would we get the Vladímir and the ribbon? Even if they do have a little thrashing, there 'll be a chance for the colonel to report the squadron and get a ribbon for himself. Our Bogdánuitch knows a thing or two."

"Now there," said the staff-officer, "that 's grape!" He pointed at the French field-pieces, which they were unlimbering and bringing into range.

In the direction of the French, from the groups which had been recognized as the artillery, they saw a puff of smoke arise, then a second, a third, almost simultaneously, and by the time the report of the first had reached their ears, a fourth puff arose. Two reports one after the other, and then a third.

"O! okh!" groaned Nesvitsky, as if from excruciating agony, and seizing the staff-officer's arm. "Look, one fell, fell, one fell!"

"Two, I should think."

"If I were Tsar, there should be no more war," said Nesvitsky, turning away.

The French guns were again quickly loaded. The infantry in the blue capotes came dashing at double-quick toward the bridge. Again, at different distances, puffs of smoke appeared, and the grape pattered and rattled on the bridge. But this time Nesvitsky could not see what took place on it. A thick smoke poured up from it. The hussars had succeeded in setting fire to it, and the French field-pieces were fired at it, not, indeed, to prevent it, but because they were loaded, and there was nothing else to shoot at.

The French had succeeded in sending three charges of grape before the hussars returned to their grooms. Two of the volleys had been wildly aimed, and the grape had gone afield, but the last discharge struck into the middle of the group, and hit three hussars.

Rostof, preoccupied by his relations with Bogdanuitch, remained on the bridge, not knowing what he had to do. There was no one to cut down — he had always imagined a battle to consist of cutting down — and he could not help set fire to the bridge either, because he had not provided himself with wisps of straw, as the others had. He was standing there and looking on, when suddenly there was a rattling on the bridge as if some one had been scattering hazelnuts, and one of the hussars who happened to be nearest to him fell against the parapet with a groan. Rostof and several others ran to him. Again there was a cry for stretchers. Four men grasped the wounded hussar, and started to bear him away.

"O-o-o-o! Let me alone for Christ's sake," shrieked the wounded man, but nevertheless they took him up and bore him off. Nikolaï Rostof turned away, and, as if he were searching for something, began to gaze into the distance, at the water of the Danube, at the sky, at

the sun. How beautiful the sky seemed, how blue, how calm, how profound! How bright and magnificent the sinking sun! How caressingly brilliant the waters of the distant Danube gleamed! And still more lovely were the far purpling mountains beyond the Danube, the nunnery, the mysterious defiles, the pine forests, veiled to the top in a transparent mist. There it was, full of peace and happiness.

"I should wish for nothing, wish for nothing, for nothing in the world, if only I were there," thought Rostof. "How much happiness I might have there in this sunshine, while here — groans, suffering, terror, and confusion and hurry. There again some one shrieks, and here we are all running for our lives, and I am running with the rest, and here it is, here is death, all above me and around me. A moment, and perhaps never again shall I see this sun, this river, those defiles."

At that instant the sun went into a cloud; Rostof saw several stretchers being carried before him. And the terror of death and of the stretchers, and love for the sun and for life, all mingled in one painfully disturbing impression.

"O Lord God! Thou who art there in yonder heaven, save, pardon, and defend me!" whispered Rostof in his heart.

The hussars hastened back to their grooms, their voices grew louder and more confident; the stretchers were now out of their sight.

"Well, bwother! so you 've smelt powder!" rang Vaska Denísof's voice in his ear.

"It 's all over, but I 'm a coward, yes, I 'm a coward," thought Rostof, and with a heavy sigh he took the bridle from the hands of his groom and mounted his Grachik, which was waiting for him.

"What was it, grape-shot?" asked he of Denísof.

"That 's just what it was!" shouted Denísof. "We worked like hewoes. And it was waskally work. A charge is ware sport, you hew down the dogs; but here, the devil only knows what it is, they shoot at you as if you were a target."

And Denísof rode off and joined the colonel, Nesvitsky, Zherkof, and the staff-officers, who were talking together a short distance from Rostof.

"One thing 's evident, no one noticed it," thought Rostof. And in truth no one had noticed it, because each and every one shared in the sensation which the yunker experienced at being under fire for the first time.

"We shall have a splendid report sent," Zherkof was saying. "Do you know, they may give me a lieutenancy."

"Inform the prince that I burned the bridge," said the colonel, with a gay and triumphant expression.

"But suppose it is asked about our loss?"

"A mere trifle," said the colonel, in his deepest tones; "two hussars wounded and one dead," said he, with apparent joy, and scarcely refraining from a contented smile, as he brought out with ringing emphasis the happy phrase, *dead*.[1]

CHAPTER IX

The Russian army of thirty-five thousand men, under command of Kutuzof, pursued by the French, a hundred thousand strong, under Bonaparte himself, meeting with unfriendly-disposed natives, no longer having confidence in their allies, suffering from a lack of provisions, and obliged to act in a manner opposed to all preconceived conditions of war, was in hasty retreat down the Danube, halting when the enemy overtook them, and fighting them off by skirmishes at the rear-guard, but fighting no more than was necessary to insure their retreat without losing any of their baggage.

Actions had taken place at Lambach, Amstetten, and Melck, but, notwithstanding the bravery and fortitude displayed by the Russians, as even their enemy acknowledged, these actions did not prevent their movement from being a retreat, conducted with all possible celerity.

[1] *Na-poval*, literally: without exception, totally.

The Austrians who had escaped from the surrender at Ulm, and had joined Kutuzof at Braunau, had now separated from the Russians, and Kutuzof was left only with his weakened, famished forces.

It was impossible any longer to think of defending Vienna. In place of the offensive warfare so craftily elaborated in accordance with the laws of the new science of strategy, the plan of which had been communicated to Kutuzof by the Hofkriegsrath while he was in Vienna, the only thing that was left him now, unless he were to sacrifice his army, as Mack had sacrificed his at Ulm, was to effect a juncture with the troops on their way from Russia, and even this was almost an impossibility.

On the eighth of November, Kutuzof and his army crossed to the left bank of the Danube, and, for the first time, halted, having now put the river between himself and the main body of the French. On the tenth, he attacked and defeated the division under Mortier, which was stationed on the left bank of the Danube. In this engagement, for the first time, some trophies were captured: a stand of colors, cannon, and two of the enemy's generals. For the first time, after a fortnight's retreat, the Russian army halted, and at the end of the battle not only held the field of battle, but had driven off the French.

Although the army was exhausted and in rags, and reduced a third by the killed, wounded, sick, and stragglers; although the sick and wounded had been left on the other side of the Danube, with a letter from Kutuzof commending them to the magnanimity of the enemy; although the regular hospitals and the houses of Krems, which had been turned into lazarettoes, were unable to receive all the sick and wounded remaining — still, in spite of all this, the halt at Krems and the victory over Mortier signally raised the spirits of the army.

The most gratifying but improbable reports were in circulation throughout the troops and even at headquarters, concerning imaginary reinforcements from

Russia being at hand, concerning some great victory won by the Austrians and the retreat and panic of Bonaparte.

During the battle, Prince Andreï had been near by when the Austrian general, Schmidt, was killed. His own horse had been wounded under him, and he himself had been slightly grazed by a bullet on the hand. As a sign of special favor from the commander-in-chief, he was sent to carry the news of this victory to the Austrian court, which had left Vienna, now threatened by the French, and was established at Brünn. On the evening of the victory, Prince Andreï, excited, but not weary, for, in spite of his apparently delicate constitution, he could endure physical fatigue far better than much stronger men, having brought Dokhtúrof's report to Kutúzof, was despatched that same evening as a special courier to Brünn. Such an errand insured the courier not only a decoration, but pointed infallibly to promotion.

The night was dark, but starry; the road made a black line across the snow which had been falling during the engagement. Now recalling the impressions of the battle through which he had passed, now joyfully imagining the impression which he should cause by the news of the victory, recollecting the parting words of the commander-in-chief and his comrades, Prince Andreï drove on at a furious pace in his post-carriage, experiencing the feelings of a man who has long waited and at last is about to attain his wished-for joy. As soon as he closed his eyes, his ears were filled with the roar of musketry and cannon, mingling with the rumble of the wheels and the details of the victory.

Now it seemed to him that the Russians were flying, and that he himself was killed. But he would awake with a start, feeling a strange delight in the realization that nothing of the sort had taken place, and that, on the contrary, it was the French who had been defeated. Then, again, he would recall all the details of the victory, his own serene manliness during the engagement, and his recollections would lull him to sleep again.

The dark, starry night was followed by a bright, joyous day. The snow gleamed in the sunshine, the horses sped swiftly along, and on both sides new woods, fields, and villages in never ending variety kept flying by.

At one of the post-houses he overtook a train of Russian wounded. A Russian officer in charge of the convoy was stretched out in the foremost cart, and shouting at the top of his voice, and scolding the soldiers in coarse language.

The long German vorspanns, each containing six or more wounded, pale and bandaged and dirty, jolted heavily along over the rough, paved road. Some of them were talking (Prince Andreï overheard their Russian speech), others were munching bread, while those who were most seriously hurt gazed with the good-natured and childish curiosity of sickness at the courier hurrying by them.

Prince Andreï ordered the driver to stop, and asked one of the soldiers where they had been wounded.

"Day before yesterday on the Danube," replied the soldier.

Prince Andreï took out his purse and gave the soldier three gold pieces.

"For them all," he added, turning to the officer in command. "Get well as fast as you can, boys," said he to the soldiers, "there 's still much to be done."

"Well, Mister Aide, what 's the news?" asked the officer, evidently taking a fancy to have a talk.

"Good news! — Forward," he cried to his driver, and he was borne swiftly on.

It was already quite dark when Prince Andreï reached Brünn and found himself surrounded by lofty houses, lighted shops, and street lamps, handsome carriages rumbling over the wooden pavements, and by all that atmosphere of a large, lively city which is always so fascinating to a soldier after camp-life.

Prince Andreï, notwithstanding the celerity of his journey and his sleepless night, felt as he drove up to the palace even more excited than he had the evening

before. His eyes gleamed with a feverish light, and his thoughts rushed through his mind with extraordinary rapidity and clearness. Vividly all the details of the battle came into his mind, not with any confusion, but in due sequence, word for word, as he imagined he should render his account to the Emperor Franz.

Vividly he imagined the circumstantial questions which might be asked him, and the answers which he should make to them. He supposed that he should be immediately summoned before the emperor. But at the principal entrance of the palace he was met by an official who, discovering that he was only a courier, sent him around to another entrance.

"Take the corridor at the right, *Euer Hochgeboren*, there you will find the Flügel-adjutant, who is on duty," said the official. "He will take you to the minister of war."

The Flügel-adjutant, coming to meet Prince Andreï, asked him to wait while he went to the minister. In five minutes he returned, and, bowing with unusual deference and allowing Prince Andreï to pass in front of him, directed him through a corridor into a private office occupied by the minister of war. The Flügel-adjutant, by his extravagant politeness, seemed to be trying to defend himself from any attempt at familiarity on the part of the Russian courier. Prince Andreï's exultant feeling was decidedly cooled down the moment he entered the door into the minister's private office. He felt humiliated, and this feeling of wounded pride changed instantly, but imperceptibly, into a feeling of contempt which had no reasonable cause. His fertile mind at the same moment began to search for a point of view according to which he might be justified in scorning both the Flügel-adjutant and the minister of war.

"It's probably very easy for them to show how to gain victories, though they have never smelt gunpowder," he said to himself.

His eyes contracted contemptuously; he walked into the war minister's private office with all the deliberation

in the world. The feeling was still further intensified when he caught sight of that dignitary sitting between two candles at a great table, and not even glancing at his visitor for the first two minutes.

The war minister's bald head with its fringe of gray hair was bent over some papers which he was reading and marking with a lead-pencil. He finished reading them, not even lifting his head when the door opened to admit his visitor, though he must have heard the steps.

"Take this and deliver it at once," said the minister of war to his secretary, handing him some papers, and not even yet recognizing the existence of the courier.

Prince Andreï came to the conclusion that, out of all the affairs that preoccupied the minister of war, the feats of Kutuzof's army either interested him the least, or else he felt obliged to give this impression to the Russian courier. "Well, it's all the same to me," said he to himself.

The minister of war assorted the rest of his papers, placing them in regular order, and then at last lifted his head. He had an intelligent and determined face, but at the instant that he turned to Prince Andreï, this intelligent and firm expression seemed to change as if by purpose and consciously, and in its place came a dull, hypocritical smile, in which there was no pretence even of hiding its hypocrisy, — the habitual smile of a man accustomed to receiving many petitioners one after the other.

"From General Field Marshal Kutuzof?" he asked. "I hope it is good news. So he's had an encounter with Mortier? A victory? It was time!"

He took the despatch which was directed to him and began to read it with a melancholy expression.

"Ach, mein Gott! mein Gott! Schmidt!" said he, in German. "What a misfortune! what a misfortune!" Having run through the paper, he laid it on the table and glanced at Prince Andreï, evidently weighing something in his mind. "Ach! what a misfortune! The affair, you say, was decisive? But Mortier was not

taken." He pondered. "I 'm very glad that you have brought this good news, although the death of Schmidt is a costly price to pay for the victory. His majesty will probably desire to see you, but not this evening. I thank you; go and get rested. To-morrow be at the levee after the parade. However, I will give you due notice."

The dull smile, which had disappeared during this conversation, again appeared on the war minister's face.

"Good-by. *Auf wiedersehen* — I thank you very much. His majesty the emperor will no doubt wish to see you," he repeated, and inclined his head.

When Prince Andreï had left the palace he felt that all the interest and happiness which the victory had brought him had deserted him, and had been left behind in the indifferent hands of the war minister and of the polite Flügel-adjutant. The whole course of his thoughts had instantly changed; the battle seemed to him like the recollection of something that had happened long before.

CHAPTER X

Prince Andreï put up at Brünn at the residence of his friend, the diplomat Bilibin.

"Ah! my dear prince, no one could be more welcome," said Bilibin, coming down to greet him. "Franz, take the prince's luggage into my sleeping-room," he added, turning to the valet that had admitted the visitor. "So you 're bringing news of a victory. Excellent! But I 'm under the weather, as you can see."

Prince Andreï, having washed and changed his dress, joined the diplomat in his luxurious study, and sat down to the dinner which had been prepared for him. Bilibin drew up comfortably before the fire.

After his hurried journey, and indeed after this whole campaign, during which he had been deprived of all the comforts and elegances of life, Prince Andreï experienced a pleasant feeling of repose amid these luxurious

conditions of existence, to which he had been accustomed since childhood. Moreover, it was pleasant after his reception by the Austrians to talk, not indeed in Russian, for they spoke in French, but with a Russian who, as he supposed, shared the general Russian aversion, now felt with especial keenness, for the Austrians.

Bilibin was a man of thirty-five, unmarried, and belonging to the same set as Prince Andreï. They had been acquaintances long before in Petersburg, and had become more intimate during Prince Andreï's last visit to Vienna, in company with Kutuzof. Just as Prince Andreï was a young man who promised to make a brilliant career in the military profession, so Bilibín, with even greater probability, was on the road to success in diplomacy. He was still a young man, but he was not a young diplomat, since he had begun his career at the age of sixteen, had been in Paris and in Copenhagen, and now held a very responsible post in Vienna. Both the chancellor and the Russian ambassador at the court of Vienna knew him and prized him highly. He was not one of those diplomats who are considered to be very good because they have merely negative qualities, do nothing but their perfunctory duties, and are able to speak French. He was rather one of those who work *con amore*, and with intelligence; notwithstanding his natural indolence, he sometimes spent the whole night at his writing-table. He put in good work, no matter what was the nature of the work in hand. It was the question "how," not the question "why," that interested him.

It was a matter of indifference to him what the diplomatic business was about, but he took the greatest satisfaction in artistically, accurately, and elegantly composing circulars, memorials, or reports.

Bilibin's services were prized, not only because of his skill in inditing letters, but also and still more because of his faculty for shining in society and carrying on conversation in the highest spheres.

Bilibin liked to talk just as he liked to work, but it was essential that the topic should let him display his

delicately polished wit. In society, he was constantly on the watch for a chance to say something remarkable, and he never mingled in conversation except under such conditions. His talk was plentifully begemmed with keen and polished phrases, original with himself, and yet having an interest for all. These phrases were prepared in Bilibin's internal laboratory, as a sort of portable property which even the dullest members of society might easily remember and carry from drawing-room to drawing-room. And, in fact, Bilibín's witticisms made the rounds of the *salons de Vienne* — and often had an effect on so-called important events.

His thin, weary-looking sallow face was covered with deep wrinkles, which always seemed clean and parboiled, like the ends of the fingers after a bath. The play of these wrinkles constituted the principal variations in his expression.

Now, it was his forehead that was furrowed with broad lines and his eyebrows were lifted high; again his brows were contracted and deep lines marked his cheeks. His deep-set little eyes looked always frank and cheerful.

"Now, then, tell us your exploits," said he.

Bolkonsky, in the most modest manner, without once referring to himself, told him of the combat and of the ministers' behavior.

"They received me and the news that I brought like a dog in a game of ninepins," he said, in conclusion.

Bilibin smiled, and the wrinkles in his face relaxed.

"However, my dear fellow," said he, "in spite of the high esteem that I profess for the Orthodox Russian army, I confess that your victory is not one of the most victorious."

Thus he went on, all the time speaking in French, and introducing Russian words only when he wished to give them a scornful emphasis.

"It was this way, was n't it? You fell with all your overwhelming numbers upon that unhappy Mortier, who had only one division, and yet Mortier slipped between your hands? Where was the victory in that?"

"Well, speaking seriously," replied Prince Andreï, "we can, at least, say without boasting that it was rather better than Ulm."

"Why didn't you take one, at least one, marshal prisoner?"

"Because things are n't always done as they are forecast, nor can they be arranged with all the regularity of a parade. We expected, as I told you, to turn their flank at seven o'clock in the morning, and we did not succeed till five in the evening."

"Why did n't you succeed by seven in the morning? You ought to have outflanked them by seven in the morning," said Bilibin, smiling, "you ought to have done it at seven in the morning."

"Why did n't you suggest to Bonaparte, through diplomatic agency, that he 'd better abandon Genoa," asked Prince Andreï, in the same tone.

"I know," interrupted Bilibin, "as you sit on your sofa before the fire you think that it is very easy to capture marshals. It is, indeed, but why did n't you capture him? And don't be surprised that neither the minister of war, nor his most august majesty, the emperor, nor King Franz is very grateful for your victory, and I myself, the unfortunate secretary of the Russian legation, feel no special impulse to express my delight by giving my Franz a thaler and letting him take his Liebchen for a walk in the Prater. To be sure, there 's no Prater here!"

He looked straight at Prince Andreï, and suddenly smoothed out the wrinkled skin upon his forehead.

"Now, my dear, it is my turn to ask you why," said Bolkonsky. "I assure you, I cannot understand, — perhaps there are diplomatic subtleties here that are above my feeble mind, but I cannot understand: Mack has destroyed a whole army, the Archduke Ferdinand and the Archduke Karl are giving no signs of life, and are making one blunder after another; finally, Kutuzof is the only one who really gains a victory, destroys the spell of the French, and the minister of war is n't interested enough to inquire after the details!"

"This is the very reason, my dear. You see, my dear fellow! hurrah for the Tsar! for Russia, the faith! all that's very well and good! but what do we, I mean the Austrain Court, care for your victories! Only bring them your fine news about a victory won by the Archduke Karl, or Ferdinand, — one archduke is as good as another, — as you know well, a victory, even though it were only over a squad of Bonaparte's firemen, and that would be another thing; we should proclaim it with the thunder of cannon. But this, as a matter of course, can only vex us. The Archduke Karl is doing nothing, the Archduke Ferdinand covers himself with disgrace! You desert Vienna, you no longer defend it, as if you said, 'God is with us, may God be with you and your capital.' One general, whom we all loved, Schmidt, you allowed to be killed by a bullet, and you congratulate us on the victory! Confess that nothing could be imagined more exasperating than this news that you bring. It seems as if it were all cut and dried, cut and dried. Moreover, even if you had won the most brilliant victory, even if the Archduke Karl should, what change would that make in the course of events? It's too late now, for Vienna has been occupied by the French army."

"What, occupied! Vienna occupied!"

"Not only occupied, but Bonaparte is at Schönbrunn, and the count, our dear friend, Count Vrbna, has gone there to him for orders."

Bolkónsky, after his fatigue and the impressions of his journey, and his reception, and especially since his dinner, felt that he did not grasp the full meaning of the words which he heard.

"This morning, Count Lichtenfels was here," continued Bilibin, "and showed me a letter containing a circumstantial account of the parade of the French in Vienna. *Le Prince Murat et tout le tremblement* .... you can see that your victory is not such an immense delight, and you can hardly be regarded as our saviors."

"Truly, as far as I am concerned, it is a matter of indifference, absolute indifference," said Prince Andreï,

beginning to comprehend that his tidings about the engagement at Krems was of really little importance compared with such an event as the occupation of the Austrian capital. "How came Vienna to be occupied? How about the bridge and that famous *tête de pont*, and Prince Auersperg? It was reported among us that Prince Auersperg was defending Vienna," said he.

"Prince Auersperg is on this side, on our side of the Danube, and will defend us, defend us very wretchedly, I think, but still, he will defend us. And Vienna is on the other side. No, the bridge is not taken yet, and I hope it will not be. It has been mined, and the order is to blow it up. If it were not for that, we should have been long ago in the mountains of Bohemia, and you and your army would have spent a wretched quarter of an hour between two fires."

"But still this does not mean that the campaign is at an end, does it?" asked Prince Andreï.

"Well, it's my impression that it is. And so think the bigwigs here, but they dare not say so. What I said at the beginning of the campaign will come true: that your skirmish near Dürenstein will not settle the affair, nor gunpowder, in any case, but those who contrived it," said Bilibin, repeating one of his *mots*, while he puckered his forehead and paused a moment. "The question simply depends on this: What is to be the outcome of the meeting of the emperor with the Prussian king at Berlin? If Prussia joins the alliance, Austria's hand is forced — and there will be war. But if not, then all they have to do is arrange for the preliminaries of a second Campo Formio."

"But what an extraordinary genius," suddenly cried Prince Andreï, doubling his small fist and pounding the table with it. "And what luck that man has!"

"Who? Buonaparte?" queried Bilibin, knitting his brow, and thereby signifying that he was going to get off a witticism. "Buonaparte," he repeated, laying a special emphasis on the *u*, "I certainly think that now when he is laying down the laws for Austria from Schönbrunn, he must be spared that *u*..... I am firmly

resolved to make the innovation, and I shall call him Bonaparte."

"No, but joking aside," said Prince Andreï, "is it possible that you think the campaign is finished?"

"This is what I think: Austria has been made a fool of and she is not used to that. And she will take her revenge. And she has been made a fool of because in the first place her provinces have been pillaged (it is said the Orthodox are terrible pillagers), her army is beaten, her capital is taken, and all this on account of the handsome eyes on the Sardinian throne. And in the second place, between us, my dear, I suspect that we are being duped, I suspect dealings with France, and a project of peace, a secret peace, separately concluded."

"That cannot be," said Prince Andreï; "that would be too base."

"*Qui vivra, verra*, you will see," said Bilibin, scowling, this time in a way which signified that the conversation was at an end.

When Prince Andreï went to the chamber that had been prepared for him, and stretched himself between clean sheets on a soft down mattress, and on warm perfumed pillows, he felt that the battle, the report of which he had brought, was far, far away. The Prussian alliance, the treachery of Austria, Bonaparte's new triumph, the parade and levee, and his reception by the Emperor Franz the next day, filled his mind.

He closed his eyes, but instantly his ears were deafened by the cannonading, the musketry, the rumble of the carriage-wheels, and now once more the musketeers came marching in scattered lines down the hillside, and the Frenchmen were firing, and he felt how his heart thrilled, and he galloped on ahead, with Schmidt at his side, and the bullets whistled merrily around him, and he experienced such a feeling of intensified delight in life as he had not felt since childhood. He awoke with a start. ....

"Yes, it was all so!" said he, smiling to himself, a happy, childlike smile, and he fell asleep with the sound sleep of youth.

CHAPTER XI

He awoke the next morning, late. Recalling the impressions of the previous day, he remembered, first of all, that he was to be presented that day to the Emperor Franz, he remembered the minister of war, the officiously polite Flügel-adjutant, Bilibin, and the conversation of the evening before.

Putting on his full-dress uniform, which he had not worn for a long time, to go to court, he went down to Bilibin's private room. His hand was bandaged, but he was fresh, full of spirits, and handsome. Four young gentlemen connected with the diplomatic corps were gathered in the cabinet. Bolkonsky was already acquainted with Prince Ippolit Kuragin, who was secretary of the legation; Bilibin introduced him to the others.

The gentlemen at Bilibin's were gay, rich young men of fashion, who formed, both in Vienna and here in Brünn, an exclusive circle, which Bilibin, the leader of it, called "ours," *les nôtres*. This clique, composed almost exclusively of diplomats, were occupied with the doings of society, their relations to certain women, and their duties as secretaries; war and diplomacy did not much concern them. The gentlemen apparently took to Prince Andreï, and adopted him as one of themselves — an honor which they did not confer upon every one.

From politeness, and as a topic for beginning conversation, they asked him a few questions about the army and the battle, and then conversation quickly drifted into inconsequential but jovial sallies of wit and gossip.

"But this is especially good," said one, relating the misfortunes of a colleague. "Especially good, when the chancellor himself told him to his face that his transfer to London was a promotion, and that he was so to regard it. Can you imagine his looks at hearing that?" ....

"But what is worse than all, gentlemen, I must ex-

pose Kuragin: a man is in trouble, and this Don Juan, this terrible man, must needs take advantage of it!"

Prince Ippolit was stretched out in a Voltaire chair, with his legs thrown over the arm. He laughed: —

"Tell me about it," said he.

"Oh, you Don Juan!" — "Oh, you snake!" said various voices.

"You don't know, Bolkonsky," said Bilibin, turning to Prince Andreï, "that all the atrocities committed by the French army (I almost said the Russian army) are nothing in comparison with what this man has been doing among the ladies!"

"Woman is man's helpmeet," said Prince Ippolit, sententiously, and he began to stare through his lorgnette at his elevated feet.

Bilibin and "our fellows" roared, as they looked at Prince Ippolit. Prince Andreï saw that this young man, of whom (it must be confessed) he had almost been jealous, was the butt for this circle.

"I must give you a little sport with Kuragin," whispered Bilibin to Bolkonsky. "It 's rich to hear him talk about politics! You must see what an important air he assumes."

He took a seat near Ippolit and, wrinkling his brows portentously, began to draw him into a conversation on political affairs.

Prince Andreï and the others gathered around the two.

"The cabinet of Berlin cannot express any thought of an alliance," began Ippolit, looking significantly from one to another, "without expressing .... as in its last note .... *vous comprenez .... vous comprenez* .... and then if his majesty the emperor does not go back on his principles, our alliance .... Wait, I have not finished," said he to Prince Andreï, seizing him by the arm, "I suppose that intervention will be stronger than non-intervention, and ...." He was silent for a moment, — "the non-receipt of our despatch of the twenty-eighth of November cannot be charged as intentional. That is the way it will all end."

And he let go of Bolkonsky's arm, signifying that now he was entirely done.

"Demosthenes, I recognize thee by the pebble which thou hast concealed in thy golden mouth," said Bilibin, his cap of hair moving on his head with satisfaction.

All laughed. Ippolit laughed louder than the rest. It evidently hurt him; he choked but he was unable to refrain from the laugh that distorted his usually impassive face.

"Now, then, gentlemen," said Bilibin, "Bolkonsky is a guest at my house here in Brünn, and I am anxious to treat him well and give him a taste of all of our pleasures here so far as possible. If we were in Vienna this would be easy, but here — in this beastly Moravian hole — it will be harder, and I beg you all to lend me your aid. We must do him the honors of Brünn. You undertake the theatres; I will introduce him to society; you, Ippolit, of course, the ladies."

"You must show him Amélie, she 's a beauty!" said one of the circle, kissing the ends of his fingers.

"All in all, this bloodthirsty soldier," said Bilibin, "must be brought to more humane views."

"It is doubtful if I can take advantage of your hospitality, gentlemen, for now it is time for me to go out," said Bolkonsky, looking at his watch.

"Where?"

"To the emperor."

"Oh! — oh! — oh!"

"Well, *au revoir*, Bolkonsky. Good-by, prince; come back to dinner as early as you can," shouted several voices. "We will look out for you."

"Try to say as much as you can in praise of the commissariat and the roads, when you speak to the emperor," said Bilibin, as he accompanied Bolkonsky into the entry.

"I wish I could say flattering things, but I cannot," said Bolkonsky, with a smile.

"Well, then, do just as much of the talking as you can. His passion is for audiences, but he does not like to talk, and he does not know how, as you will see for yourself."

CHAPTER XII

At the levee, Prince Andreï, who stood in the place appointed among the Austrian officers, merely received a long fixed stare from the Emperor Franz, and a slight inclination of his long head. But, after the levee, the Flügel-adjutant of the evening before politely communicated to Bolkonsky the emperor's desire to give him an audience. The Emperor Franz received him standing in the middle of his room. Before beginning the conversation, Prince Andreï was struck by the evident confusion of the emperor, who reddened and did not know what to say.

"Tell me when the action began," he asked hurriedly.

Prince Andreï told him.

This question was followed by others, no less simple: —

"Is Kutuzof well? How long ago did he leave Krems?" and so on.

The emperor spoke as if his whole aim were to ask a certain number of questions. The answers to these questions, as he made only too evident, did not interest him.

"At what hour did the engagement begin?" asked the emperor.

"I cannot tell, your majesty, at what hour the fighting began on the front, but at Dürenstein, where I happened to be, the army made the first attack at six o'clock in the evening," said Bolkonsky, eagerly, for he supposed that now he had a chance to enter into the carefully prepared and accurate description of all that he had seen and knew. But the emperor smiled and interrupted him: —

"How many miles is it?"

"From where and to where, your majesty?"

"From Dürenstein to Krems?"

"Three miles and a half, your majesty."

"Have the French abandoned the left bank?"

"According to the reports of our scouts, the last of them crossed that same night on rafts."

"Plenty of provender at Krems?"

"Provender was not furnished in that abundance which...."

But the emperor interrupted him:—

"At what hour was General Schmidt killed?"

"At seven o'clock, I should think."....

"At seven o'clock! Very sad! very sad!"

Then the emperor thanked him and made him a bow. Prince Andreï left the audience chamber and was immediately surrounded by courtiers coming from all sides. From all sides flattering glances rested on him and flattering words were heard around him. The Flügel-adjutant reproached him for not having put up at the palace and offered him the use of his rooms. The minister of war came and congratulated him on having received the order of Maria Theresa of the third degree, which the emperor had conferred upon him. The empress's chamberlain invited him to wait upon her majesty. The grand duchess also desired to see him. He did not know whom to answer first, and it took him several seconds to collect his wits. The Russian ambassador put his hand on his shoulder, drew him into a window, and began to talk with him.

In spite of Bilibin's prognostications, the news brought by Bolkonsky was joyfully hailed. A thanksgiving Te Deum was ordained, Kutuzof was decorated with the grand cross of Maria Theresa, and all the army was rewarded. Bolkonsky was overwhelmed with invitations, and was obliged to spend the whole morning in making calls upon the principal dignitaries of Austria.

Having finished his calls, about five o'clock in the afternoon Prince Andreï, thinking over what he should write his father about the engagement and his visit to Brünn, returned to Bilibin's lodgings. At the door of the house occupied by Bilibin stood a britzska half full of luggage, and Franz, Bilibin's valet, was just coming out, laboriously dragging another trunk.

On his way back to Bilibin's, Prince Andreï had stepped into a bookstall, to lay in a store of books for his campaign, and had spent some time there.

"What does this mean?" asked Bolkónsky.

"Alas! your excellency!" said Franz, with difficulty tumbling the trunk into the britzska, "we 're going farther off. The rascal is after us again."

"What do you say? tell me!" asked Prince Andreï. Bilibin came out to meet Bolkonsky. His usually tranquil face showed traces of excitement.

"Well, well, confess that it 's delightful," said he, "this story of the Thabor bridge [the bridge at Vienna]. They crossed it without meeting any resistance!"

Prince Andreï still failed to understand. "Where have you been that you don't know what every coachman in the city has heard long since."

"I have just come from the grand duchess's. I heard nothing of it there."

"And have n't you noticed that everywhere they 're packing up?"

"No, I have n't. But what is the trouble?" asked Prince Andreï, impatiently.

"What is the trouble? The trouble is that the French have crossed the bridge which Auersperg was defending, and the bridge was not blown up, so that Murat is now hastening down the road to Brünn, and they will be here to-day or to-morrow."

"Be here? But why was the bridge not blown up, when it was mined?"

"Well, that 's what I ask you. No one, not even Bonaparte, knows that."

Bolkonsky shrugged his shoulders.

"But if the bridge is crossed, the army is destroyed; of course it will be cut off," said he.

"That 's the joke of the thing," rejoined Bilibin. "Listen! The French enter Vienna, just as I told you. All very good. On the next day, — that is yesterday, — Messrs. Marshals Murat, Lannes, and Belliard mount their horses and ride down to the bridge (notice, all three of them are Gascons). 'Gentlemen,' says one of them, 'you know that the Thabor bridge is mined and countermined, and that in front of it is a terrible *tête de pont* and fifteen thousand men, who are com-

manded to blow up the bridge and not allow us to pass. But our master, the Emperor Napoleon, would be pleased if we took that bridge. Let us three go therefore and take that bridge.' 'Yes, let us go,' say the others, and they go to it and take it and cross it, and now they are on this side of the Danube with their whole army, and are in full march against us and against your communications."

"A truce to jesting," said Prince Andreĭ, in a melancholy and serious tone. This news was sad, and at the same time pleasant to him. As soon as he knew that the Russian army was in such a hopeless situation, it occurred to him that he himself was the one called upon to rescue it from this situation, — that this was his Toulon, destined to lift him from the throng of insignificant officers and open to him the straight path of glory! Even while he was listening to Bilibín, he was picturing himself going back to the army, and there, in a council of war, proposing a plan which alone might save them, and that to him alone it was granted to accomplish this plan.

"A truce to jesting," said he.

"I am not jesting," insisted Bilibin. "Nothing is more veracious or more melancholy. These gentlemen ride on the bridge without escort, displaying their white handkerchiefs; they assert that there is an armistice, and that they, the marshals, have come over to talk with Prince Auersperg. The officer on guard lets them into the *tête de pont.* They give him a thousand choice specimens of gasconade; they say that the war is ended, that the Emperor Franz has decided on a conference with Bonaparte, that they wanted to see Prince Auersperg, and a thousand other trumpery lies. The officer sends for Auersperg; these gentlemen embrace the officers, jest, sit astride the cannon, and meantime a French battalion quietly crosses the bridge and flings the bags with the combustibles into the water, and enters the *tête de pont.* At last the lieutenant-general, our dear Prince Auersperg von Mautern himself, appears on the scene. 'Our dear enemy! Flower of the

Austrian army, hero of the Turkish wars! Our enmity is at an end, we can shake hands. The Emperor Napoleon is dying with anxiety to make the acquaintance of Prince Auersperg!'

"In one word, these gentlemen, who are not Gascons for nothing, so bejuggle Auersperg with fine words, he is so ravished by this rapidly instituted intimacy with the French marshals, so dazzled by the sight of Murat's mantle and ostrich feathers, that he doesn't see the point, and quite forgets what he himself ought to be pointing at the enemy."[1]

Notwithstanding the vehemence of his remarks, Bilibín did not fail to pause after this pun, so as to allow Bolkónsky time to appreciate it.

"The French battalions run into the *tête de pont*, spike the cannon, the bridge is theirs! But this is best of all," he went on to say, allowing the fascination of his narrative to keep him calm, "this, — that the sergeant who had charge of the cannon, the discharge of which was to explode the mines and blow up the bridge, this sergeant, I say, seeing the French soldiers running over the bridge, was just going to fire his gun, but Lannes pulled away his hand. The sergeant, who evidently had more sense than his general, hastens to Auersperg and says, 'Prince, you are imposed upon, here are the French!'

"Murat sees that their game is played if the sergeant is allowed to speak further. With pretended surprise (true Gascon that he is) he turns to Auersperg: 'I don't see in this anything of your world-renowned Austrian discipline,' says he. 'Do you allow a man of inferior rank to speak to you so?' It was a stroke of genius. Prince Auersperg prides himself on punctilio and has the sergeant put under arrest. But you must confess that all this story of the Thabor bridge is perfectly delightful. It was neither stupidity nor cowardice." ....

"Perhaps it is treason, though," said Prince Andrei,

[1] *Qu'il n'y voit que du feu, et oublie celui qu'il devait faire faire sur l'ennemi.* The French pun turns on the idiom *ne voir que du feu*, to be dazzled, not to understand; but *feu* means fire.

his imagination vividly bringing up before him the gray cloaks, the wounds, the gunpowder smoke, the sounds of battle, and the glory which was awaiting him.

"Not at all. This puts the court in a most stupid position," continued Bilibin; "it is neither treason nor cowardice nor stupidity, it 's just the same as at Ulm." He paused, as if trying to find a suitable expression: "*C'est — c'est du Mack. Nous sommes Mackés* — we are Macked!" he said, at last satisfied that he had coined *un mot*, and a brilliant *mot*, such an one as would be repeated. The wrinkles that had been deeply gathering on his forehead quickly smoothed themselves out, in token of his contentment, and with a slight smile on his lips, he began to contemplate his finger-nails.

"Where are you going?" he asked, suddenly turning to Prince Andreï, who had got up and was starting for his chamber.

"I 'm off."

"Where?"

"To the army!"

"But you intended to stop two days longer, didn 't you?"

"Yes, but now I 'm going immediately."

And Prince Andreï, having given his orders for the carriage, went to his room.

"Do you know, my dear fellow?" said Bilibin, coming into his room, "do you know, I have been thinking about you. — Why are you going?"

And in testimony of the irrefragability of his argument against it, all the wrinkles vanished from his face.

Prince Andreï looked inquiringly at his friend, and made no reply.

"Why are you going? — I know; you think that it is your duty to hurry back to the army, now, when it is in danger. I understand it, my dear; it is heroism in you!"

"Not at all," said Prince Andreï.

"But you are a philosopher; be one absolutely; look at things from the other side, and you will see that your duty, on the contrary, is to preserve yourself. Leave

this to others who are not fit for anything else. .... You have had no orders to return, and you won't be allowed to go from here, so of course you can stay, and go with us wherever our unhappy lot carries us. They say we are going to Olmütz. Now Olmütz is a very nice little city. And you and I can make the journey very comfortably in my calash."

"Cease your jesting, Bilibin," said Bolkonsky.

"I am speaking to you sincerely, and as your friend. Judge for yourself. Where, and for what purpose, are you going now, when you can remain here? One of two things will happen to you," — here he managed to gather a fold of wrinkles over his left temple, — "either peace will be concluded before you reach the army, or else defeat and disgrace await you with all of Kutuzof's force."

And Bilibin smoothed the skin again, feeling that the dilemma was unavoidable.

"Of that I cannot judge," said Prince Andreï, coldly; but he thought in his own mind, "I am going to save the army."

"My dear, you are a hero!" said Bilibin.

CHAPTER XIII

That same night, having taken his leave of the minister of war, Bolkonsky set out for the army, not knowing where he should find it, and fearing lest he should be captured by the French, on the road to Krems.

At Brünn all the court were engaged in packing, and the heavy luggage had already been despatched to Olmütz.

Near Etzelsdorf Prince Andreï struck the highway over which the Russian army was moving in the greatest haste and the greatest disorder. The road was so encumbered with teams that it was impossible for a carriage to make its way along. Having secured from the head of the Cossack division a horse and Cossack, Prince Andreï, hungry and tired, managed to get past the teams, and at last

drove on in search of the commander-in-chief and his own train. The most ominous reports of the condition of the army had reached him on his way, and these reports were confirmed by the sight of the army hurrying on in disorder.

"This Russian army, which English gold has brought together from the ends of the universe, we shall make it suffer the same fate (the fate of Ulm)."

Bolkonsky remembered these words from Bonaparte's general orders to his army at the beginning of the campaign, and these words inspired in him an admiration for the genius of his hero, together with a sense of wounded pride and a hope of glory.

"But suppose nothing be left me but to die!" he said to himself. "Well, then, be it so, if it is necessary. I shall not die more shamefully than others."

Prince Andreï looked contemptuously at the endless confusion of detachments, baggage-wagons, field-pieces, and gun-carriages, and again baggage-wagons, baggage-wagons, baggage-wagons, of every possible description, trying to outstrip one another, and getting in one another's way, as they toiled along over the muddy road, three and four abreast. In all directions, in front as well as behind, wherever the ear listened, were heard the creaking of wheels, the rumbling of vehicles, carts and gun-carriages, the trampling of horses' feet, the cracking of whips, the shouts of drivers, the cursing of soldiers, servants, and officers.

Along the borders of the highway were everywhere seen the carcasses of horses that had fallen, and been left, either flayed or not flayed, as the case might be; then broken-down wagons, by which solitary soldiers sat waiting for something; then, again, he saw little detachments of troops straying from the main column and hastening to scattered villages, or coming back from them, with hens, sheep, hay, or bags filled with various objects.

On the slopes and rises the groups crowded together still more densely, and there was an uninterrupted tumult of noises. Soldiers plodding through mud up

to their knees helped to drag, by main force, the field-pieces and wagons. Whips cracked, hoofs slipped, traces strained, and throats were split with shouting. The officers who directed the retreat galloped back and forth among the wagons. Their voices were hardly distinguishable above the general uproar, and it could be seen by their faces that they were in despair at the possibility of reducing this chaos into order.

"Here is our dear Orthodox army," said Bolkonsky to himself, quoting Bilibin's words.

Wishing to inquire of some of these men where the commander-in-chief was to be found, he galloped up to the train. Directly opposite to him was an odd equipage, a sort of cross between a cart, a cabriolet, and a calash, drawn by one horse, and evidently constructed out of some soldier's domestic belongings. This vehicle was driven by a soldier, and under the leather cover, behind the apron, sat a woman all wrapped up in shawls.

Prince Andreï rode up and was just going to question the soldier, when his attention was attracted by the despairing shrieks of the woman sitting in the vehicle. An officer, who had charge of the train, had set to beating her driver because he attempted to pass ahead of the others, and the blows of the whip fell on the apron. The woman was screaming desperately. Seeing Prince Andreï, she thrust her head out from under the hood, and waving her thin arms, freed from the shawls, she cried: —

"Aide! Mr. Aide!.... for God's sake.... protect me! What will become of us?.... I am the doctor's wife, of the Seventh Jägers.... They won't let us pass, we are left behind, and have lost our friends."

"I will knock you flatter than a pancake! turn back!" cried the officer, angrily, to the soldier; "back with you, and take your jade!"

"Mr. Aide, help me! What can I do?" cried the doctor's wife.

"Please let this team pass. Don't you see that it is a woman?" said Prince Andreï, riding up to the officer.

The officer glanced at him, and, without saying a word, turned to the soldier again. "I 'll teach you.... back!"

"Let them pass, I tell you," repeated Prince Andreï, compressing his lips.

"Who are you, anyway?" suddenly cried the officer, turning to Prince Andreï, in a drunken fury. "Who are you?" (he addressed him insolently, with a special emphasis on the insulting word). "Are you commander here? I 'm the commander here, and not you! Back with you, I 'll knock you flatter 'n a pancake."

This expression had evidently pleased the officer.

"He gave the little aide a capital rating," said a voice behind.

Prince Andreï saw that the officer had got into one of those paroxysms of drunken fury in which a man is not responsible for what he says. He saw that his interference in the troubles of the doctor's wife was attended with what he feared more than aught else in the world, — being made ridiculous, but instinct immediately came to his aid. The officer had not time to finish what he was saying before Prince Andreï, his face distorted by rage, rode close to him and held up his whip: "Have the goodness to let them pass!"

The officer shook his fist in his face and hastily rode off. "It all comes from them, from these staff-officers, all this disorder does," he muttered. "Do as you please."

Prince Andreï hastily rode away, without looking up or heeding the thanks of the doctor's wife, who called him her preserver; and, recalling with disgust the particulars of this humiliating scene, he galloped toward the village where he had been told that the commander-in-chief was to be found.

When he reached this village, he dismounted and started for the first house, intending to rest, if only for a minute, and get something to eat, and try to banish all the humiliating thoughts that tortured him. "This is a troop of footpads and not an army," he was saying to himself, when, just as he happened to look up at the

window of the first house, a well-known voice called him by name.

He looked up and saw Nesvitsky's handsome face thrust out of the window. Nesvitsky, vigorously chewing something in his moist mouth, was waving his hand and calling him to come in.

"Bolkonsky! Bolkonsky! don't you hear me? Come quick!" he cried.

Entering the house, Prince Andreï found Nesvitsky and another aide having some luncheon. They turned eagerly to Bolkonsky, with the question whether he had brought anything new. Prince Andreï read in their well-known faces an expression of alarm and uneasiness. This expression was especially noticeable on Nesvitsky's usually jolly face.

"Where is the commander-in-chief?" asked Bolkonsky.

"Here, in yonder house," replied the aide.

"Tell us, is it true there is peace and a capitulation?" demanded Nesvitsky.

"I should have to ask you that! I know nothing, except that I had great trouble in finding you."

"And what sort of a plight do you find us in! It's horrible, my dear fellow; I plead guilty for having laughed at Mack, but here we are in a far worse position, brother," said Nesvitsky. "But sit down and have something to eat.

"Now, prince, you won't find your luggage, or anything, and only God knows where your man, Piotr, is," said the other aide.

"Where's the headquarters?"

"We are to spend the night at Znaim."

"And I had everything I needed packed on two horses," said Nesvitsky, "and they made me some splendid pack-saddles. Even though we should have to worry through the mountains of Bohemia. It's a bad state of things, brother. What's the matter? Aren't you well, you shake so?" asked Nesvitsky, noticing that a sudden tremor ran over Prince Andreï, as if from the discharge of a Leyden jar.

"Nothing is the matter," replied Prince Andreï. He happened at that instant to remember his recent encounter with the doctor's wife and the officer of the baggage-train.

"What 's the commander-in-chief doing here?" he went on to ask.

"I have n't the least idea," replied Nesvitsky.

"All I know is that it is all a nasty, nasty, nasty business," said Prince Andreï, and he started for the house where the commander-in-chief was.

Passing by Kutuzof's carriage, the jaded saddle-horses of his suite, and the vociferating Cossacks, he went into the cottage. Kutuzof himself, as Prince Andreï had been told, was in the cottage with Prince Bagration and Weirother. Weirother was the Austrian general who had succeeded to the place of Schmidt, who had been killed.

In the entry, the little Kozlovsky was squatting on his heels before a clerk. The clerk, with his cuffs rolled up, was hastily writing, with a tub turned over for a desk. Kozlovsky's face looked pinched and wan; he had evidently not slept the night before. He glanced up as Prince Andreï came in, but he did not even nod to him.

"Second line..... Have you written it?" said he, proceeding with what he was dictating to the clerk: "The Kief grenadiers, the Podolian...."

"Don't go so fast, your honor,"[1] said the clerk in a disrespectful and surly manner, looking up at Kozlovsky.

Kutuzof's animated and impatient voice was at this moment heard in the room beyond, answered by another which Prince Andreï did not recognize. By the sound of these two voices, by the preoccupied way in which Kozlovsky glanced up at him, by the surly disrespect shown by the clerk, by the fact that the clerk and Kozlovsky were sitting on the floor by a tub, and so handy to the commander-in-chief, and finally, because the Cossacks holding the saddle-horses were laughing so noisily in front of the windows, — by all of this, Prince Andreï

[1] *Vashe vuisokoblagorôdie: high-well-born, Hochwohlgeboren.*

was impressed with the idea that something grave and disagreeable must have occurred.

Prince Andreï, with urgency, turned to Kozlovsky with questions.

"In a moment, prince," said Kozlovsky. "These are the dispositions for Bagration."

"But the capitulation?"

"There 's no such thing. Preparations are making for a battle."

Prince Andreï started for the room where he heard the talking. But, just as he was going to open the door, the voices in the room became silent, the door was flung open, and Kutuzof, with his eagle nose and puffy face, appeared on the threshold. Prince Andreï stood directly in front of him; but from the expression of the commander-in-chief's one available eye it could be seen that he was so absolutely absorbed by his work and idea that he did not see anything at all. He looked straight into his aide's face and yet did not recognize him.

"How now! Finished?" he inquired of Kozlovsky.

"In one second, your excellency."

Bagration, a short, slender man, still in the prime of life, and with a firm and impassive face of the Oriental type, followed the commander-in-chief.

"I have the honor of presenting myself," said Prince Andreï, in a pretty loud tone, and at the same time extending an envelope.

"Ah? From Vienna? Good! Wait, wait!"

Kutuzof and Bagration went out on the step.

"Well, prince, good-by," said he to Bagration. "Christ be with you! I give you my best wishes for the great task."

Kutuzof's face unexpectedly softened, and the tears came into his eyes. With his left hand he drew Bagration to him, and with his right, on which flashed a ring, he made the sign of the cross over him in a manner peculiar to himself, and offered him his puffy cheek to kiss, instead of which Bagration kissed him on the neck.

"Christ be with you," repeated Kutuzof, and went to his calash. — "Come with me," said he to Bolkonsky.

"Your high excellency, I should like to be employed in this movement. Let me stay in Prince Bagration's division."

"Come with me," again said Kutuzof, and, noticing that Bolkonsky hesitated, he added: "I myself need good officers, I need them myself."

They took their seats in the calash and drove in silence for some minutes.

"There is still much, very much, before us," said he, with an old man's keenness of perception, as if he clearly read all that was passing in Bolkonsky's mind. "If a tenth part of his division returns to-morrow, I shall thank God," added Kutuzof, evidently talking to himself.

Prince Andreï looked at Kutuzof, and his eyes were involuntarily attracted by the deep scar on his temple, where the Turkish bullet had crashed through his head at Izmaïlo, and by his extravasated eye.

"Yes, he has a right to speak thus calmly of the destruction of these men," thought Prince Bolkonsky.

"That was the very reason why I asked you to let me go with that division," said he, aloud.

Kutuzof made no reply. It seemed as if he had already forgotten what he had just said, and he sat absorbed in thought. Five minutes later Kutuzof, comfortably rocking on the easy springs of the calash, turned to Prince Andreï. His face showed not a sign of emotion. With gentle irony he began to ask Prince Andreï after the details of his interview with the emperor, the court gossip concerning the Krems engagement, and concerning certain women with whom both of them were acquainted.

CHAPTER XIV

Kutuzof had learned on the thirteenth of November, through one of his scouts, that the army under his command was in an almost inextricable position. The scout had brought word that the French, in overwhelming

numbers, had crossed the bridge at Vienna, and were marching to cut off the communication between Kutúzof and the reinforcements coming to him from Russia.

If Kutuzof decided to remain at Krems, then Napoleon's army of one hundred and fifty thousand men would cut him off from all his communications, would outflank his exhausted army of forty thousand, and then he would be in the same position as Mack at Ulm.

If Kutuzof decided to abandon the road leading to his point of communication with his reinforcements, then he would be obliged to penetrate into the unknown and pathless region of the Bohemian mountains, defending his rear from the constant attacks of the enemy on his trail, and giving up all hope of effecting a junction with Buxhövden.

If Kutuzof determined to take the highway from Krems to Olmütz, so as to meet the reinforcement from Russia, then he ran the risk of being anticipated on this route by the French, who had crossed the Danube at Vienna and would be likely to force him to fight in the middle of the march, burdened with all the luggage and train baggage, and to deal with an enemy double his own number, and surrounding him on two sides.

Kutuzof had decided on this last alternative.

The French, according to the report of the scout, had crossed the bridge at Vienna, and were in full march upon Znaim, which lay in the line of Kutuzof's projected retreat, more than a hundred versts — about sixty miles — ahead of him. If they could reach Znaim before the French, they were in a fair hope of saving the army; but if the French were given a chance of getting to Znaim first, it surely meant the disgrace of a surrender, like that at Ulm, or else the general destruction of the army. It was certainly impossible to anticipate the French with all the troops. The road which the French would traverse from Vienna to Znaim was both shorter and better than the road which the Russians had from Krems to Znaim.

On the night after receiving this information, Kutuzof sent four thousand men of Bagration's vanguard

over the mountains to occupy the road from Vienna to Znaim. Bagration was ordered to make this short cut without pausing to rest; he was to face Vienna and turn his back on Znaim, and if he succeeded in getting there before the French did, he was to do his best to hold them in check. Kutuzof himself, with all the baggage, would hasten on toward Znaim.

Bagration, crossing the mountains, marching without a road, forty-five versts on a stormy night, losing a third part of his forces in stragglers, came out with his famished, shoeless men at Hollabrunn, on the road from Vienna to Znaim, a few hours before the French reached it from Vienna. It was necessary for Kutúzof to travel a whole day and night with his baggage-wagons before reaching Znaim, and, therefore, in order to save the army, Bagration, with only four thousand soldiers, hungry and tired out, was obliged to engage the entire force of the enemy during the course of the twenty-four hours; this was manifestly impossible.

But a strange chance made the impossible possible.

Having been successful in the piece of finesse which had given the French the bridge at Vienna without a blow, Murat thought that it would be fine to try a similar deception on Kutuzof. Meeting Bagration's feeble contingent on the road to Znaim, he supposed that it was Kutuzof's whole army. In order that there might be no question of his crushing this army, he determined to wait the arrival of all the forces that had started out from Vienna, and, with this end in view, he proposed an armistice for three days, with the condition that both armies should not change their positions, or move from their places.

Murat asserted that negotiations for peace were already in progress, and that, therefore, in order to avoid the useless shedding of blood, he had proposed the armistice. The Austrian general, Count Nostitz, who was posted in the van, placed credence in the words of Murat's emissary, and retired, exposing Bagration. Another emissary came to the Russian line to make the same assurances about negotiations of peace, and to

propose three days' armistice. Bagration answered that he was not authorized either to refuse or accept an armistice, and he sent his adjutant back to Kutuzof, to carry the proposition that had been made to him.

The armistice was, for Kutuzof, the only means of gaining time, of giving Bagration's toil-worn division a chance to rest, and of sending the baggage-wagons and other things (the movements of which were concealed from the French) by a roundabout way to Znaim. The proposal for an armistice offered the only possibility, and one most unexpected, of saving the army.

On the receipt of this news, Kutuzof promptly sent his adjutant-general, Winzengerode, who happened to be present, over to the hostile camp. Winzengerode was not only to accept the armistice, but also even to propose terms of capitulation, while, in the meantime, Kutuzof sent his aides back to expedite the movements of the baggage-train of the whole army along the road from Krems to Znaim. The weary, famished contingent under Bagration was to cover this operation of the baggage-train and of the whole army, and to maintain a firm front against an enemy eight times as strong.

Kutuzof saw that by discussing terms of capitulation, which did not bind him to anything, time would be gained for sending around at least a portion of the heavy baggage, but he also saw that Murat's blunder would be quickly detected. Both of these anticipations were realized.

As soon as Bonaparte, who was at Schönbrunn, twenty-five versts from Hollabrunn, read Murat's report and his scheme for an armistice and capitulation, he saw through the hoax, and wrote the following letter to him: —

Schönbrunn, Nov. 16, 1805, 8 o'clock A.M.

To Prince Murat: — I cannot find words to express my displeasure. You merely command my van, and have no right to conclude an armistice without orders from me. You are making me lose the advantage of a campaign. End the armistice instantly, and march on the enemy. Explain to him that

the general who signed this capitulation had no right to do so, — that only the Emperor of Russia has this right.

However, if the Russian emperor should ratify the proposed agreement, I also would ratify it. But it is only a trick. March! Destroy the Russian army! You are in a position to capture their baggage and artillery.

The Russian emperor's adjutant-general is a —— Officers are of no account when they are not endowed with any powers; this one had none. The Austrians let themselves be duped about the crossing of the Vienna bridge; you have allowed yourself to be duped by the Russians.

NAPOLEON.[1]

Bonaparte's aide galloped off at headlong speed, to carry this angry letter to Murat. Bonaparte himself, not feeling confidence in his generals, moved toward the field of battle with all his guards, fearing lest he should be cheated of his prey; and the four thousand men under Bagration, gayly building bivouac fires, dried and warmed themselves and for the first time in three days cooked their kasha, and not one of the detachment knew or dreamed of what was threatening them.

[1] SCHÖNBRUNN, 25 *Brumaire, en* 1805, *à huit heure du matin.*

AU PRINCE MURAT: — *Il m'est impossible de trouver des termes pour vous exprimer mon mécontentement. Vous ne commandez que mon avant-garde, et vous n'avez pas le droit de faire d'armistice sans mon ordre. Vous me faites perdre le fruit d'une campagne. Rompez l'armistice sur le champ, et marchez sur ennemi. Vous lui ferez déclarer que le général qui a signé cette capitulation n'avait pas le droit de le faire, qu'il n'y a que l'empereur de Russie qui ait ce droit.*

Toutes les fois cependant que l'Empereur de Russie ratifierait la dite convention, je la ratifierai; mais ce n'est qu'une ruse. Marchez, détruisez l'armée russe. Vous êtes une position de prendre son bagage et son artillerie.

L'aide de campe de l'Empereur de Russie est un —— Les officiers ne sont rien quand ils n'ont pas de pouvoirs: celui-ci n'en avait point. Les Autrichiens se sont laissé jouer pour le passage du pont de Vienne, vous-vous laissez jouer par un aide de camp de l'empereur.

NAPOLEON.

CHAPTER XV

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, when Prince Andreï, having through his urgency been granted his request by Kutuzof, reached Grund, and reported to Bagration. Bonaparte's aide had not yet reached Murat's division, and the battle had not begun. Nothing was known in Bagration's detachment about the general course of events; they talked about a peace, but did not believe in its possibility. They talked also about an engagement, but neither did they believe in the imminence of any engagement. Bagration, knowing that Bolkonsky was the commander-in-chief's favorite and trusted adjutant, received him with all the marks of respect and condescension possible to a commander, assured him that either that day or the next an engagement would probably take place, and granted him free choice to be present with him during the battle, or to remain in the rear and superintend the retreat, "which," he said, "would be a very important position."

"However, it is most likely that nothing will be done to-day," said Prince Bagration, as if to relieve Prince Andreï's anxieties.

At the same time he thought: "If this is only one of the ordinary jack-a-dandies of the staff, sent out to win a cross, he will get it just as well by staying in the rear; but if he desires to be with me, let him..... He will be useful if he is a brave officer."

Prince Andreï gave no decided answer, but asked the prince's permission to reconnoiter the position and learn the disposition of the forces, so that in case of necessity he might know where he was. The officer on duty, a handsome man, faultlessly attired and with a diamond ring on his index finger, who spoke French badly but fluently, offered to be Prince Andreï's guide.

On all sides were to be seen wet and melancholy-looking officers, apparently searching for something, and soldiers lugging from the village doors, benches, and fences.

"Here, prince, we cannot get rid of such men as these," said the staff-officer, pointing to the soldiers. "The officers let them leave their places. And here again!" the officer pointed to a sutler's tent pitched near them, "they gather around and loaf. This morning I drove them all out, and look! it 's all full again. I must go and disperse them. One minute!"

"Let us go, and I will get some cheese and a loaf of bread of him," said Prince Andreï, who had not yet had anything to eat.

"Why did n't you tell me, prince? I should have been delighted to have shared my bread and salt with you."

They dismounted and went into the sutler's tent, where a few men and a number of officers with flushed and weary faces were sitting around a table, eating and drinking.

"Now what does this mean, gentlemen?" said the staff-officer in a tone of vexation, like a man who has been iterating the same thing again and again. "You know it is forbidden to absent yourselves from your posts in this way. The prince has forbidden any such thing. — And here you are, Mr. Captain!" said he, turning to a little, lean, dirty artillery officer, who without boots (he had given them to the sutler to dry), in his stocking-feet, stood up as the others entered, and greeted them with a not altogether natural smile. "Well, are n't you ashamed of yourself, Captain Tushin?" continued the staff-officer. "One would think that as an officer you would set a good example, and here you are with your boots off! If an alarm were sounded, you would make a fine show without boots!" The staff-officer smiled satirically. "Please go to your places, gentlemen, all, all of you," he added, in a tone of command.

Prince Andreï could not help smiling as he looked at Captain Tushin, who, silent and smiling, stood first on one bare foot and then on the other, and looked inquiringly with his large, intelligent, and good-natured eyes from Prince Andreï to the officer of the day.

"The soldiers say: 'It's easier to go barefooted,'" said Captain Tushin, timid and still smiling, evidently anxious to escape from his awkward predicament by assuming a jesting tone; but he did not say anything further, as if he felt that his joke was not appreciated and was not a success. He grew confused.

"Please go to your places," repeated the staff-officer, trying to preserve his gravity.

Prince Andreï once more glanced at the diminutive form of the artillery officer. There was something about it peculiar, utterly unmilitary, and rather comical, but still extraordinarily attractive.

The officer of the day and Prince Andreï remounted their horses and rode on.

Having passed beyond the village, constantly overtaking or meeting soldiers and officers of different divisions, they came in sight of the new entrenchments at their left, made of reddish clay freshly dug up. Several battalions of soldiers in their shirt-sleeves, in spite of the cold wind, and looking like white ants, were busy digging at these fortifications. Behind the breastworks, shovelfuls of red clay were constantly tossed up by men hidden from sight. They rode up to the earthworks, examined them, and then proceeding, mounted the opposite slope. From the top of it they could see the French. Prince Andreï reined in his horse and began to look around.

"There's where our battery is stationed," said the staff-officer, indicating the highest point, — "under command of that droll fellow whom we saw without his boots. From the top there, you can get a bird's-eye view of everything; let us go to it, prince."

"I thank you cordially, but now I can make my way alone," said Prince Andreï, wishing to get rid of the staff-officer. "Do not trouble yourself, I beg of you."

The staff-officer turned back, and Prince Andreï rode on alone.

The farther toward the front he rode, and the nearer to the enemy he came, the more orderly and admirably disposed seemed to be the army. The greatest disorder

and despondency were in that division of the baggage-train before Znaim which Prince Andreï had overtaken that morning and which was at least ten versts from the French. In Grund also there was a certain atmosphere of apprehension and fear of something.

But the nearer Prince Andreï came to the French outposts, the more satisfactory seemed to be the condition of the Russian forces. The soldiers in their cloaks stood drawn up in line, and a sergeant and a captain were counting the men, laying a finger on the breast of the last soldier of each division and directing him to lift his hand. Others, scattered over the whole space, were dragging sticks and brushwood and constructing rude huts, while they gayly laughed and chatted; around the bivouac fires, some dressed and others stripped were drying their shirts and leg-wrappers, mending their boots and cloaks, crowding around the kettles and kasha-pots. In one company, dinner was ready and the soldiers with eager faces gazed at the steaming kettle and waited while the *kaptenarmus* or sergeant carried a wooden cupful to be tasted by the officer who was sitting on a log in front of his hut.

In another company, more fortunate, since not all were provided with vodka, the soldiers stood in a throng around a pock-marked broad-shouldered sergeant, who, tilting the keg, filled in turn the covers of the cans which eager hands extended toward him. The soldiers, with reverent faces, lifted the can-covers to their lips, drained them, and, rinsing the vodka in their mouths and wiping them on their coat-sleeves, went off with contented faces. All the faces were as free from care as if the enemy were miles away and there were no probability of a battle in which at least half their division might be left on the field, — as if indeed they were somewhere in their native land anticipating undisturbed repose.

Having ridden past the regiment of jägers, Prince Andreï reached the Kief grenadiers, gallant young fellows, occupied all with the same peaceful pursuits; but not far from the regimental commander's hut, distinguished only by its height from the others, he saw a

platoon of the grenadiers, in front of whom lay a man, stripped. Two soldiers held him down, and two, flourishing supple rods, were giving him measured strokes on his naked back.

The man who was undergoing the punishment screamed unnaturally. A stout major walked up and down in front of the line, and, without heeding the man's shrieks, kept saying: —

"It 's scandalous for a soldier to steal; a soldier ought to be honest, noble, and brave, and if he steals from his comrade, he has no honor in him; he 's a mean fellow. More! more!"

And still resounded the swishing of the rods and the despairing but pretendedly piteous cries. "More! more!" repeated the major. A young officer, who was just turning away from the scene of the punishment with a mixed expression of incredulity and compassion, looked up questioningly at the aide, as he rode by.

Prince Andreï, passing to the extreme front, rode along by the outposts. The Russian pickets and those of the French were separated by a considerable distance at each flank, but at the center, on that space where the emissaries had crossed in the morning, the lines were so close that they could see one another's faces and exchange remarks. Besides the soldiers who were stationed as pickets in this place, there stood on both sides many sight-seers, who, laughing and jesting, stared at the hostile troops as if they were strange and foreign curiosities.

Ever since early morning (notwithstanding the orders forbidding their presence), the officers had been unable to rid themselves of these inquisitive persons within the lines. The soldiers, standing in the lines, like men who had come out to see something rare, no longer paid any attention to the French, but made observations on the new-comers, or, bored to death, waited to be relieved. Prince Andreï reined in his horse to reconnoiter the French.

"Look you, look!" said one soldier to his comrade, pointing to a musketeer, who, in company with an officer

had gone up to the line of sentries, and was talking earnestly and hotly with a French grenadier. "See, how glib he jabbers! The Frenchman[1] can't begin to keep up with him. That beats you, Sidorof!"

"Wait! listen. He's clever!" replied Sidorof, who considered himself a master in the art of speaking French.

The soldier whom the jesters were remarking was Dolokhof. Prince Andreï recognized him, and listened to what he was saying. Dolokhof, with his captain, had gone up to the sentry on the left flank, where their regiment was stationed.

"There, once more, once more," urged the captain, leaning forward and trying not to miss a word, albeit it was perfectly unintelligible to him! "Please make haste! What does he say?"

Dolokhof did not answer his captain; he had got drawn into a heated discussion with the French grenadier. Naturally, they were talking about the campaign. The Frenchman, confusing the Austrians with the Russians, contended that it was the Russians who had surrendered and run away from Ulm. Dolokhof contended that the Russians had not surrendered, but had beaten the French. "And here, if they tell us to clear you out, we will do it," said Dolokhof.

"You look out that we don't take you and all your Cossacks with us," retorted the Frenchman.

The spectators and the Frenchmen, who were listening, laughed.

"We 'll teach you to dance Russian fashion, as we did in the time of Suvorof," said Dolokhof.

"What 's that tune he 's giving us?" asked another Frenchman.

"Ancient history," said another, perceiving that the reference was to some past war. "The emperor will teach your *Souvara*, the same as he has taught others."

"Bonaparte," began Dolokhof, but the Frenchman interrupted him:—

"We have no Bonaparte. We have the emperor! *Sacré nom!*".... cried the other, excitedly.

[1] *Khrantsus* instead of *Frantsus*, a Frenchman.

"The devil skin your emperor!"

And Dolokhof began to pour out a string of oaths, in Russian soldier fashion, and, shouldering his musket, walked off. "Let us be going, Ivan Lukitch," said he to his captain.

"He 's stopped talking French," cried the soldiers in the line. "Now it 's your turn, Sidorof!"

Sidorof winked, and, addressing the Frenchmen, began to jabber a perfect stream of meaningless words: "*Kari, mala, tafa, safi, muter, kaská,*" he jabbered, trying to give great expression to the inflexions of his voice.

"Ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ukh! ukh!" rang among the soldiers with such a hearty and jovial laughter, that the Frenchmen across the line were irresistibly infected, and one would have thought, after this, that all that was necessary was for them all to fire off their muskets, explode their cartridges, and scatter to their homes as soon as possible; but the guns remained loaded, the barbicans in the huts and earthworks looked out just as threateningly as ever, and the unlimbered cannon remained as before, pointing at each other.

CHAPTER XVI

After riding along the entire line, from the right flank to the left, Prince Andreï made his way to the battery, from which, according to the staff-officer, the whole field was visible. Here he dismounted and leaned against the last one of four unlimbered field-pieces.

An artilleryman, who was pacing up and down in front of the guns, as sentry, started to give Prince Andreï the military salute, but at a sign desisted, and once more began his monotonous, tedious march.

Behind the guns were the gun-carriages; still farther back the horses were picketed, and the bivouac fires of the gunners were burning. At the left, at a little distance from the outermost gun, was a new, wattled hut, in which could be heard the lively voices of officers, talking together.

From the battery was really disclosed a view of almost all the disposition of the Russian forces, and of a large part of the enemy's. Directly in front of the battery, on the slope of another hill, lay the village of Schöngraben. Farther, both to the left and to the right, could be distinguished in three places, through the smoke of their bivouac fires, the masses of the French troops, the greater part of which were evidently stationed in the village itself, and behind the hill.

At the left of the village, in the smoke, something that resembled a battery could be made out, but by the naked eye it was impossible to distinguish it clearly. The Russian right flank was distributed along a rather steep elevation, which commanded the position of the French. Here were stationed the Russian infantry, and at the very end could be seen the dragoons.

In the center, where Tushin's battery was posted, and where Prince Andreï was studying the lay of the land, there was a very steep and direct descent and approach to a brook separating the Russians from Schöngraben.

At the left of the Russian position, the infantry were engaged in cutting wood in the forest, and there also arose the smoke of their bivouac fires.

The French lines were much more extended than the Russians, and it was plain that the French could easily outflank them on both sides. Back of the Russian position was a steep and deep ravine, along which it would be difficult for artillery or cavalry to retreat.

Prince Andreï, leaning on the cannon, took out a notebook and drew a plan of the disposition of the armies. At two places he indicated with a pencil certain observations to which he intended to draw Bagration's attention. In the first place, it was his idea that the artillery should be concentrated in the center, and, in the second place, to transfer all the cavalry to the other side of the ravine.

Prince Andreï, having been constantly thrown with the commander-in-chief, and occupied with the movements of masses and general arrangements, and having diligently studied descriptions of historical engagements,

found himself involuntarily trying to forecast the course of the action, but only in its general features. He imagined that the engagement would probably occur somewhat as follows: —

"If the enemy attack the right flank," said he to himself, "the Kief grenadiers and the Podolian jägers will be obliged to hold their position until the reserves from the center are sent to their aid. In this case, the dragoons may attack the flank and cut them to pieces. In case the attack is made on the center, we must place on this elevation our central battery, and under its protection we can draw back the left flank, and let them retreat down the ravine *en échelon*."

Thus he reflected.

All the time that he was in the battery by the cannon, he had constantly heard the voices of the officers, talking in the hut, but, as often happens, he had not noticed a single word that they said. Suddenly he was so struck by the note of sincerity in the tone of their voices, that he involuntarily began to listen.

"No, my dear,"[1] said a pleasant voice, which somehow seemed very familiar to Prince Andreï. "I say that if it were possible to know what was to be after death, then none of us would have any fear of death. That's so, my dear."

Another voice, evidently that of a younger man, interrupted him: —

"Well, whether we're afraid of it or not, it's all the same, there's no escaping it."

"But all men are afraid of it."

"Yes, you know so much," said a third lusty voice, breaking in upon the others. "You artillerymen know so much because you can take with you, everywhere you go, your tipples of vodka and your rations."

And the possessor of the lusty voice, evidently an infantry officer, laughed.

"Yes, all men are afraid of it," continued the first familiar voice. "We are afraid of the unknown; that's it. It's no use saying the soul goes up to heaven; why,

[1] *Galúbchik.*

we know very well that up yonder there 's no heaven, but only the atmosphere."

Again the lusty voice interrupted the artilleryman: —

"Come, now, Tushin, let us have some of your travnik."[1]

"So that is the very same captain that was at the sutler's tent, in his stocking-feet," said Prince Andreï to himself, glad to recognize the pleasant voice of the philosopher.

"The travnik you can have," said Tushin, "but all the same, as to comprehending the life to come...."

He did not finish his sentence.

At that instant a whizz was heard in the air; nearer and nearer, swifter and louder, louder and swifter, and a cannon-ball, as if unable to say all that it wanted to say, plunged into the earth not far from the hut, tearing up the ground with superhuman violence.

The ground seemed to groan with the terrible shock.

In a moment the little Tushin came running out of the hut ahead of the others, with his after-dinner pipe at the side of his mouth; his kind, intelligent face was rather pale. He was followed by the possessor of the lusty voice, a young infantry officer, who hurried off to his company, buttoning his coat as he ran.

CHAPTER XVII

Prince Andreï mounted his horse, but remained in the battery, trying to distinguish, by the smoke, the cannon that had sent the projectile. His eyes wandered over the whole landscape. All that he could make out was that the till now motionless masses of the French were beginning to stir, and that there really was a battery at the left. The smoke above it had not yet dispersed. Two French riders, apparently aides, were spurring down the hill. At the foot of the hill, a small but clearly distinguishable column of the enemy were moving, evidently for the purpose of strengthening the lines.

[1] A strong beer made of herbs (*travui*).

The smoke of the first gun had not blown away when another puff arose, followed by the report.

The action had begun.

Prince Andreï turned his horse and galloped back to Grund, to find Prince Bagration. Behind him he heard the cannonade, growing more frequent and louder. It was plain that our side had begun to reply. Below, in the space where the envoys had met, musket-shots were heard.

Lemarrois, with Bonaparte's angry letter, had just dashed up to Murat, and Murat, ashamed of himself, and anxious to retrieve his blunder, had immediately begun to move his army against the center, and at the same time around both flanks, hoping, before night and the arrival of the emperor, to demolish the insignificant division that opposed him.

"It has begun! Here it is!" said Prince Andreï to himself, feeling his heart beat more violently. "But where — how shall I find my Toulon?"

Riding among the companies which had been eating their kasha gruel and drinking vodka only a quarter of an hour before, he everywhere found the soldiers hastily moving about, getting into line, and examining their guns; on all faces there was the same feeling of expectancy as he had in his heart.

The face of every soldier and officer seemed to say: '*It has begun! Here it is! How terrible! How glorious!*'

Before he reached the unfinished earthworks, he saw in the twilight of the gloomy autumn day some horsemen riding toward him. The foremost, in a felt burka and a lamb's-wool cap, rode a white horse. This was Prince Bagration. Prince Andreï stopped and waited for them. Prince Bagration reined in his horse, and, recognizing Prince Andreï, nodded to him. He kept his eyes straight ahead all the time, while Prince Andreï was reporting to him what he had seen. The thought, *it has begun; here it is!* could also be read on Bagration's strong, brown face with the half-closed, dull eyes, that seemed to show the lack of sleep. Prince Andreï, with uneasy curiosity looked into his impassive face, and tried

to read whether he had any thoughts or feelings, and if so, what the thoughts and feelings of this man were at this moment. "Is there anything remarkable behind that impassive face?"

Prince Bagration nodded his head in approval of what Prince Andreï reported, and said, "Good!" as if all that had taken place and all that he heard was exactly what he had already anticipated. Prince Andreï, all out of breath from his swift gallop, spoke hurriedly. Prince Bagration pronounced his words with his Eastern accent, and with especial deliberation, as if to give the impression that there was no haste. However, he put his horse to the trot in the direction of Tushin's battery.

Prince Andreï and his suite followed him. His suite consisted of an attaché, Zherkof, the prince's personal aide, an orderly, the staff-officer of the day on a handsome English cob, and a civil chinovnik serving as auditor, who, out of curiosity, had asked permission to come out to the battle. The auditor, a fat man with a fat face, with a naïve smile of delight, glanced around, as he jolted on his horse, presenting a strange figure, in his camelot cloak on a pack-saddle, among the hussars, Cossacks, and aides.

"This man here wanted to see a battle," said Zherkof to Bolkonsky, pointing to the auditor. "Why, he 's got a pain in the pit of his stomach already!"

"Come, now, that 'll do," exclaimed the auditor with a radiant, naïve and at the same time shrewd smile, as if he enjoyed being made the butt of Zherkof's jokes, and as if he purposely made himself out to be duller than he really was.

"*Très drôle, mon monsieur prince,*" said the staff-officer of the day. He remembered that in French there was some peculiar way of speaking the title of prince, but he could not get it quite right.

By this time they had all reached Tushin's battery; a cannon-ball fell a short distance in front of them.

"What was that fell?" asked the auditor, with his naïve smile.

"French pancakes," replied Zherkof.

"Such things kill, I suppose?" mused the auditor. "How shocking!" And it was evident that he took great delight in witnessing the whole scene.

The words were hardly out of his mouth, when again unexpectedly came the same terrible whistle, interrupted suddenly by striking into something alive, and with a strange thud a Cossack, riding only a few steps behind, and at the right, plunged off his horse to the ground. Zherkof and the staff-officer of the day crouched down in their saddles, and drew their horses to one side. The auditor reined up near the Cossack, and looked at him with eager curiosity. The Cossack was dead, the horse was still struggling.

Prince Bagration, blinking his eyes, glanced around and, seeing the cause of the confusion, turned his head again indifferently, as much as to say: 'It isn't worth while to bother with trifles.' He reined in his horse with the skill of a good rider, bent over a trifle, and adjusted his sword, which had got entangled in his burka. The sword was an old one, unlike those worn at the present time. Prince Andreï remembered having heard it said that Suvorof had given his sword to Bagration in Italy, and this recollection was peculiarly agreeable to him at this time.

They reached the very same battery where Bolkonsky had been when he made his reconnoissance of the battlefield.

"Whose company?" asked Prince Bagration of the gunner who was standing by the caissons.

He asked, "Whose company," but his question seemed really to imply: 'Aren't you all frightened, you men here?' And the gunner understood it so.

"Captain Tushin's, your excellency," cried the freckled, red-headed gunner, in a jocund voice, and saluting.

"So, so," exclaimed Bagration absent-mindedly, and he passed by the limbers toward the last gun. Just as he reached it, this cannon rang out, with a report which deafened Bagration and his suite, and in the smoke that spread round could be seen the gunners, seizing the cannon and slowly bringing it back to its first place.

Gunner number one, a huge soldier with broad shoulders, holding the sponge, leaped back with a long stride to the wheel, and number two, with trembling hand, forced the charge down the muzzle. A little round-shouldered man, the officer Tushin, stumbling over the tail of the carriage, hastened forward, without heeding the general, and gazed into the distance from under his small hand.

"Raise it two lines more; there, there! that 'll do," he cried, in his little, thin voice, to which he tried to impart a vigor ill-suiting his stature. "Number two!" he whined. "Let 'em have it, Medvyedef!"

Bagration beckoned to the officer, and Tushin, with an awkward and timid gesture, absolutely unlike those used by military men, and more like a priest when giving a blessing, raised three fingers to his visor and went to the general. Although it had been intended for Tushin's field-pieces to sweep the valley, he had begun to send red-hot balls at the village of Schöngraben, in front of which heavy masses of the French could be seen concentrating.

No one had directed Tushin where and how to fire, and so, having consulted with his sergeant Zakharchenko, in whom he had great confidence, he decided that it would be a good plan to set the village on fire.

"Good," said Bagration, in reply to the officer's scheme, and then began to scan the field of battle before him, and seemed to be lost in thought.

On the right, in the foreground, the French were advancing. Below the height on which the Kief regiment was stationed, in the ravine through which flowed the brook, could be heard the soul-stirring roll and rattle of musketry, and, just at the right, the attaché pointed out to the prince the column of the French trying to outflank the Russian wing. At the left, the horizon was bounded by dense forest.

Prince Bagration ordered two battalions from the center to strengthen the right wing. The attaché ventured to remark to the prince that, if these battalions were withdrawn, the artillery would be uncovered. Prince Bagration turned to the attaché and without

replying looked at him through his lifeless eyes. It seemed to Prince Andreï that the attaché's criticism was correct, and that in fact no reply could be made to it. But at this instant an aide came galloping up from the regimental commander who was in the valley, with the report that overwhelming masses of the French were marching down upon them, and that his regiment was demoralized, and was falling back upon the Kief grenadiers. Prince Bagration inclined his head in token of assent and approval. He walked slowly toward the right, and then sent the aide to order the dragoons to charge the French. But, after the aide had been gone half an hour with this order, he returned with the report that the commander of the dragoon regiment had retired to the other side of the ravine, so as to escape the destructive fire brought to bear upon him and to avoid useless loss of life, and therefore he had despatched sharpshooters into the woods. "Good," said Bagration.

Just as he was leaving the battery, at the left also, the reports of rifles in the forest began to be heard, and as it was too far for him to reach the left wing in time, Prince Bagration sent Zherkof thither to tell the old general — the very one who had exhibited his regiment before Kutuzof at Braunau — to retreat as soon as possible to the other side of the ravine, since, probably, the right wing would not be strong enough to withstand the enemy any length of time. Tushin and the battalion covering him were quite forgotten.

Prince Andreï listened attentively to Prince Bagration's conversation with his subordinates, and to the orders that he issued, and to his amazement discovered that in reality he did not give any orders at all, but that the prince only tried to give the impression that all that was done by his various officers either through necessity, chance, or volition, was done, if not exactly by his orders, at all events in accordance with his design. Prince Andreï noticed that, owing to the tact displayed by Prince Bagration, in spite of the fortuitousness of events and their absolute independence of the general's will, his presence was of great importance. The sub-

ordinates, with distracted faces, who kept galloping up to the prince, instantly became calm; soldiers and officers received him with enthusiasm, and were animated by his presence and evidently took pride in displaying their courage.

CHAPTER XVIII

Prince Bagration, having ridden up to the highest point of the Russian right flank, began to make the descent, toward a spot where the continual rattle of musketry was heard and nothing could be seen through the gunpowder smoke. The nearer they approached the valley, the less they could see what was going on, but the more evident it became that they were near an actual battle-field. They began to meet with wounded. One man, with a bleeding head, and without his cap, was being dragged along in the arms of two soldiers. He was gurgling and spitting. The bullet had apparently entered his mouth or throat. Another whom they met was stoutly marching off by himself, without his musket, groaning loudly and shaking his injured hand with the keenness of the smart, while the blood was slowly dripping down on his cloak. His face appeared more frightened than hurt. He had only just been wounded. Crossing the road, they rode down a steep incline and on the slope they saw a number of men lying; then they met a crowd of soldiers, none of whom were wounded. These soldiers were hurrying up the slope, breathing heavily, and though they saw the general they were talking in loud voices and gesticulating.

Farther forward in the smoke could now be seen the ranks of gray cloaks, and an officer, recognizing Bagration, dashed after the retreating throng of men, shouting to them to return. Bagration rode up to the lines, along which, here and there, could be heard the swift cracking of musket-shots, suppressed remarks, and the shouts of command. The whole atmosphere was dense with gunpowder smoke. The faces of all the soldiers

were blackened with powder, and full of animation. Some were ramming the charge home, others putting powder in the pan, or taking wads from their pouches; still others were firing. But it was impossible to make out what they were aiming at through the dense cloud of smoke which hung in the motionless air. Quite often could be heard the pleasant sounds of buzzing and whistling bullets.

"What does this mean?" Prince Andreï asked himself, as he rode up to this throng of soldiers. "It cannot be a charge, because they are not moving; it cannot be a square, for that is not the way they form."

The regimental commander, a rather spare, slender old man, with eyelids which more than half concealed his aged-looking eyes, giving him a benignant aspect, rode up toward Prince Bagration with a pleasant smile, and received him as a host receives a welcome guest. He explained to Prince Bagration that the French had made a cavalry charge against his regiment; but that, though the charge had been repelled, it had cost him half of his men. The regimental commander declared that the charge had been repulsed, meaning to express, by this military term, what had happened to his forces; but in reality he himself did not know what had taken place during the preceding half-hour, in the army entrusted to his command, and was unable to say with absolute certainty whether the charge had been repulsed or whether his regiment had been worsted in the attack. At the beginning of the engagement he simply knew this: that along his whole line, cannon-balls and shells began to fly and to kill his men, that next, some one had cried "The cavalry!" and our men had begun to fire. And they had been firing till that time, not at the cavalry, which was out of sight, but at the French infantry showing themselves in the valley and shooting down our men.

Prince Bagration inclined his head, to signify that this was just as he had wished and anticipated. Turning to his aide, he ordered him to bring down from the hill the two battalions of the Sixth Jägers, which they had just

ridden past. At this moment Prince Andrei was struck by the change which had taken place in Bagration's face. It expressed that concentrated and joyful resolution which is shown by a man ready on a hot day to leap into the water, and who is taking the final run. That impression of dullness and lethargy covering a pretense of deep thoughts had vanished quite away. His hawk's eyes, round and determined, looked straight ahead with an enthusiastic and rather contemptuous expression, and wandered restlessly from one object to another, although his motions were as slow and deliberate as before.

The regimental commander turned to Prince Bagration, and begged him to retire to the rear, on the ground that it was very perilous where they were. "Please, your illustriousness, for God's sake," said he, looking for confirmation to the attaché, who was turning away from him. "Be kind enough to notice."

He was calling his attention to the bullets which were constantly whizzing, singing, and whistling around them. He spoke in a questioning, reproachful tone, such as a joiner might use to a gentleman trying to use an ax: "This is our work and we 're used to it, but you will callous your dainty hands." He spoke as if there was no possibility of these bullets killing him, and his half-closed eyes gave his words a still more persuasive effect.

The staff-officer joined his entreaties to those of the regimental commander, but Prince Bagration did not deign to answer him, and merely gave his orders to have the men cease firing and to open ranks so as to give room for the two battalions that were on their way to join them. Just as he issued his command, a breeze sprang up and the canopy of smoke which covered the valley from right to left was lifted as if by an invisible hand, and the opposite height, with the French marching down, was brought into full view. All eyes were involuntarily fixed on this column of the enemy moving toward them, and winding like a serpent down the escarpment of the hill. Already, the soldiers' bearskin shakoes could be seen; already, the officers could be dis-

tinguished from the ranks, and their banner, as it clung around the staff.

"They march superbly," said some one in Bagration's suite.

The head of the column was now just entering the valley. The collision would necessarily take place on this side of the ravine. ....

The remains of the regiment that had been in the action before hastily reformed and went toward the right; behind them, driving in the stragglers, came the two battalions of the Sixth Jägers, in good order. They had not yet reached the position where Bagration was, but their heavy, measured step could be heard, as the whole body kept perfect time. On the left wing, nearest of all to Bagration, marched the company commander, a round-faced, stately man, with a stupid, happy expression of face. He was the very man that had been in Tushin's hut. It was evident that his only thought at this moment was that he was marching bravely past his superiors.

With the self-satisfaction of one attracting notice, he marched by lightly on his muscular legs; he almost seemed to fly, without the slightest effort keeping his back straight, and distinguishing himself by his grace from the heavy march of the men who pressed on in step with him.

He held down by his leg a slender, delicate sword, unsheathed, a sort of curving simitar, not like a weapon, and looking now at the commander, now back at his men, not once losing step, he gallantly hastened on, with all the energy of his gigantic frame. It seemed as if all the strength of his mind were directed toward going past his commander in the best possible form; being conscious that he was doing this, he was happy. *Left! .... left! .... left! ....* It seemed as if he said this inwardly at every instant, and, taking the same step, the wall of soldiers marched by with heavy knapsacks and equipment, as if each one of these hundreds of different soldiers, with their grave faces, said to himself in thought, *left! .... left! .... left! ....*

A stout major had to turn out, puffing, and losing step, for a bush which was in his way; a straggler, gasping for breath, his face expressing terror at his being out of his place, came at a double-quick to overtake his company; a cannon-ball, condensing the air before it, flew over the heads of Bagration and his suite, and, accenting the beat, *left!* .... *left!* .... plunged through the column.

"Close up the ranks!" rang the intrepid voice of the company commander. The soldiers made a bend around the place where the shot had made the gap; an old cavalryman, a non-commissioned officer, who had remained behind to care for the wounded, regained the ranks, with a hop and a skip fell into step, and looked around sternly. *Left!* .... *left!* .... *left!* .... seemed to resound from the threatening silence, and from the monotonous trampling of feet beating simultaneously on the ground.

"Keep up your courage, boys!" said Prince Bagration.

"Glad-ad-ad,"[1] ran the reply down the line. A morose-looking soldier, as he passed at the left, shouting at the top of his voice, turned his eyes on Bagration, his expression seeming to say, 'We know'; another, not looking up, and evidently afraid of having his attention distracted, with wide-open mouth, shouted and went by.

The command was given to halt and unstrap knapsacks.

Bagration rode up to the ranks that had just marched past him, and got down from his horse. He gave the bridle to a Cossack, took off his burka and handed it to him, stretched his legs, and adjusted his leather cap on his head. The head of the French column, with officers at the front, now appeared at the foot of the hill.

"*S Bogom!* — God be with you!" shouted Bagration, in a firm, loud, ringing voice, and instantly taking the lead, and lightly waving his arm, led them himself, with the awkward and apparently laborious gait of a cavalryman, across the first half of the field. Prince Andreï

[1] Glad of the trouble.

felt as if some irresistible impulse dragged him forward, and he experienced a great sense of happiness.[1]

Already the French were near at hand, already Prince Andreï, rushing on side by side with Bagration, saw the belts, the red epaulets, even the faces of the French. (He clearly distinguished one elderly French officer, who, with feet turned out and wearing gaiters, was struggling up the hill.)

Prince Bagration gave no new orders, and marched on in silence at the head of his forces. Suddenly, from among the French, rang out one discharge, then a second, a third! and along the whole extent of the enemy's lines spread smoke and the rattle of musketry. A few of the Russians fell; in the number, that round-faced officer who had marched by so gallantly and in such good form. But at the very instant that the first discharge had taken place, Bagration turned round and shouted "hurrah."

"Hurrah-ah-ah," rang in a protracted yell down the line, and, outstripping Bagration and one another, in a broken but joyous and animated line, the Russians dashed down the slope after the enemy, who had given way.

CHAPTER XIX

The charge of the Sixth Jägers secured the retreat of the right wing. In the center, the action of Tushin's forgotten battery, which had succeeded in setting the village of Schöngraben on fire, retarded the advance of the French. They stopped to put out the conflagration, which the wind was spreading, and thus gave time to retreat. The retirement of the center through the

[1] Here followed that charge of which Taine says: "The Russians behaved gallantly, and, a rare thing in war, two masses of infantry were seen marching resolutely against each other, neither giving way before they came within reach of each other. (*Les Russes se conduisèrent vaillament, et chose rare à la guerre on vit deux masses d'infanterie marcher resolument l'une contre l'autre sans qu'aucune des deux ceda avant d'être abordé.*)" And Napoleon said at Saint Helena: "*Quelques bataillons russes montrèrent de l'intrépidité.*"— AUTHOR'S NOTE.

ravine was accomplished hastily and noisily, but there was no sign of demoralization.

But the left wing, consisting of the infantry of the Azof and Podolian regiments, and the Pavlograd hussars, which was attacked simultaneously, and outflanked by overwhelming numbers of the French, under the command of Lannes, was defeated.

Bagration had sent Zherkhof to the general in command of the left wing, with orders to retreat slowly. Zherkof, raising his hand to his cap, struck spurs into his horse and swiftly dashed off. But he had not more than got out of Bagration's sight than his courage began to fail him. Irresistible fear came over him, and he could not make up his mind to go where it seemed to him so perilous.

He rode over to the army of the left wing, but he did not dare press forward to the front, where there was firing, and he began to search for the general and the officers where there was no possibility of finding them, and therefore the order was not delivered.

The command of the left wing fell by order of seniority to the regimental commander of that same brigade which had been reviewed at Braunau by Kutuzof, and in which Dolokhof served as a private. The command of the extreme left wing was intrusted to the colonel of the Pavlograd regiment, in which Rostof served. This led to a serious misunderstanding. The two commanders had become involved in a violent quarrel, and at the very time when the right wing was in the thick of the battle, and the French had already begun to retreat, the two commanders were absorbed in a dispute, each doing his best to affront the other.

The troops, both infantry and cavalry, were very far from being prepared for the work before them. The men, from private to general, were not expecting an engagement, and were calmly occupying themselves with the ordinary pursuits of peace, — the cavalrymen engaged in feeding their horses, the infantry in collecting firewood.

"He 's my senior, however, in rank," the German

colonel of hussars was saying, flushing and addressing the aide who had just ridden up to him, "so let him do as he pleases. I cannot sacrifice my hussars. Bugler, sound the retreat!"

But the battle came upon them in hot haste. Cannonade and musketry, all in confusion, thundered and rattled at their right and center, and the capotes of Lannes's sharpshooters were already crossing the milldam and forming on this side, two gunshots away. The infantry general, with his tottering gait, went to his horse, and, mounting and drawing himself up very straight and tall, rode off to the Pávlograd commander. The two men met with polite bows, and with concealed hatred in their hearts.

"Once for all, colonel," said the general, "I cannot leave half of my men in the woods. I beg of you, I really beg of you," he repeated the word, "to draw up in position, and meet the charge."

"I beg of you not to meddle in what does not concern you," replied the colonel, angrily. "If you were a cavalryman...."

"I am not a cavalryman, colonel, but I am a Russian general, and if you don't know this...."

"I know it very well, your excellency," cried the colonel, suddenly starting up his horse and turning purple with rage. "Would n't you like to come to the line, and then you can see that this position is as bad as it could be? I do not care to destroy my regiment for your gratification."

"You forget yourself, colonel. I am not seeking my own gratification, and I will not permit this to be said."

The general, accepting the colonel's invitation as a challenge of courage, swelled out his chest, and, frowning, rode forward with him in the direction of the outposts, as if all their dispute were to be settled there, at the front, under the fire of the enemy. They reached the outposts; a few bullets flew over them, and they paused and were silent. There was no reason for inspecting the outposts, since, from the place where they had been before, it was perfectly evident that there was

no chance for cavalry to manœuver among the bushes and gullies, and that the French were outflanking the left wing.

The general and colonel looked at each other with fierce and significant eyes, like two game-cocks all ready for battle, and each waited vainly for the other to show sign of cowardice. Both stood the test. As there was nothing for them to say, and as neither wished to give the other a chance to assert that he had been the first to retire from exposure to the enemy's fire, they would have stood there a long time, each manifesting his bravado, if at this time they had not heard in the forest, almost directly behind them, the crackling of musketry and a dull, confused yell.

The French had fallen on the soldiery scattered through the forest gathering firewood. It was now impossible for the hussars to retreat at the same time with the infantry. They were already cut off by the French line at the left. Now, although the locality was most unpropitious, it was absolutely necessary to fight their way through to reach the road beyond.

The squadron in which Rostof served had barely time to mount their horses, before they found themselves face to face with the enemy. Again, as at the bridge over the Enns, between the squadron and the line of the enemy there was no one, and between them lay that terrible gap of the unknown and the dreadful, like the bourn that divides the living from the dead. All the men felt conscious of that gap, and were occupied by the question whether they should pass beyond it or not, and how they should cross it.

The colonel came galloping along the front, and angrily replied to the questions of his officers, and, like a man who in despair insists on his own way, thundered out some command. No one said anything definitely, but something had given the squadron an idea that there was to be a charge. The command to fall in was given, then sabers were drawn with a clash. But as yet no one stirred. The army of the left wing and the infantry and the hussars felt that their leaders did not

know what to do, and the indecision of the commanders communicated itself to the soldiers.

"If they would only hurry, hurry," thought Rostof, feeling that at last the time was at hand for participating in the intoxication of a charge of which he had heard so much from his comrades, the hussars.

"*S Bogom!* Fohwahd, children," rang out Denísof's voice, "twot!"

In the front rank, the haunches of the horses began to rise and fall. Grachik began to pull on the reins, and dashed ahead. At the right, Rostof could see the forward ranks of his hussars, but farther in front there was a dark streak, which he could not make out distinctly, but supposed to be the enemy. Reports were heard, but in the distance.

"Charge!" rang the command, and Rostof felt how his Grachik broke into a gallop and seemed to strain every nerve. He realized that his division was dashing forward and it became more and more exciting to him. He noticed a solitary tree just abreast of him. At first this tree had been in front of him, in the very center of that line which seemed so terrible. But now he had passed beyond it and there was not only nothing terrible about it, but everything seemed ever more and more jolly and lively.

"Okh! how I will slash at them!" thought Rostof, as he grasped the handle of his saber.

"Hurrah-ah-ah-ah!" rang the cheers in the distance.

"Now let us be at them if ever," thought Rostof, striking the spurs into Grachik; and, overtaking the others, he urged him to the top of his speed. The enemy were already in sight before him. Suddenly, something like an enormous lash cracked all along the squadron. Rostof raised his saber, in readiness to strike, but just at that instant Nikitenko, a hussar galloping in front of him, swerved aside from him, and Rostof felt, as in a dream, that he was being carried with unnatural swiftness forward, and yet was not moving from the spot. A hussar whom he recognized as Bandarchuk was galloping behind him and looked at

him gravely. Bandarchuk's horse shied and he dashed by him.

"What does it mean? Am I not moving? Have I fallen? Am I dead?" These questions Rostof asked and answered in a breath. He was alone in the middle of the field. In place of the galloping horses and backs of the hussars, he saw all around him the solid earth and stubble. Warm blood was under him. "No, I am wounded, and my horse is killed."

Grachik raised himself on his fore legs, but fell back, pinning down his rider's foot. From the horse's head a stream of blood was flowing. The horse struggled but could not rise. Rostof tried to get to his feet, but likewise fell back. His sabretash had caught on the saddle. Where our men were, where the French were, he could not tell. There was no one around him.

Freeing his leg, he got up.

"Where, in which direction, is now that line which so clearly separated the two armies?" he asked himself, and could find no answer. "Has something bad happened to me? Is this the way things take place, and what must be done in such circumstances?" he asked himself again, as he got to his feet; and at this time he began to feel as if something extra were hanging to his benumbed left arm. His wrist seemed to belong to another person. He looked at his hand, but could find no trace of blood on it. "There now, here are our fellows," he exclaimed mentally, with joy, perceiving a few running toward him. "They will help me."

In front of these men ran one in a foreign-looking shako and in a blue capote. He was dark and sunburnt, and had a hooked nose. Two or three others were running at his heels.

One of them said something in a language that was strange and un-Russian. Surrounded by a similar set of men, in the same sort of shakoes, stood a Russian hussar. His hands were held; just behind him they were holding his horse.

"Is our man really taken prisoner? Yes! And will they take me too? Who are these men?" Rostof kept

asking himself, not crediting his own eyes. "Can they be the French?"

He gazed at the on-coming strangers, and, in spite of the fact that only a second before he had been dashing forward solely for the purpose of overtaking and hacking down these same Frenchmen, their proximity now seemed to him so terrible that he could not trust his own eyes!

"Who are they? Why are they running? Are they running at me? And why? Is it to kill me? *Me*, whom every one loves so?"

He recollected how he was beloved by his mother, his family, his friends, and the purpose of his enemies to kill him seemed incredible.

"But perhaps .... they may ...." For more than ten seconds he stood, not moving from the spot and not realizing his situation.

The foremost Frenchman, with the hooked nose, had now come up so close to him that he could see the expression of his face. And the heated foreign-looking features of this man, who was coming so swiftly down upon him with fixed bayonet and bated breath, filled Rostof with horror. He grasped his pistol, but, instead of discharging it, flung it at the Frenchmen, and fled into the thicket with all his might. He ran, not with any of that feeling of doubt and struggle which had possessed him on the bridge at Enns, but rather with the impulse of a hare trying to escape from the dogs. One single fear of losing his happy young life took possession of his whole being. Swiftly gliding among the heather, with all the intensity with which he had ever run when playing *gorelki*,[1] he flew across the field, occasionally turning round his pale, kindly young face, while a chill of horror ran down his back.

"No, I 'd better not look round," he said to himself, but, as he reached the shelter of the bushes, he glanced round once more. The Frenchmen had slackened their pace, and at the very minute that he glanced round, the foremost runner had just come to a stop and was start-

[1] A kind of Russian popular game, something like tag.

ing to walk back, shouting something in a loud voice to his comrade behind him. Rostof paused. "It cannot be so," he said to himself. "It cannot be that they wish to kill me." But meantime his left arm became as heavy as if a hundredweight were suspended to it. He could not run another step. The Frenchman also paused, and aimed. Rostof shut his eyes and ducked his head. One bullet, then another, flew humming by him. He collected his last remaining energies, took his left arm in his right hand, and hurried into the thicket. Here in the bushes were the Russian sharpshooters.

CHAPTER XX

The infantry regiments, taken unawares in the forest, had rushed out, and the companies, becoming confused with one another, had formed a demoralized mob. One soldier, in his panic, had shouted the senseless words so terrible in war: "Cut off!" and these words, with the accompanying panic, had spread through the whole troop. "Surrounded!" .... "Cut off!" .... "Lost!" cried the voices of the fugitives.

The regimental commander, the moment he heard the musketry and the shouting behind him, comprehended that something awful had happened to his regiment, and the thought that he, who had been during many years of service an exemplary officer, never guilty of any breach, might now be accused of negligence or faulty arrangements, came on him so keenly, that, for the moment entirely forgetting the recalcitrant colonel of cavalry and his own importance as a general, and, above all, forgetting the peril and the impulse of self-preservation, he seized the saddle-bow, and, spurring on his horse, dashed back toward the regiment under a shower of bullets falling all around him, but fortunately sparing him. He had only one desire: to find out what had occurred, to bring aid, and to repair the blunder, if it were in any way to be attributed to him, and to escape all censure after his twenty-two years' service,

in which his record as an officer had been blameless.

Having fortunately spurred through the line of the French unharmed, he came upon his regiment on the other side of the same forest through which the Russians had been running and scattering down the ravine, not heeding the word of command.

That moment of moral vacillation had arrived which decides the fate of a battle: would these scattered throngs of soldiers heed their commander's voice, or would they merely look at him and pursue their way?

Notwithstanding the despairing shouts of their general, which had hitherto been so terrible to them, notwithstanding his infuriated, purple face, so unlike its ordinary appearance, and notwithstanding his brandished sword, the soldiers still persisted in their flight, shouted, fired their guns into the air, and paid no heed to the command. The moral balance, which decides the destiny of battles, had evidently kicked the beam on the side of panic.

The general coughed, choking with the violence of his shouts and the gunpowder smoke, and reined in his horse in despair. All seemed lost.

But at this moment the French, who had fallen upon our lines, suddenly, without any apparent reason, fell back and vanished behind the edge of the forest, and the Russian sharpshooters made their appearance. This was Timokhin's company, the only one in the woods which had preserved any semblance of order; entrenching themselves in the ditch near the forest, they had unexpectedly attacked the French. Timokhin had thrown himself upon the enemy with such a desperate cry, and, flourishing his rapier, had dashed after them with such frantic and rash energy, that the French, before they had time to collect their wits, flung away their muskets and fled.

Dolokhof, dashing on abreast of Timokhin, killed one Frenchman point blank, and was the first to seize the officer by the collar and make him surrender. The fugitives turned back, the battalions formed again, and the

French, who had cut the left wing in two, were driven back in a trice. The reserves succeeded in uniting their forces; the fugitives were brought to a halt.

The regimental commander was standing with Major Ekonomof by the bridge, watching the retreating companies file past him, when a soldier approached him, seized his stirrup, and almost leaned against him. This soldier wore a blue cloak of broadcloth, without knapsack or shako; his head was bound up, and over his shoulder he carried a French cartridge-pouch. In his hand he held an officer's sword. This soldier was pale; his blue eyes looked boldly into the general's face, and a smile parted his lips. Although the general was engaged in giving directions to Major Ekonomof, he could not help noticing this soldier.

"Your excellency, here are two trophies," said Dolokhof, showing the French cartridge-pouch and sword. "I took an officer prisoner with my own hand. I stopped the company."

Dolokhof was all out of breath with fatigue. He spoke in broken sentences. "The whole company can bear me witness..... I beg of you to remember it, your excellency!"

"Very good, very good," said the regimental commander, and he turned to Major Ekonomof. But Dolokhof did not pass on. He untied his handkerchief, pulled him by the sleeve, and called his attention to the clotted blood on his hair: —

"A bayonet wound; I was in the front. Remember, your excellency!"

Tushin's battery had been entirely forgotten, and only at the very end of the engagement, Prince Bagration, still hearing cannonading at the center, sent thither the first staff-officer of the day, and then Prince Andreï, to order the battery to retire as speedily as possible.

The covering forces, which had been stationed near Tushin's cannon, had been withdrawn during the heat of the engagement by some one's orders; but the battery still continued to blaze away, and had not been taken

by the French, simply because the enemy could not comprehend the audacity of four guns continuing to fire, after the supporting columns had been withdrawn. On the contrary, they supposed, from the energetic activity of this battery, that the principal forces of the Russians were here concentrated in the center, and twice they attempted to storm this point, and both times they were driven back by discharges of grape from these four cannon, standing alone on the hill.

Shortly after Prince Bagration's departure, Tushin had succeeded in setting Schöngraben on fire.

"See, see them scatter!".... "It burns! see the smoke!" .... "Cleverly done!" .... "Splendid!" .... "The smoke! the smoke!" cried the gunners, growing excited.

All the cannon had been directed, without special orders, in the direction of the fire. As if by one impulse the soldiers would cry out after every shot, "Cleverly done!" .... "That's the way to do it!" .... "See! see there! admirable!"

The fire, fanned by the wind, quickly spread. The French columns, retreating behind the village, fell back, but as if for a punishment for this misfortune, the enemy established a battery of ten guns a little to the right of the village and began to reply to Tushin's fire.

In their childish delight at setting the village on fire and at their successful onslaught upon the French, our gunners did not notice this battery until two cannon-balls, followed by four at once, fell among the guns; one of them knocked over two horses, and the other carried away the leg of the powder-master. The animation of the men, once aroused, was not dampened, however, but only changed in character. The horses were replaced by two others from the reserve; the wounded were removed, and the four cannon were turned against the ten-gun battery.

An officer, Tushin's comrade, had been killed at the beginning of the action, and, during the course of the hour, out of forty men serving the guns, seventeen were disabled; but still the gunners were jolly and full of en-

ergy. Twice they noticed that below and not far away from them the French were beginning to appear, and they had loaded with grape.

The little captain, with his weak, awkward gestures, kept calling upon his servant for "just one more little pipe," which he called *tríbotchka*, instead of *trúbotchka;* and then, knocking the ashes out, he would leap forward and look from under his little hand at the enemy.

"Let 'em have it, boys!" he would exclaim, and, himself seizing the cannon by the wheel, he would bring it back into position, or he would clean out the bore. In the smoke, stunned by the incessant firing, though he jumped every time a gun went off, Tushin, keeping his "nose-warmer" between his teeth, ran from one gun to another, now aiming, now counting the charges left, now making arrangements for the change or removal of the killed or wounded horses, and shouting his orders in his weak, delicate, irresolute voice. His face kept growing more and more animated. Only when his men were killed or wounded did he frown, and, turning away from the unfortunate, shout sternly to the others, who, as usual, pressed forward, ordering them to carry away the wounded or the dead.

The soldiers, for the most part handsome young heroes, — as always happens in the artillery, a couple of heads taller than their officer, and twice as broadly built, — looked at their commander with the inquiring look of children in trouble, and the expression which happened to be in his face was immediately reflected in theirs.

As a consequence of the terrible din and roar, and the necessity for oversight and activity, Tushin felt not the least unpleasant qualm of fear, nor did the thought that he might be killed or painfully wounded enter his head. On the contrary, he kept growing happier and happier. It seemed to him that it was very long ago, not even that same afternoon, since the moment when he first caught sight of the advancing enemy, and had fired the first gun, and that the little scrap of ground

where he stood had been long, long known and familiar to him. Although he remembered everything, took everything into consideration, did everything that the best of officers could have done in his position, still he was in a state bordering on the delirium of fever, or the condition of a drunken man.

In the midst of the stunning sounds of his own guns roaring on every side of him, in the midst of the enemy's shells, whistling and striking around him, seeing his sweating, flushed men serving the guns, seeing the blood of men and horses, seeing the puffs of smoke in the direction of the enemy, followed always by the swift flight of the cannon-ball, striking into the ground, on a human being, on the guns, or among the horses — seeing all these various sights, still his mind was filled with a fantastic world of his own, which at this moment constituted a peculiar delight to him. The enemy's guns were, in his imagination, not guns, but pipes, from which, from time to time, a viewless smoker puffs out wreaths of smoke.

"See there, he gave another puff!" said Tushin, in a half-whisper, to himself, just as a wreath of smoke leaped away from the hill and was borne to the left in a ribbon by the wind.

"Now let us catch the little ball and send it back!"

"What is your order, your honor?" asked a gunner who stood near him and noticed that he muttered something.

"Nothing, send a shell," he replied.

"Now then, our Matveyevna!" said he to himself. It was the great, old-fashioned howitzer that Tushin personified under the name of Matveyevna, *Daughter of Matthew.*

The French around their guns reminded him of ants. Gunner "Number one," of the second field-piece, a handsome fellow, too much given to drink, was *dyadya*, uncle, in his world; Tushin looked at him oftener than at the others, and delighted in all his movements. The sound of the musketry in the valley, now dying away and then increasing in violence, seemed to him like

some one drawing long breaths. He listened to the intermittent rising and falling of these sounds.

"Hark! she's breathing again, breathing hard!" he said to himself.

He imagined himself a mighty giant of monstrous size, seizing the cannon-balls with both hands and hurling them at the French.

"Well, Matveyevna — *Matushka!* — little mother! don't betray us," he was just saying, and starting away from the cannon, when back of him was heard a voice which he did not know: —

"Captain Tushin! Captain!"

Tushin looked around in alarm. It was the same staff-officer who had sent him out of Grund. In a quavering voice, the officer cried: —

"Are you beside yourself? Twice you have been ordered to retire and you...."

"Now, why do they bother me?" exclaimed Tushin to himself, looking with dread at the officer. "I.... I'm all right," he returned, raising two fingers to his visor. "I...."

But the colonel did not say all that he meant to say. A cannon-ball, flying close to him, made him cower down close to his horse. He paused and was just going to repeat his order, when still another cannon-ball interrupted him. He wheeled his horse round and galloped away.

"Retire! all of you retire!" he cried from the distance.

The soldiers laughed. In a minute an aide came with the same order.

This was Prince Andreï. The first thing he saw, as he reached the little space occupied by Tushin's cannon, was an unharnessed horse, with a broken leg, neighing near the horses that were still hitched up. From his leg the blood was spurting as from a fountain. Among the limbers lay a number of the killed. One cannon-ball after another flew over him as he galloped up, and he was conscious of a nervous tremor running down his back. But the mere thought that he was afraid again roused his courage. "I cannot be afraid," he said to

himself, and he deliberately dismounted among the field-pieces. He delivered his message and still lingered in the battery. He resolved that the guns should be removed from their position and brought in under his direction. He and Tushin, stepping among the dead bodies, made the arrangements for limbering the cannon, even while the French were pouring a murderous fire upon them.

"An officer just dashed up here, but he made himself scarce in no time," remarked a gunner to Prince Andreï. "He was n't like your honor."

Prince Andreï exchanged no words with Tushin. They were both so occupied that it seemed as if they did not see each other. When at last they succeeded in getting two of the four field-pieces limbered, they started to descend the hill, leaving one field-piece dismounted, together with the howitzer. Prince Andreï turned to Tushin. "Well, good-by," said he, offering him his hand.

"Good-by, my dear," returned Tushin, "dear heart, farewell, my dear fellow!"[1] exclaimed Tushin, the tears springing to his eyes though he knew not why.

CHAPTER XXI

The breeze had died down; dark clouds hung low over the battle-field, mingling on the horizon with the smoke of gunpowder. It had grown dark, and therefore with all the more clearness the blaze of two burning villages stood out against the sky. The cannonade had slackened, but still the rattle of musketry at the rear, and at the right, was heard with ever increasing frequency and distinctness.

As soon as Tushin and his field-pieces, jolting and constantly meeting wounded men, got out of range and

[1] "*Da sviddnya, galúbchik! prashchdïte, galúbchik!*" There is a delicate distinction in these two forms of farewell. *Prashchdïte* hints that the farewell may be forever.

descended into the ravine, he was met by the commander and his aides, among whom were both the staff-officer and Zherkof, who had been twice sent but had not once succeeded in reaching Tushin's battery. All of them gave him confused orders and counter-orders, as to how and where to go, and overwhelmed him with reproaches and criticisms.

Tushin made no arrangements, but rode toward the rear on his artillery jade, not saying a word for fear he should burst into tears, which, without his knowing why, were ready to gush from his eyes. Although the order was to abandon the wounded, many dragged themselves after the troops and begged for a ride on the gun-carriages. That very same gallant infantry officer who, before the beginning of the engagement, had darted so energetically from Tushin's hut, was stretched out on the carriage of the Matvéyevna, with a bullet in his belly. At the foot of the hill, a pale yunker of hussars, holding one arm in his hand, came to Tushin and asked for a seat!

"Captain, for God's sake, my arm is crushed," said he, timidly. "For God's sake, I can't walk any longer. For God's sake!"

It was evident that this yunker had more than once repeated this request and been everywhere refused. He asked in an irresolute and piteous voice. "Give me a place for God's sake!"

"Climb on, climb on!" said Tushin. "Spread out a cloak, uncle," he added, turning to his favorite gunner. "But where is the wounded officer?"

"We took him off; he died," replied some one.

"Climb on! Sit there, sit down, my dear fellow, sit there! Spread out the cloak, Antonof!"

The yunker was Rostof. He held his left arm in his right hand; his face was pale, and his teeth chattered with fever. He was assisted to climb on the Matveyevna, to the very same spot from which they had removed the dead officer. There was blood on the cloak which Antonof spread out, and it stained Rostof's riding-trousers and hands.

"What! are you wounded, my dear?"[1] asked Tushin, approaching the gun on which Rostof was riding.

"No, only a bruise."

"But where did that blood come from, on the gun-cheek?" asked the other.

"That is the officer's, your honor," replied a gunner, wiping away the blood with the sleeve of his cloak, as if he were apologizing for the stain on the gun.

By main force and with the help of the infantry, the guns were dragged up the slope, and when they reached the village of Gunthersdorf, they halted. By this time it was quite dark, so that it was impossible at ten paces to distinguish the uniforms of the soldiers; the musketry fire was beginning to slacken.

Suddenly shouts and the rattle of shots were heard again near by at the right. The darkness was lighted up by the flashes of the guns. This was the last attack of the French, and the soldiers replied to it as they intrenched themselves in the houses of the village. Once more all hands rushed out from the village, but Tushin's field-pieces could not be moved, and the gunners and Tushin and the yunker, silently exchanging glances, awaited their fate.

Then the firing began to die away once more, and out from a side street came a party of soldiers, engaged in lively conversation.

"Safe and sound, Petrof?" asked one.

"We gave it to them hot and heavy, brother. They won't meddle with us again," returned the other.

"Can't see a thing. How was it? Warmed 'em up a little, hey? Can't see a thing, it's so dark, fellows! Anything to drink?"

The French had been driven back for the last time. And once more, through the impenetrable darkness, Tushin's field-pieces moved forward, surrounded by the rumbling infantry as by a frame.

Something seemed to be flowing on through the darkness, like an invisible, gloomy river, ever pushing for-

[1] *Galúbchik.*

ward in one direction, with a murmur of voices, and the clinking of bayonets, and the rumble of wheels.

And above the general turmoil, clear and distinguishable above all other sounds, arose the groans and cries of the wounded in the blackness of the night. Their groans seemed to coincide with the pitchy blackness which surrounded the army. Their groans and this darkness of the night seemed to be one and the same thing. After a while, a wave of excitement ran through this onward struggling mass. Some one had come from headquarters on a white horse and shouted something as he rode along by.

"What's that he says?".... "Where now?".... "Is it to halt?".... "Did he express any gratitude?" Such were the eager questions heard on all sides, and then the whole moving mass, as it moved forward, recoiled on itself. Evidently, the van had halted, and the report spread that orders were to bivouac there. All hands settled down where they were in the middle of the muddy road.

Fires were lighted, and voices began to grow animated. Captain Tushin, having made his arrangements for his company, sent one of his men to find the temporary hospital, or at least a surgeon for the yunker, and sat down in front of the fire which his soldiers had built by the roadside.

Rostof also dragged himself up to the fire. The fever, caused by his pain, the cold, and the dampness, shook his whole frame. An irresistible inclination to drowsiness overcame him, but still he could not sleep, owing to the tormenting pain which he felt in his arm; it ached, and he found no position that relieved it. Sometimes he closed his eyes; then, again, he gazed into the fire, which seemed to him angrily red; then, again, at the round-shouldered, slender figure of Tushin, sitting Turkish fashion near him. Tushin's large, intelligent, kindly eyes were fastened upon him with sympathy and compassion. He saw that Tushin with all his soul desired, and yet was totally unable, to help him.

On all sides were heard the steps and voices of the

infantry passing by, coming up, and settling down around them. The sounds of voices, of steps, and trampling of horses, stamping their hoofs in the mud, the echo of axes far and near, all mingled in one pulsating roar.

Now, it was no longer like a viewless river rolling onward through the darkness, but rather like a gloomy sea, roaring and breaking, after a storm. Rostof, half dazed, looked and listened to what was going on around him, and before him.

A foot-soldier came up to the bivouac fire, squatted down on his heels, rubbed his hands over the fire, and turned his face around.

"Any harm, your honor?"[1] he asked, turning to Tushin with an inquiring expression. "Here I've lost my company, your honor, I don't know where it is! Hard luck."

At the same time with the soldier, an infantry officer with a bandaged cheek came to the fire, and begged Tushin to order his field-pieces to be moved a trifle, so as to allow the baggage-train to pass. The company commander was followed by two soldiers. They were quarreling desperately, reviling each other, and almost fighting over a boot.

"You lie! You didn't pick it up! Oh! you villain!" one of them was crying, in a hoarse voice.

Then came a lean, pale soldier, with his neck done up in blood-stained bandages, and, in an irascible voice, asked the artillerymen for a drink of water.

"What, must I die like a dog?" he grumbled.

Tushin ordered the men to give him a drink. Then came a jolly soldier, asking for some fire for the infantry.

"A little fire, from a red-hot man, for the infantry! Good luck to you, fellow-countrymen! Thank you for the fire; we'll return it with interest," said he, as he disappeared into the darkness, with a flaming brand.

[1] "*Nítchevo, vásshe blagorôdie?*" *Nítchevo*, literally *nothing*, is in every Russian's mouth, and means everything and anything, according to the context.

After this soldier came four, carrying something heavy wrapped up in a cloak, and went past the fire. One of them stumbled. "Oh, bah! the devils! they've been spilling firewood," cried one of them.

"He's dead! what's the use of lugging him?" exclaimed another.

"Well, I tell you...."

And they vanished in the darkness with their burden.

"Say, does it hurt?" asked Tushin, in a whisper.

"Yes, it hurts."

"Your honor, the general wants you. He's at the cottage, yonder," said one of the gunners, coming up to Tushin.

"In a moment, my boy."[1]

Tushin arose, and, buttoning his cloak and straightening himself up, he left the fireside.

In a cottage which had been made ready for him, not far from the artillerist's fire, Prince Bagration was still sitting at the dinner-table, talking with a number of high officers, who had called in for consultation.

There was a little, old man, with half-closed eyes, greedily gnawing a mutton-bone; and the general of twenty-two years' blameless service, his face flushed from his vodka and his dinner; and the staff-officer with the birthday ring; and Zherkof, uneasily looking at the others; and Prince Andreï, with compressed lips and feverishly shining eyes.

In the corner of the cottage leaned the standard taken from the French, and the auditor, with his innocent face, was fingering the stuff of which the standard was made, shaking his head doubtfully, perhaps because he was really interested in the standard, and possibly because, being hungry, it was hard to see the dinner-table, at which no place had been set for him.

In the next cottage was a captured colonel of dragoons, with the Russian officers crowding around him, with curiosity in their eyes.

Prince Bagration thanked the officers of the various

[1] *Galúbchik.*

divisions, and made inquiries about the details of the engagement, and the losses.

The regimental commander who had commanded the review at Braunau explained to the prince that, as soon as the action began, he had withdrawn from the woods, collected the men engaged in gathering firewood, and, sending them back, had charged with two battalions, and simply carried the French at the point of the bayonet.

"When I saw that the first battalion was giving way, your illustriousness, I stood on the road and said to myself, 'I will let them get by first, and then order a running fire,' and that was the way I did."

The regimental commander had been so anxious to do this, and so sorry that he had not been successful in doing it, that it now seemed to him that he actually had done so. Indeed, may it not have been so? How was it possible to decide, in the general confusion, what had happened and what had not happened?

"By the way, I ought to observe, your illustriousness," he went on to say, remembering Dolokhof's conversation with Kutuzof, and his last meeting with the young man, "that the cashiered private, Dolokhof, took a French officer prisoner, under my very eyes, and distinguished himself notably."

"It was there I saw the charge of the Pavlograd hussars, your illustriousness," remarked Zherkof, looking around uneasily, for he had not that day seen a single hussar, and had only heard about them from an infantry officer! "They broke two squares, your illustriousness."

A few, hearing Zherkof's words, smiled, because a joke was always expected from him; but, perceiving that what he said also redounded to the glory of our arms, and of the day's doings, they grew serious again, though they knew very well that what Zherkof said was a lie without even a semblance of foundation. Prince Bagration turned to the elderly colonel.

"I thank you all, gentlemen; all parties have worked like heroes, infantry, cavalry, and artillery. But how

was it two field-pieces were abandoned in the center?" he demanded, looking round for some one. — Prince Bagration made no inquiries for the cannon of the left wing; he knew by this time that all the cannon there had been abandoned at the very beginning of the action. — "I believe I asked you about them?" he said, turning to the staff-officer of the day.

"One was dismounted," replied the staff-officer; "but the other — as to that I myself cannot understand; I was there all the time and gave orders for it to be retired, and immediately I was called away. It was hot there, to be sure," he added modestly.

Some one remarked that Captain Tushin was right here in the village, and that he had already been sent for.

"Ah, but you were there, were you not?" asked Prince Bagration, of Prince Andreï.

"Certainly, we almost met there," said the staff-officer, giving Prince Andreï an affable smile.

"I did not have the pleasure of seeing you," declared Prince Andreï, coolly and curtly. All were silent.

Tushin now appeared on the threshold, modestly making his way behind the backs of the generals. Passing around the generals in the narrow room, and confused, as always, in the presence of his superiors, Tushin did not see the flagstaff, and stumbled over it. Several laughed.

"How is it the guns were abandoned?" asked Bagration, frowning, but not so much at the captain as at those who were rude enough to laugh, among whom Zherkof's voice was distinguished above the rest. Tushin now, for the first time, at the sight of the stern commander, realized with horror his crime and disgrace at having lost two guns, while he himself was left alive.

He had been so agitated that, till this moment, he had not had time to think of this incident. The laughter of the officers still more threw him off his balance. He stood in front of Bagration with his lower jaw trembling, and could hardly stammer: —

"I .... I .... don't know .... your illustriousness .... I had no men, your illustriousness." ....

"You might have had them from the forces that covered you."

Tushin did not reply that there were not forces covering him, though this would have been the unvarnished truth. He was afraid that he might compromise some of his superior officers, and so in silence, with staring eyes, he gazed into Bagration's face, as a schoolboy looks in confusion into his master's.

A rather long silence ensued. Prince Bagration, evidently not wishing to be too severe, knew not what to say; the others did not venture to interfere in the conversation. Prince Andreï looked askance at Tushin, and his fingers twitched nervously.

"Your illustriousness," said Prince Andreï, breaking the silence, in his clear voice, "you were pleased to send me to Captain Tushin's battery. I went there and found two-thirds of his men and horses disabled, two of his guns dismounted, and no forces to cover him!"

Prince Bagration and Tushin kept their eyes fixed on Bolkonsky, who was speaking under the influence of restrained excitement.

"And if your illustriousness will permit me to express my opinion," he went on to say, "we are indebted more than all for the success of this day to the action of this battery, and the heroic steadfastness of Captain Tushin and his company," said Prince Andreï; and, without waiting for any reply, he got up and left the table.

Prince Bagration looked at Tushin, and evidently not wishing to show any disbelief in Prince Bolkonsky's stiff judgment, and at the same time not feeling himself prepared to acquiesce entirely with it, he inclined his head and told Tushin that he might go. Prince Andreï followed him.

"Thank you, my boy,[1] you have saved me," said Tushin to him.

Prince Andreï looked at Tushin, and, without saying

[1] *Galúbchik.*

anything, turned away from him. His heart was heavy and full of melancholy. It was all so strange, so unlike what he had anticipated.

"Who are they? why do they come here? what do they want? and when will all this end?" Rostof asked himself, as he gazed at the shadows which unceasingly passed before him. The pain in his arm grew worse and worse. Unconquerable drowsiness oppressed him. Red circles danced before his eyes, and the impression of these voices and these faces, and the sense of his loneliness, mingled with the sense of his agony. These soldiers, wounded and not wounded, they all did the same thing — they pressed upon him, crushed him, tore his muscles, and roasted the flesh in his crushed arm and shoulder.

To rid himself of them he closed his eyes.

He lost himself for one moment, but during that brief interval of forgetfulness he saw in his dream a countless collection of objects. He saw his mother, with her large white hand; he saw Sonya's thin shoulders, Natasha's eyes and smiling lips, and Denísof, with his voice and mustache, and Telyanin, and his whole encounter with Telyanin and Bogdanuitch. All this story was one and the same thing with what this soldier with the shrill voice said, and all this story and this soldier so cruelly, so constantly crushed, twitched, and pulled his arm in one direction! He struggled to escape from them, but they would not for a single second let go of his shoulder, or in the least relax their hold. It would not have hurt, it would have been all right, if they would cease pulling him; but it was impossible to get rid of them.

He opened his eyes and looked up. A black strip of the night, an arshin wide, hung over the glowing coals. Across this strip of light flew the powdery snow as it fell. Tushin did not return; the surgeon had not come. He was alone; a little soldier now sat on the other side of the fire, stripped, and warming his thin, sallow body.

"I'm of no use to any one!" thought Rostof. "No

one helps me or takes pity on me! But if I were only at home, strong, happy, beloved!"

He sighed and his sigh involuntarily changed into a groan.

"Aï! does it hurt?" asked the little soldier, shaking his shirt over the fire, and, without awaiting his answer, quacking like a duck, he added, "Good many men knocked to pieces this day! terrible!"

Rostof did not heed the soldier. He gazed at the snowflakes fluttering down into the fire, and he recalled what winter would be at home in Russia, his warm, bright home, with his downy furs, swift sledges, his strong, healthy body, and the love and care of his family.

"And why did I come here?" he asked himself.

On the following day the French did not renew their attack, and the remains of Bagration's division effected a conjunction with Kutuzof's army.

END OF VOL. I